

AB WRITES A LOVE SONG

# PHOTOPLAY

EMBER 25¢

*in this issue!*

ROCK HUDSON

IN BLYTH

MARY GRANT

HUGH O'BRIAN

VOTE TODAY

Photoplay Gold Medal Awards

NATALIE WOOD  
ROBERT WAGNER

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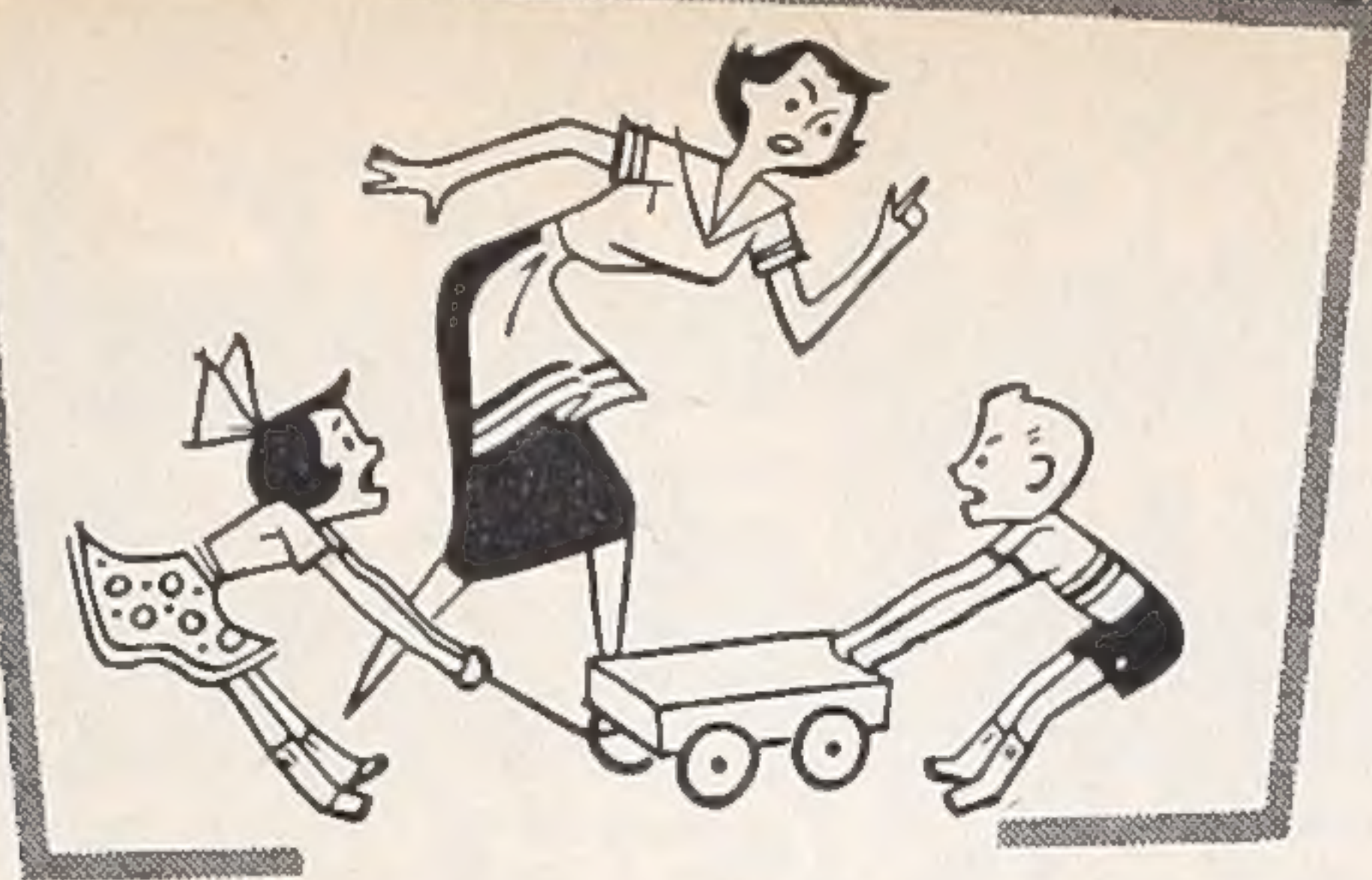
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DECEMBER, 1957

VOL. 52, NO. 6

# PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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COVER: Color portrait of Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner by Wally Seawell. Natalie stars in Warners' "Marjorie Morningstar"; Bob in 20th's "Stopover Tokyo"

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AUDIENCE NEVER  
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*Groucho Marx*

•  
At last on the screen  
the uproarious story that  
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**LIFE** Magazine and as the  
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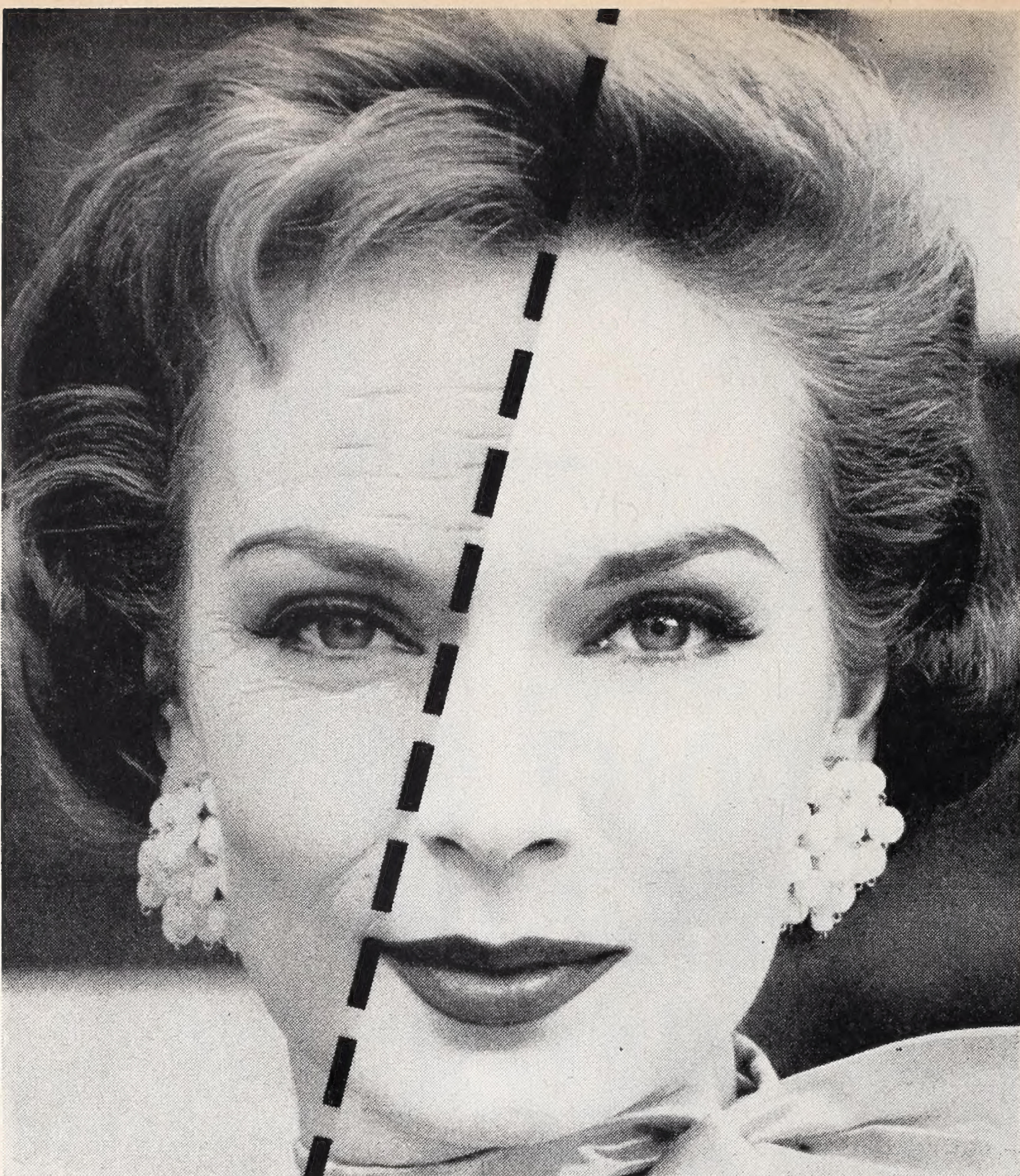
The side-splitting story, by William  
Brinkley, of an intrepid task force  
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**KEENAN WYNN • FRED CLARK • EVA GABOR • RUSS TAMBLYN • JEFF RICHARDS**

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## CASTS

### OF CURRENT PICTURES

**ACROSS THE BRIDGE**—Rank. Directed by Ken Annakin: *Carl Schaffner*, Rod Steiger; *Johnny*, David Knight; *Mary*, Marla Landi; *Chief of Police*, Noel Willman; *Det.-Inspector Hadden*, Bernard Lee; *Paul Scarff*, Bill Nagy; *Police Sgt.*, Eric Pohlmann; *Cooper*, Alan Gifford; *Mrs. Scarff*, Ingeborg Wells; *Kay*, Faith Brook; *Milton*, Stanley Maxted; *Anna*, Marianne Deeming.

**ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY, AN**—Rank. Directed by J. Lee Thompson: *Peter*, Donald Sinden; *Vanessa*, Diana Dors; *Moir*, Jean Carson; *Sir James*, James Robertson Justice; *General*, Stanley Holloway; *Colonel Weston*, Roland Culver; *Prudence Croquet*, Margaret Rutherford; *Mrs. Weston*, Avice Landone; *Albert*, Stephen Boyd; *Hoskins*, Richard Wattis; *Valet*, Henry Kendall.

**APRIL LOVE**—20th. Directed by Henry Levin: *Nick Conover*, Pat Boone; *Liz Templeton*, Shirley Jones; *Jed Bruce*, Arthur O'Connell; *Henrietta Bruce*, Jeanette Nolan; *Fran Templeton*, Dolores Michaels; *Al Turner*, Bradford Jackson; *Dan Templeton*, Matt Crowley; *Joe*, Jack Cobb.

**ESCAPADE IN JAPAN**—U-I. Directed by Arthur Lubin: *Mary Saunders*, Teresa Wright; *Dick Saunders*, Cameron Mitchell; *Tony Saunders*, Jon Provost; *Hiko*, Roger Nakagawa; *Lt. Col. Hargrave*, Philip Ober; *Michiko*, Kuniko Miyake; *Kei Tanaka*, Susumu Fujita; *Captain Hibino*, Katsuhiko Haida.

**JET PILOT**—U-I. Directed by Josef von Sternberg: *Colonel Shannon*, John Wayne; *Anna*, Janet Leigh; *Major General Black*, Jay C. Flippen; *Major Rexford*, Paul Fix; *George Rivers*, Richard Rober; *Colonel Sokolov*, Roland Winters; *Colonel Matoff*, Hans Conried; *General Langrad*, Ivan Triesault; *Major Lester Sinclair*, John Bishop; *Georgia Rexford*, Perdita Chandler; *Mrs. Simpson*, Joyce Comp-ton; *Mr. Simpson*, Denver Pyle.

**LES GIRLS**—M-G-M. Directed by George Cukor: *Barry Nichols*, Gene Kelly; *Joy Henderson*, Mitzi Gaynor; *Lady Wren*, Kay Kendall; *Angele Ducros*, Taina Elg; *Pierre Ducros*, Jacques Bergerac; *Sir Gerald Wren*, Leslie Phillips; *Judge*, Henry Daniell.

**OPERATION MAD BALL**—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: *Pvt. Hogan*, Jack Lemmon; *Lieut. Betty Bixby*, Kathryn Grant; *Capt. Paul Lock*, Ernie Kovacs; *Colonel Rousch*, Arthur O'Connell; *Yancey Skibo*, Mickey Rooney; *Cpl. Bohun*, Dick York; *Pvt. Widowskas*, James Darren; *Cpl. Berryman*, Roger Smith; *Pvt. Grimes*, William Leslie; *Sgt. Wilson*, Sheridan Comerate; *Ozark*, L. Q. Jones; *Madame LaFour*, Jeanne Manet; *Lt. Johnson*, Bebe Allen; *Lt. Schmidt*, Mary LaRoche; *Sgt. McCloskey*, Dick Crockett; *Pvt. Bullard*, Paul Picerni; *Master Sgt. Pringle*, David McMahon.

**SAYONARA**—Warners. Directed by Joshua Logan: *Major Gruver*, Marlon Brando; *Eileen Webster*, Patricia Owens; *Mrs. Webster*, Martha Scott; *Bailey*, James Garner; *Hana-ogi*, Miiko Taka; *Katsumi*, Miyoshi Umeki; *Kelly*, Red Buttons; *Nakamura*, Ricardo Montalban; *General Webster*, Kent Smith; *Colonel Crawford*, Douglas Watson; *Fumiko-san*, Reiko Kuba; *Teruko-san*, Soo Yong.

**SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE**—U-I. Directed by Arnold Laven: *Bill Keating*, Richard Egan; *Madge Pitts*, Jan Sterling; *Masters*, Dan Duryea; *Dee*, Julie Adams; *Al Dahlke*, Walter Matthau; *Tony Vosnick*, Charles McGraw; *Howard Rysdale*, Sam Levene; *Solly Pitts*, Mickey Shaughnessy; *Benjy*, Harry Bellaver.

**SLIM CARTER**—U-I. Directed by Richard Bartlett: *Slim Carter (Hughie Mack)*, Jock Mahoney; *Clover Dale*, Julie Adams; *Leo Gallaher*, Tim Hovey; *Joe Brewster*, William Hopper; *Charlene Carroll*, Joanna Moore; *Frank Hanneman*, Bill Williams; *Allie Hanneman*, Barbara Hale.

**STORY OF MANKIND**—Warners. Directed by Irwin Allen: *Spirit of Man*, Ronald Colman; *Joan of Arc*, Hedy Lamarr; *Peter Minuit*, Groucho Marx; *Isaac Newton*, Harpo Marx; *Monk*, Chico Marx; *Cleopatra*, Virginia Mayo; *Queen Elizabeth*, Agnes Moorehead; *Devil*, Vincent Price; *Nero*, Peter Lorre; *Hippocrates*, Charles Coburn; *High Judge*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Spanish Envoy*, Cesar Romero; *Khufu*, John Carradine; *Napoleon*, Dennis Hopper; *Marie Antoinette*, Marie Wilson; *Anthony*, Helmut Dantine; *Sir Walter Raleigh*, Edward Everett Horton; *Shakespeare*, Reginald Gardiner; *Josephine*, Marie Windsor; *Waiter*, George E. Stone; *Early Christian Woman*, Cathy O'Donnell; *Marquis de Varennes*, Franklin Pangborn; *Major Domo*, Melville Cooper; *Bishop of Beauvais*, Henry Daniell; *Moses*, Francis X. Bushman; *Alexander Graham Bell*, Jim Ameche; *Early Christian*, David Bond; *Apprentice*, Nick Cravat; *Helen of Troy*, Dani Crayne; *Court Attendant*, Richard Cutting; *Columbus*, Anthony Dexter; *Wife*, Toni Gerry; *Lincoln*, Austin Green; *Laughing Water*, Eden Hartford; *Promoter*, Alexander Lockwood; *Early Christian Child*, Melinda Marx; *Cleopatra's Brother*, Bart Mattson; *Early Man*, Don Megowan; *Armana*, Marvin Miller; *Hitler*, Bobby Watson.

**TIME LIMIT**—U. A. Directed by Karl Malden: *Colonel William Edwards*, Richard Widmark; *Major Harry Cargill*, Richard Basehart; *Corporal Jean Evans*, Dolores Michaels; *Mrs. Cargill*, June Lockhart; *General Connors*, Carl Benton Reid; *Sergeant Baker*, Martin Balsam; *Lieutenant George Miller*, Rip Torn; *Mike*, Alan Dexter; *Captain Joe Connors*, Yale Wexler; *Lieutenant Harvey*, Manning Ross.





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Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** · Screenplay by **EDMUND BELOIN** and **NATE MONASTER** · Based on the Cartoon Character Created by **George Baker**

Acknowledgment is hereby gratefully made to the United States Army and Air Force without whose cooperation, deep understanding, and sense of humor this picture could never have been made.





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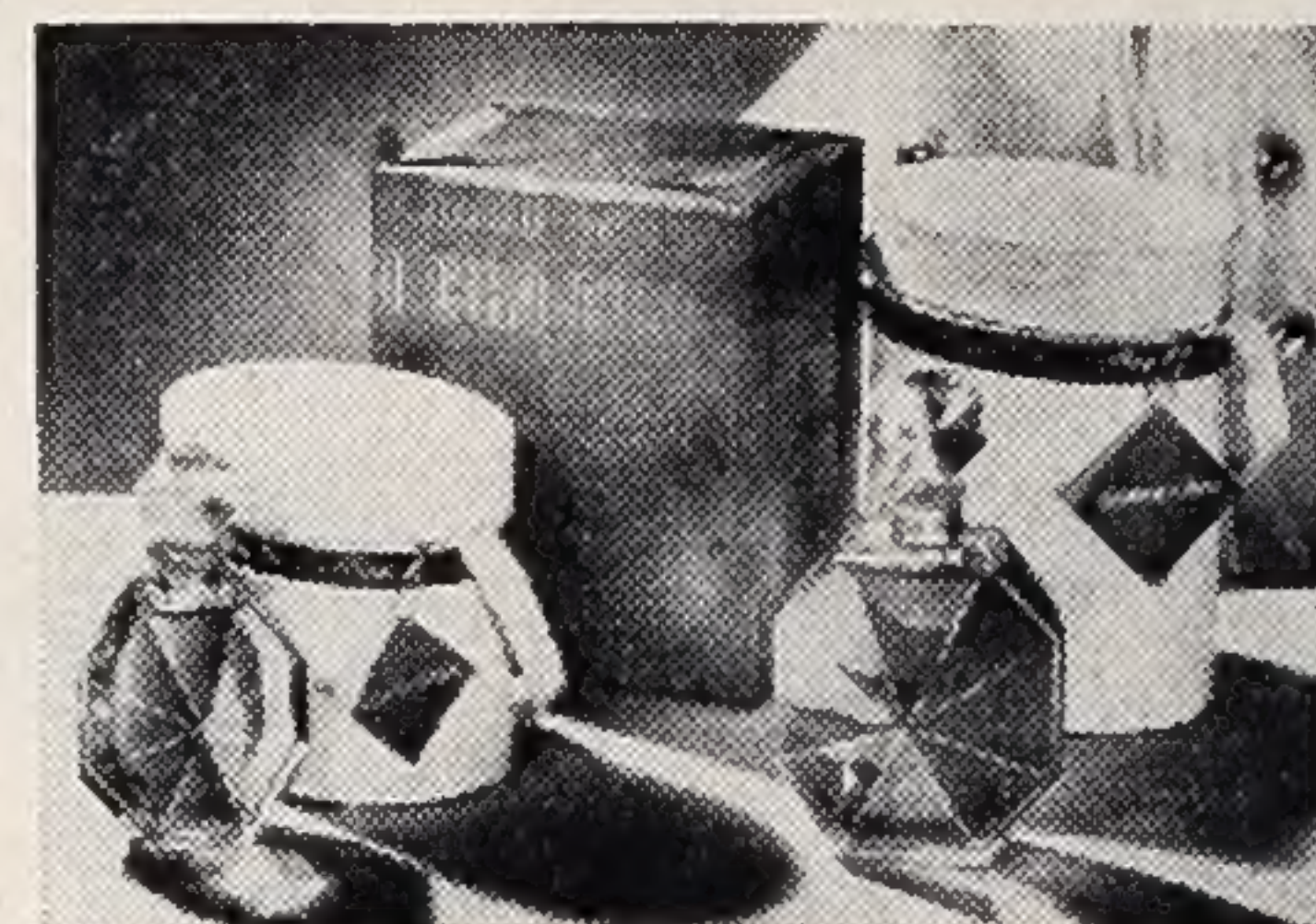
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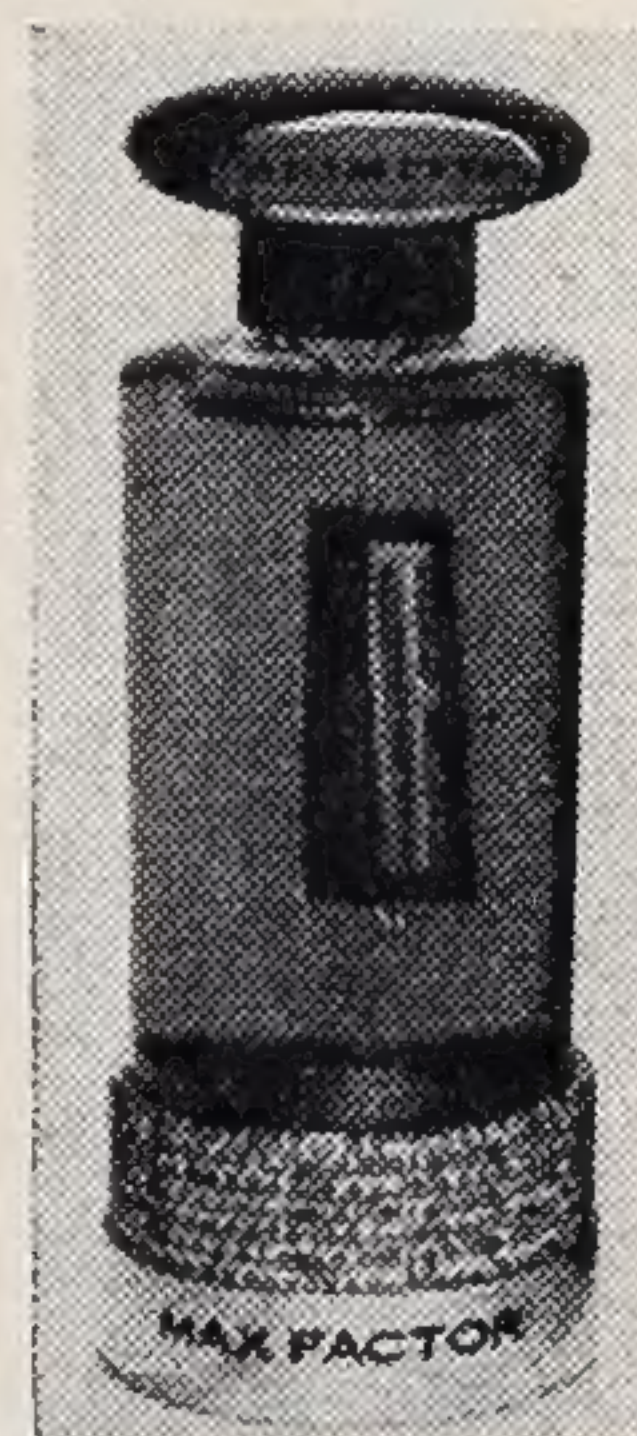
A



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D

E



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BREAKFAST IN BED**  
*...but she didn't  
want to eat alone!!!*



The  
scandalous  
saga of  
an actress,  
a mistress,  
a matron,  
and a maid..  
and a butler  
with a  
*very subtle  
bottle!*

**FROM BOUDOIR TO BASEMENT HE WAS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE!**



**JUNE ALLYSON** **DAVID NIVEN**  
**MY MAN** **GODFREY**  
**CINEMASCOPE** *in Eastman COLOR*

co-starring **JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS**  
**EVA GABOR · JAY ROBINSON**

**ROBERT KEITH**  
**JEFF DONNELL and MARTHA HYER**



Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN, PETER BERNEIS and WILLIAM BOWERS · Based on the screenplay  
by MORRIE RYSKIND and ERIC HATCH and on the novel by ERIC HATCH · Produced by ROSS HUNTER

A Universal International Picture



# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sid's prediction for Marlon: "An Oscar for your 'Sayonara' role"

I'll bet Sophia Loren is now regarded as a Hollywood actress in Italy . . . I can't imagine Tony Perkins cooking a meal, but he does . . . Nobody sings a torch song like Frank Sinatra . . . Nobody listens to a torch song like Ava Gardner . . . My idea of class in an actress is Gene Tierney. I wish she'd return to Hollywood and pictures . . . As a child, two things annoyed Kim Novak: 1. Having to go to bed early. 2. Having to get out of bed early . . . Burt Lancaster knew "The Sweet Smell of Success" with other pictures . . . I'm for a TV spectacular in which Wyatt Earp, Matt Dillon, Hopalong Cassidy and all the other western heroes shoot it out amongst themselves . . . Call me a liar, if Marlon Brando doesn't win the Oscar for his performance in "Sayonara." . . . I don't get Mel Ferrer and Jose Ferrer confused, any more than I do their wives, Audrey Hepburn and Rosemary Clooney . . . Do you realize that the movie colony is without a social leader? But don't let it bother you . . . Sal Mineo, who should know, claims the advantage of buying a rock 'n' roll record is that when it's worn out you can't tell the difference.

Yul Brynner believes that big success comes after many small failures . . . Tommy Sands believes differently . . . Whenever I see Natalie Wood or Debra Paget going to the movies alone, I wonder what gives . . . There isn't a better comedienne and singer of sly songs than Pearl Bailey . . . Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" concerns itself with "the lost generation." How about a novel, Ernest, about today's crowd—"the get-lost generation?" . . . Taking the words from Anita Ekberg: "In love, nothing is as eloquent as mutual silence." I understand the thunder of silence.

Doesn't Bob Mitchum always look as if he needs a haircut? . . . Whenever you see a person turn on a radio in a movie, you can give odds that you're going to hear an important story point . . . And while you're betting, place a wager that of all the new young actors, John Cassavetes is the greatest . . . Lana Turner is a watcher, not a doer, when it comes to outdoor sports . . . My idea of a good time is Kim Stanley. She fascinates me—acting, talking, or merely sitting . . . When movie gangsters reform, they play FBI men or private detectives . . . I don't believe the movie "War and Peace" tempted anyone to buy the book . . . Jean Simmons is a good listener, among her other charms . . . I'm still campaigning for a musical version of "The Front Page," with Frank Sinatra as Hildy Johnson

and Bing Crosby as Walter Burns . . . "The goal of any really decent movie actor is the stage." Know who I'm quoting? None other than Spencer Tracy . . . It's really a mixed-up world. Elvis Presley's hair is longer than Doris Day's . . . I'd like to say that I'm weary, very weary, of the word *teenage* . . . Victor Mature believes that the professional comedian is having a tough time on TV, because old movies are much funnier without even trying.

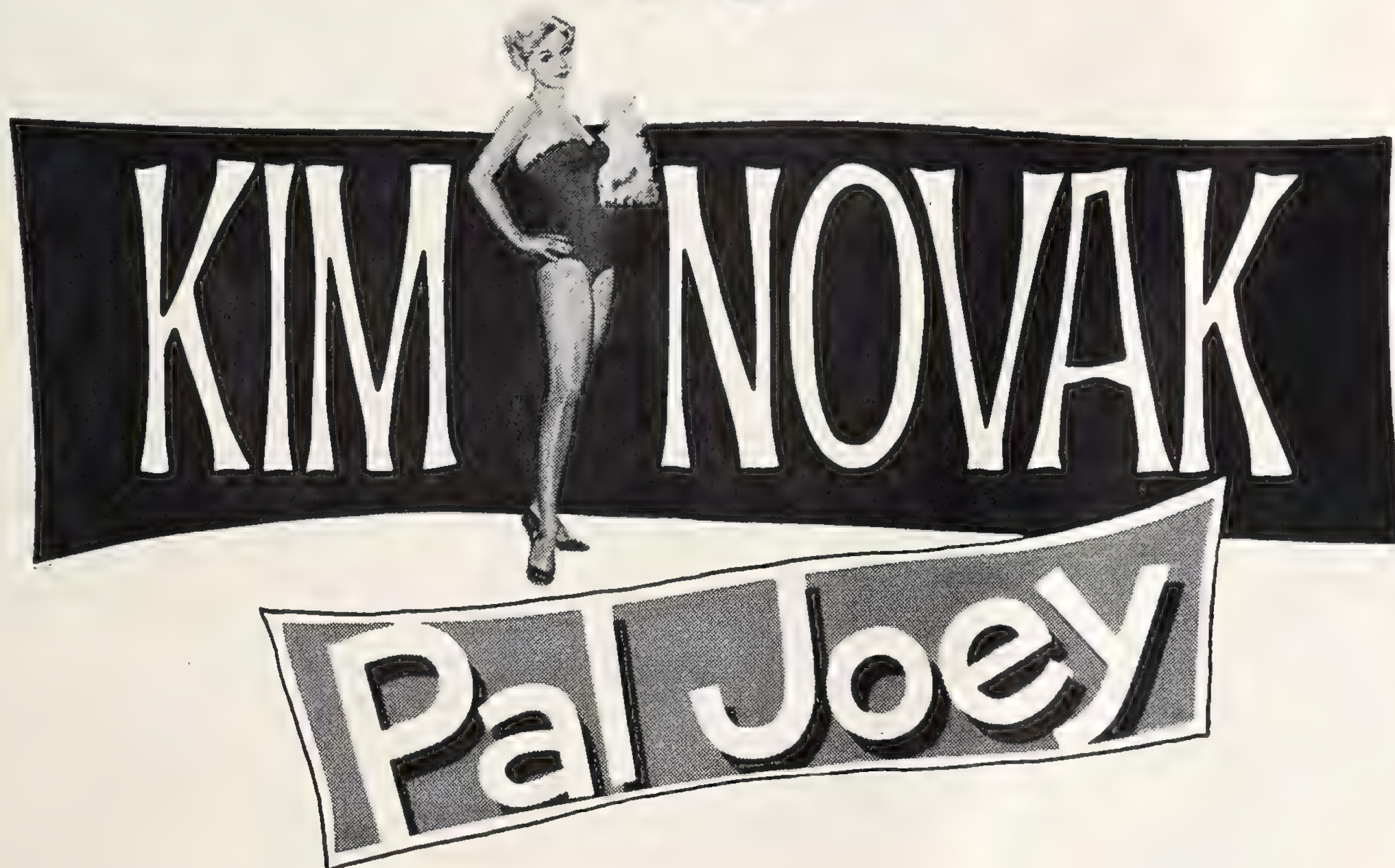
Marilyn looks good with cold cream on her face . . . I have yet to see E. G. Marshall or Jack Warden give a bad performance . . . The trouble with most characters is that they haven't any character . . . To me, "My Time of Day," from "Guys and Dolls," is the unofficial Broadway anthem . . . I defy you to name a blonde who is really a blonde! . . . I don't mean Tab Hunter, I mean an actress . . . At last the Actors Studio gets its name in lights. Susan Strasberg becomes a movie star in "Stage Struck." . . . Pat Boone insists there's no feud between him and Elvis. "We don't know each other well enough to quarrel," said the singer with the white shoes . . . From our good friend Mike Curtiz: "I admit there are other things besides money, but it takes money to buy them."

Whenever I see a photo of Liz Taylor, Mike Todd, Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, I think they're a singing group. Say, The Four Merry-makers . . . Mamie Van Doren claims she became an actress because she wanted to be somebody; wanted to be proud of herself . . . Janet Leigh's a favorite with me . . . I heard a workman on the set of "South Pacific" say to another: "This looks like it could be a good picture, but why are they using all that old music?"

Arthur Loew Jr., with girlfriend Joan Collins, at the preview of "Stage Struck" to watch girlfriend Susan Strasberg . . . Memo to Susan: Your performance as *Eva Lovelace*, who becomes a stage star, makes you a full-fledged movie star! . . . And speaking of Susans, have you noticed the trend in actresses named Susan? There's Susan Hayward and Susan Cabot and Susan Strasberg and Susan Harrison and Susan Kohner, and there's Susan Oliver coming up with a big movie and plenty of dates. And, to make things more complicated, what did Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Marty Milner and the others call Susan Harrison in, "The Sweet Smell of Success"? *Susie!* That's Hollywood For You!



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Screen Play by  
An ESSEX-GEORGE SIDNEY Production • DOROTHY KINGSLEY  
Based on the play • PAL JOEY • Book by JOHN O'HARA • Music by RICHARD RODGERS • Lyrics by LORENZ HART  
Produced on the stage by GEORGE ABBOTT • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY



BEST ACTING: KAY KENDALL

# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT  
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD  
✓✓ GOOD  
✓ FAIR



*Is Taina about to fall for boss Gene? The idea amuses Kay and Mitzi*

BEST ACTING: MARLON BRANDO



*Marlon's love for Miiko Taka won't give way to obstacles that face them*

## Sayonara

WARNERS;  
TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In a powerful, visually beautiful drama concerned with the emotion of love across racial barriers, Marlon Brando is as compelling as ever. Playing a flyer sent to Tokyo from wartime Korea, he disapproves of dates between GIs and Japanese girls. His own fiancée (Patricia Owens), just arrived from the States, is an aristocrat. But he stands loyally by pal Red Buttons when Red insists on marrying humble Miyoshi Umeki. Then Marlon sees the exquisite Miiko Taka—and his outlook abruptly changes. On Miiko's side, too, there is a hindrance to romance; though she is a vaudeville star, she must lead an almost cloistered life with her troupe. Japanese landscapes and various aspects of the native theater add richness. Ricardo Montalban represents the Kabuki art, as a player who attracts Patricia; an unusual puppet show has tragic consequences.

ADULT

## Les Girls

M-G-M;  
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Gene Kelly has met his musical-comedy match—in fact, three of them. And the result is a dazzling movie, sly and spectacular, sophisticated and hilarious. As star of a revue touring Europe, Gene has hired a featured trio from three countries. Mitzi Gaynor plays the saucy American among “Les Girls”; Kay Kendall, the statuesque Britisher; Taina Elg, the piquant Frenchwoman. We meet them in flashback, after the act has broken up. Now wed to Jacques Bergerac, Taina launches a libel suit at Kay, who has married a title—and written a sensational book about her revue days. In turn, Kay, Taina and Gene give wildly contradictory versions of the relationship between Gene and his beauties. Everybody's fine, but wonderful Kendall has the edge, with her blend of dignity and crazy comic abandon.

ADULT  
continued





COSTUME BY JOHN DERRO

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WILL BE

# Wonderful

**WONDERFUL** because I made some big changes—in dress, make-up, job! I even changed my sanitary protection—changed to *Tampax*—and now, even “problem days” can be wonderful, too!



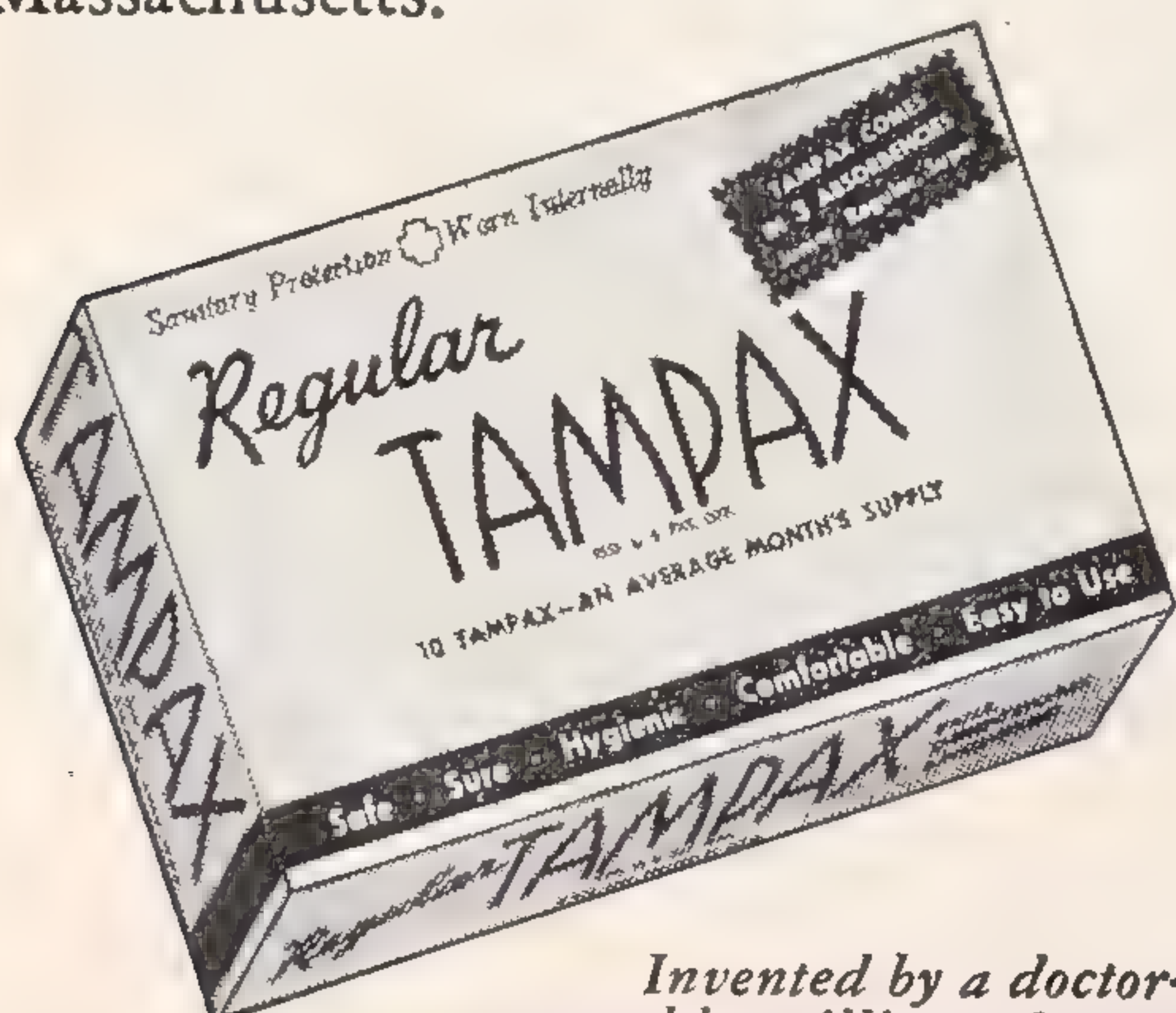
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*Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women*

MOVIES *continued*



*Once just the blue-jeaned kid next door, Shirley now looks different to Pat*

## *April Love*

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,  
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Pat Boone as a juvenile delinquent?! Don't let the casting fool you. This is an utterly happy movie, full of zestful songs and warm human feeling. In a jam in Chicago, Pat's shipped to the country to visit his aunt (Jeanette Nolan) and grumpy uncle (Arthur O'Connell). There he's supposed to straighten out. He develops a case on neighbor Dolores Michaels, spoiled rich girl. But Shirley Jones, her kid sister, is obviously the one for Pat. Shirley loves horses and trotting races; Pat goes for souped-up cars—till he sees the light.

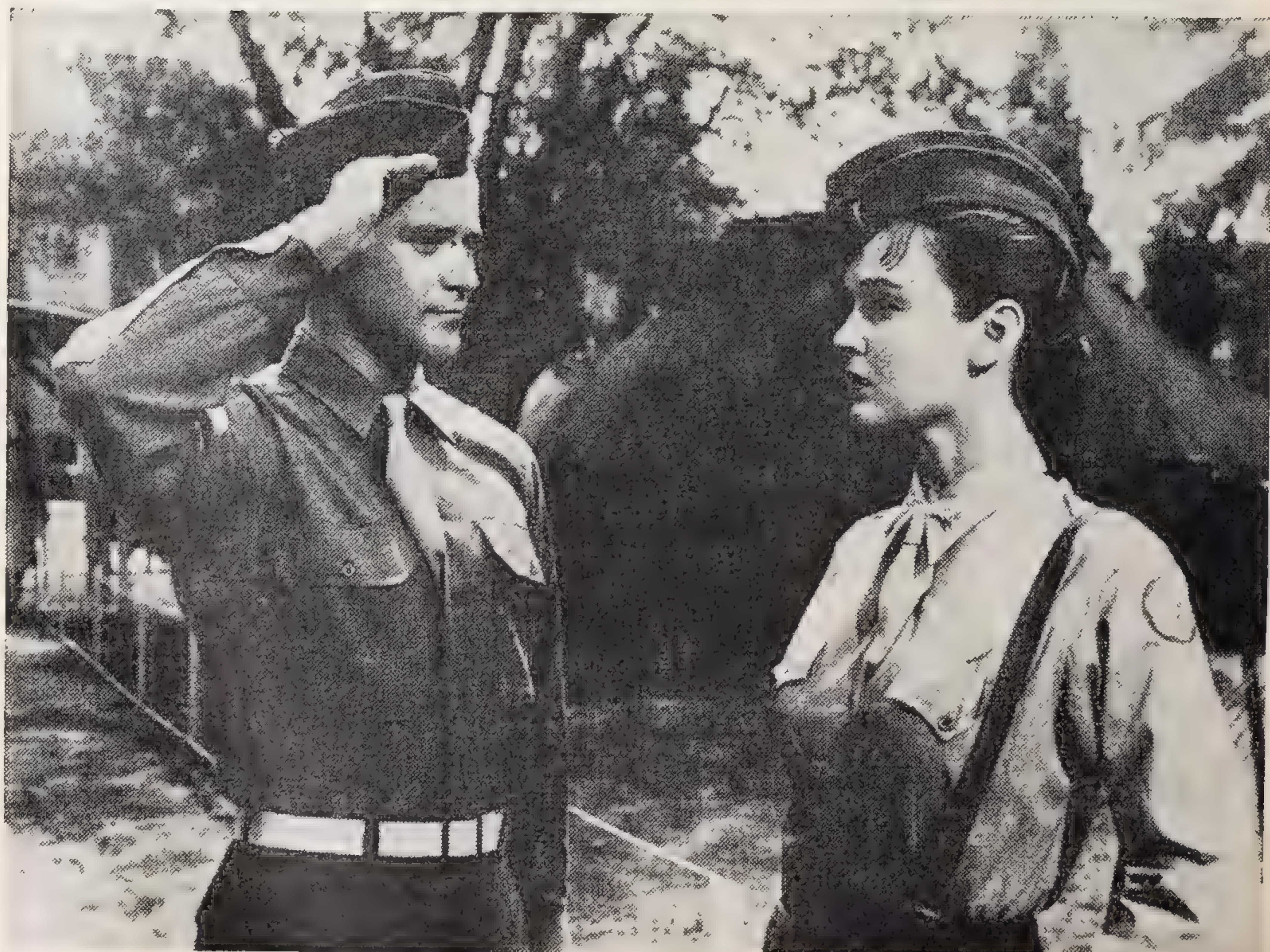
FAMILY

## *Operation Mad Ball*

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ Mad it is—funny from start to finish. At an Army base in France just after World War II, Jack Lemmon and his noncom friends decide to arrange a rendezvous for Roger Smith and his nurse sweetheart—a lieutenant! Their wacky, involved schemes balloon into a real project: a secret party for all the GIs and the feminine officers. (Jack's own beloved is dietitian Kathryn Grant.) As a stuffy captain, Ernie Kovacs threatens to steal the show (and queer the party). Then along comes Mickey Rooney, master sergeant and master fixer.

FAMILY  
*continued*



*Private Jack has to salute lieutenant Kathy, but he has other intentions*



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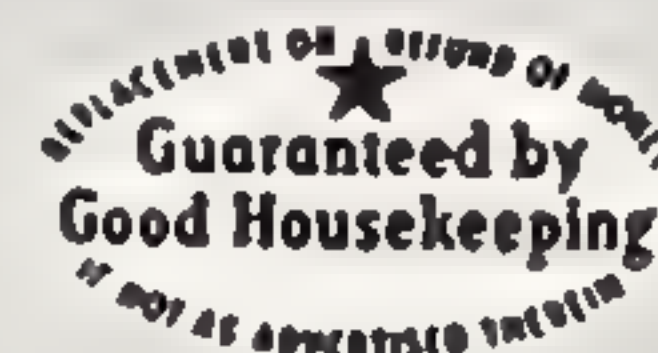
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## MOVIES *continued*

### *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*

U-I,

CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Unpretentious but hard-hitting, this melodrama of waterfront violence is marked by good acting and an air of credibility. As an inexperienced assistant to the D. A., Richard Egan investigates the shooting of Mickey Shaughnessy, an honest stevedore boss. But all possible witnesses have been terrorized into silence, including Jan Sterling, as wife of the mortally injured man, and Harry Bellaver, as his brother. Walter Matthau makes an impressive heavy; Julie Adams is decorative in the minor role of the hero's fiancée; and Dan Duryea comes on late in the proceedings to score as a wily defense attorney.

FAMILY

### *Time Limit*

U.A.

✓✓✓ It's a deadly serious subject that is tackled here: treachery in wartime prison camps. If the movie does not offer a definite, final answer to its problem, that's because in real life none has yet been found. Richard Widmark and Richard Basehart head a high-powered cast, Widmark playing a dedicated Army officer who must determine whether Basehart should be court-martialed for dealing out Red propaganda in a North Korea camp. The case is full of unexpected complications; for one thing, the accused is obviously a man of principle and strong character. Other effective performances are turned in by June Lockhart, as Basehart's wife, and Dolores Michaels, as Widmark's WAC secretary. Catch is that the story, talky by its very nature, is handled in a static manner that betrays its stage origin.

FAMILY

### *Escapade in Japan*

U-I;

TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ An appealing family-style movie finds two small boys on the loose in Japan. As parents of the American half of the runaway team, Teresa Wright and Cameron Mitchell have about decided on a divorce. Cameron is on State Department duty in Tokyo, and his young son (Jon Provost) is coming there by air. But the plane is forced to ditch, and Jon is rescued from the sea by a Japanese fisher couple. Through a fluke, the couple's little boy (Roger Nakagawa) decides that his American chum is wanted by the cops, and the kids escape together as soon as the boat reaches land. Their tour combines the excitement of the chase theme with the charm of varied (and authentic) Japanese locales.

FAMILY

### *Jet Pilot*

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The long-discussed air epic starring John Wayne and Janet Leigh turns out to have a surprising amount of entertainment values. Plot-wise, it's on the wild side, presenting Janet as a Soviet jet pilot who sets her plane down at a

U. S. base in Alaska and announces that she's a refugee from Red tyranny. But she is not very cooperative, so John's bosses assign the American jet ace to find out just what his Russian opposite number is after. Well, that's enough of the plot, which even a code expert couldn't decipher. Flying scenes are beautiful, as Janet and John swoop through majestic cloud formations. The two planes look touchingly like birds courting in air, but the dialogue . . . never mind the dialogue, either. Much of the story is *intended* to be funny, and the rest is pretty funny, too.

FAMILY

### *Across the Bridge*

RANK

✓✓ The cryptic character strongly portrayed by Rod Steiger is the focal point of this strange melodrama. As a sinister international financier, Rod flees the U. S. when Scotland Yard puts the heat on, long-distance. Needing another man's passport to get into Mexico, he steals it—only to find that its owner is wanted for a political killing. A wistful dog plays an odd part in Rod's further misadventures. This might be an entertaining suspense yarn, if it didn't show unwarranted pretentiousness.

FAMILY

### *Slim Carter*

U-I, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Here's a pleasantly sentimental easy-going Hollywood story, with Jock Mahoney as a heel who has become a western hero, idol of the nation's kids. Mostly responsible for his success, publicity woman Julie Adams is horrified when she learns of his space-grabbing plan. Little Tim Hovey is to be brought from an orphanage to visit the star, as reward for winning a contest. That was the studio's idea—but Jock figures he'll improve on it with a phony adoption offer. A few days with little Tim . . . you take it from there.

FAMILY

### *The Story of Mankind*

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ As the title indicates, movie-makers have bitten off quite a chunk here. Out in the heavens, there's a debate: Should humanity be allowed to blow itself up? Before the court, our history is retraced, Ronald Colman arguing persuasively that mankind is worth saving, Vincent Price (as Satan) taking the opposition. Big stars are seen in each episode, with such surprises as Groucho Marx playing Peter Minuit, buying Manhattan.

FAMILY

### *An Alligator Named Daisy*

RANK;

VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ An affable British fancy finds young Donald Sinden in unwilling possession of a four-foot alligator—an affectionate pet. Animal-loving Jean Carson induces him to keep the creature—a move that disrupts his life and his engagement to wealthy Diana Dors. While Donald totes *Daisy* around in a sort of golf bag, bits of song crop up.

FAMILY





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*The Perma-lift Bra, in this unretouched photo, was worn 1 year and washed 73 times—proof that Magic Insets never lose their firm uplift and beautiful support.*



# INSIDE STUFF

## *Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

**Tangled Hearts:** The Julie London-Bobby Troup engagement looks off again, and the reason could be a handsome guy you know well, one Richard Egan. Which leaves Pat Hardy, Dick's long-time girl friend, dangling from the end of his short announcement. "There will be no marriage for Pat and me." . . . Ben Gage, Esther Williams' hubby, lived on uneasy street while Esther was in Rome making "Raw Wind in Eden." Seems Esther was having a ball and wasn't too eager about leaving the land of spaghetti and meatballs . . . The reason Jeff Chandler, in Rome for the same picture, flew home before wife Marjorie is a simple one: This marriage is once again as shaky as Elvis doing "Hound Dog," and Jeff wanted to get away fast and think it over. The decision? Next issue, please.

**Location News:** At Gregory Peck's invitation, I flew up to the "Big Country" location near Stockton, Cal., where nary a telephone pole or pumping oil well spoiled the 1870 view. Here, on a dusty, deserted cattle ranch, an entire western village had been constructed, replete with cowboys, saloons and "ornery" villains. And durned if we didn't almost turn actor. "Come on," Greg insisted. "Put on some western clothes and play 'extra' with my three boys over there." And sure enough, there stood Jonathan, Stephen and Carey Peck, playing local kids all agog at their dude Dad riding into town in an ancient stagecoach. I got out of there fast. No acting for me!

**Inside Stuff:** That the Pat Boones are a happy couple is a well known fact. That the Pat Boones live under a shadow of fear is known to very few. Shirley's RH blood factor, that makes child bearing a hazard, is a constant worry to Pat and his lovely wife. And yet the Boones are so eager for a family, Shirley is willing to take the risk. So

far, the three Boone youngsters and Shirley have come through safely. But after the newest arrival, their medico has said "no more." And the Boones are listening.


**The Lowdown:** Friends are pretty certain Johnny Stamponato will be husband number five for Lana Turner. And for several reasons, they're not happy about it . . . Universal Studios isn't exactly publishing the fact that John Saxon drew more fan mail than Rock Hudson for two months in a row. In fairness to Rock, he was in Italy during that time making "A Farewell to Arms." Nevertheless, Johnny is U-I's big news for 1958, and until proper vehicles come along, they prefer to stay calm . . . Ted Wick is Tommy Sands' new manager (a modified version of Elvis' Col. Parker), but I can tell you firsthand that Mrs. Sands is the big wheel in that set-up. Tommy's Mom wasn't exactly happy about Tom's ditching high school two months before graduation to take on a singing job. But now that the decision has been made, Mrs. S. will see to it her son is done right by. And who can blame her? . . . Mae West will sizzle the pages of her biography, "Queen of Sex," with stories about Jayne M. and Mickey Hargitay. Seems Jayne stole Mickey, the former "Mr. Universe," right out of Mae's nightclub act. And Mae can't forget it. Neither can Mickey's former wife, so rumors have it . . . Speaking of Jayne, hers was the party of the month recently. The pink paint, the pink champagne and the pink swimming pool were all wet at the fling Jayne flung to christen her new pool. Mickey had only just completed "pink-ing" the fence and the walls around the pool before the guests arrived.

As a hostess, Jayne is strictly a glamour girl. In a white satin, blue rhinestone studded bathing suit, Jayne didn't greet the (Continued on page 68)



*As Hollywood sees it these days, Felicia Farr is the gal most likely to hit stardom. Whether she'll hit the Lennon (Jack, that is) on love's slot machine is another story. (Ouch!) But fact is that Felicia and Jack seem definitely to be an item. Above, a good laugh, an unexpected guest, a private joke enjoyed at a party*





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*Such shiny, springy curls! Never stiff, sticky or flaky.*

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either. Yet you can use it to set and to *hold!* And every time you spray it on, you can *see* an added glow. That's because Beauty Curl builds beauty from within. No wonder your soft, shiny curls keep their joyous bounce even on the dampest day. Get new Beauty Curl today!

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205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We  
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters  
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan  
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

# READERS INC...

## Elvis: A Dangerous Threat?

According to some critics, the three most dangerous threats the world has to contend with these days are: atomic weapons, the Asiatic flu and Elvis Presley.

I am willing to take their word about the first two, but definitely disagree about the third.

I have watched Elvis Presley on every occasion that came my way; and lo, I have never set eyes on anything so inoffensive in my entire half-century of living, regardless of all the ugly criticism.

I cannot recall anyone else in the lime-light ever having been such a constant victim of so many abuses—most of them downright insulting if not heartbreaking, which he undoubtedly does not deserve.

My family (husband included) and I, as well as many others, evidently, have discovered that his style of entertainment is no more a threat to our teenagers' morals than that of anybody else in show business.

On the contrary, much less so than in many, many other cases. In fact we find it excellent and unique, despite the numerous unsuccessful attempts to copy him. His facial expressions are delightful. He is as handsome as they come and blessed with a rare, warm personality. Why, then, are the critics so unkind to him? Some even predicted that he would soon vanish into oblivion—that he was only a phase that would soon pass.

These critics better take another look and change their minds quickly, because those of us who strongly disagree see a completely different picture of a brilliant lad who has a huge supply of still-hidden talent that will take over when the present ones are exhausted.

Personally, I would be honored to shake hands with Elvis Presley anytime.

MRS. A. D. AINSLIE  
Orondo, Wash.

Movie producers—how about casting Elvis Presley in a modern musical comedy with the accent on comedy. He's turning into a good actor and a picture like this could showcase another side of his talent.

L. FARNHAM  
Wayne, Pa.

## Brrr!

A group of friends and myself went to see "Twenty Million Miles to Earth" and now we're having an argument on what played the part of the monster from Venus. One fellow says it was a drawing, and my girlfriend says it was a miniature puppet enlarged, and I said it was a man disguised.

G. ZAMISKE  
Hellerton, Pa.

And we say it was pretty scary no matter what it was. When we felt calm enough to inquire, Columbia told us it was a rubberized mechanical device.—Ed.

## Ever-Popular Stars

I went to see a movie the other day with my little daughter. It was "Bernardine".

We sat in the balcony with many young people of assorted ages and sizes. I'm quite sure they were all there to see their idol Pat Boone.

I went to the movie to see my idol, too. Janet Gaynor was my idol when I was a little girl. She was also my idol when I was a teenager. And she is still my idol.

The long red curls are gone; but the brown eyes, the heart-shaped face and the chin dimple are still there.

After eighteen years it was a great pleasure to welcome this gracious little lady with her demure manner back to the screen. I hope to see her many more times in the future.

I know I am speaking for all her fans when I say, "we're glad you're back, Janet!"

ALICE Y. SHEMEI  
Peoria, Ill.



Fan thinks El has a right to scratch his head in wonder at critics' abuse

I think Photoplay would be wise to start printing stories on old-time stars like Marie Dressler, Will Rogers, Frances Dee, John Barrymore, Anna Sten, Bill Robinson, Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin and so forth. Since I've made this my hobby, you'd be surprised how interesting it is. I've learned so much about the older stars and would like to learn a lot more. I wish that you would try very hard to do something like this. I'm sure the younger readers would enjoy it as well as the older ones.

KATIE J. DUREIKO  
Hazel Park, Mich.

## Academy Award Material

I think one of Hollywood's brightest young stars is going unnoticed. He has turned in two impressive performances and as yet, I have not seen anything written about him anywhere. Why??

The young man I am talking about is Sidney Poitier. If he does not receive an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor, I don't know who will. In "Something of Value" he was simply tremendous. Never have I seen such an emotional characterization of a person as Sidney did of the Mau-Mau in this movie. You felt everything as he did. He had you with him all the time.

Again in "Band of Angels" Sidney gives a terrific performance. As Rau-Ru he steals the show from that wonderful man, Clark Gable. There is no denying this boy's talent.

How about a little information about him? He certainly deserves every bit of credit he receives.

KATHY GALE  
Portland, Oregon

*It's always a pleasure to talk about a fine actor like Sidney Poitier. Born in the Bahamas in 1927, he was sent to live with his brother in Florida when he was a teenager. Soon thereafter he went on his own, not wanting to burden his brother's large family with an extra care. Between then and the time he arrived in New York he worked as a busboy, dishwasher, unskilled laborer and dock worker. He finally reached Manhattan where the American Negro Theatre had him tested and gave him a three-month scholarship. During the day he worked in New York's garment center. At night he attended school. His first big chance came when he pinch-hit for fellow student Harry Belafonte in a walk-on part. This landed him a bit in "Lysistrata," a Broadway play. An understudy's role in "Anna Lucasta" followed and then movies. His first big film success was in "Blackboard Jungle."—Ed.*

continued



**READERS INC.**  
continued

**Measure of the Man**

You may not think this matter important enough to print, but I'm hoping. My employer and I have been having a dispute about Alan Ladd's height. He tells me Mr. Ladd is about six feet tall and I say his height is more like 5'6" or 5'7". Please find room to answer this question.

JOYCE CONNELLY  
St. Louis, Mo.

Am I right in thinking Alan Ladd is 5'4" tall? I'm sure I read this somewhere.

ALICE MYERS  
Camden, N.J.

Einstein said everything is relative, but Alan's still 5'9".—Ed.



**Animal Corner**

Could you please inform me as to whether Francis the "talking" mule really speaks on the screen?

BILLY ROJOS  
Key West, Fla.

P.S. Or off-screen!

We asked, but Francis hasn't answered us yet.—Ed.

**How About It, Readers?**

Occasionally I have got some old copies of your magazine which I have read with great interest. The only trouble is that it is quite impossible to obtain your magazine here.

Would it not be possible that any of your readers save their old numbers of Photoplay and instead of throwing them right away, send them to me? And for exchange, I will mail them some set of our stamps or pictorial postcards.

Hope you could furnish me with an address. I would be very grateful.

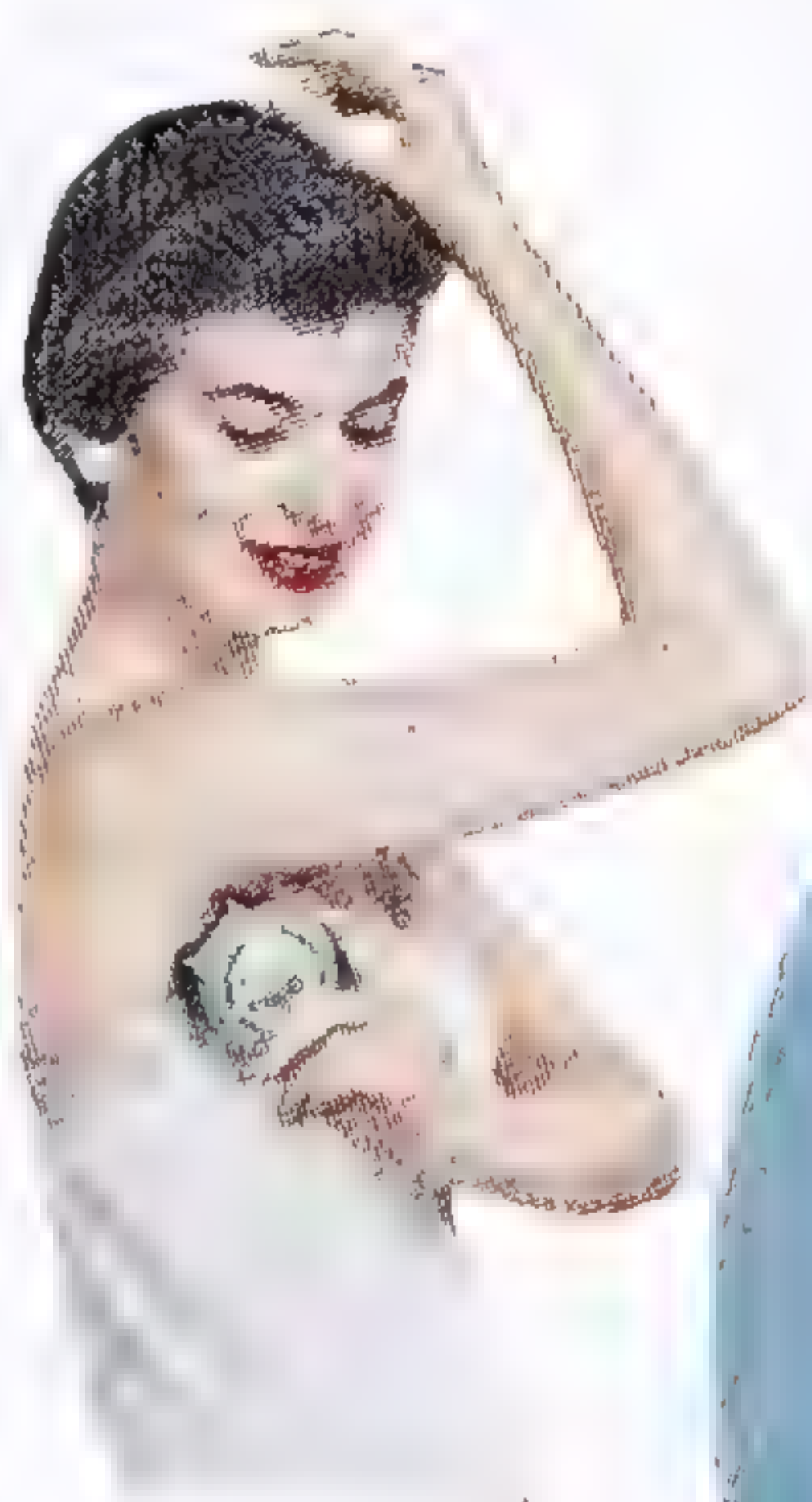
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### Missing Feature

I note with regret that the October issue has no page of "Casts of Current Pictures." I hope that you aren't leaving it out permanently.

I am a diary keeper, and paste in my casts with my comments. This comes in handy when I watch an old movie on TV. I can look back in my diary and see what I thought of it then.

MRS. ELIZABETH HERRMANN  
Oak Park, Ill.

*No, Casts are a permanent Photoplay feature and will be back with us in the November issue. Incidentally, perhaps other fans will want to adopt Mrs. Herrmann's useful "diary" idea.—Ed.*

### By Popular Demand

In a recent article in your magazine you made the statement that "The mail can make an unknown into a success or can set a cinema king toppling from his throne." Our intention is to make an unknown (Danny Dennis) into a success.

He has appeared in "Blackboard Jungle" and "Street of Sinners" (not yet released) and a long list of television shows. We would like your aid in helping Danny gain recognition.

To quote another statement from your article, "The fans are the unseen power in Hollywood." We *demand* to see our favorite actor Danny Dennis in our favorite magazine, Photoplay!

CHARLOTTE BENGELS  
East Meadow, L.I., N.Y.

*We surrender! (We always do when we're outnumbered.) At the request of 158 Danny Dennis fan club members and fellow teenagers of East Meadow, New York, we're glad to print a picture of good-looking D.D.*

## Hair with the fresh young **HALO** look is softer, brighter **Whistle Clean**

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.







## THE BIG RUMOR *by Radie Harris*

When Frank Sinatra was in the South of France, filming location exteriors for "Kings Go Forth," a reporter from London turned up on the scene with a volley of personal questions to toss at him. But when Frankie refused to discuss his romantic life—past, present and future—the undaunted interrogator got an idea: He decided to write his *own* story. And that's how a completely manufactured yarn to the effect that Frankie's next bride would be the widowed Lauren Bacall, became a "scoop" that was picked up by newscasters all over the world. Neither Betty nor Frank would dignify this "exclusive" with a denial, although the reporter, to protect himself, said they would. But all of us who know Betty know how deeply in love she was with Bogie, and that she is still recuperating from the emotional strain of the prolonged illness that led to his untimely death. And

so she isn't thinking of marrying Frankie, or anyone, as of now. True, "time heals all wounds," and it's certainly within the realm of possibility that Betty will marry again. She's still too young and attractive to face the years ahead without a man around the house, and with two children to raise, I'm sure she'll feel their need of a father, as well as her own need of a husband. But neither I, nor any of her intimate friends think that Frankie will supply those needs. As a friend, he'll always be in Betty's life, as he was in Bogie's. He was an integral part of that small clique in which the Bogarts moved, and still is. But Betty has never dated him alone. No, romance with Frankie or anyone is far from her thoughts. And what about Frankie? Where does romance enter his scheme of things? Where it always has, I should think—playing the field as "Pal Frankie." THE END



# THESE STARS NEED YOUR HELP

*These nine players are at the crossroads in their careers. Which way should they go?*

You can't find talent these days." How many times have we heard this cry coming out of Hollywood. Yet, while talent scouts beat the hinterlands for young personalities, some of Hollywood's most promising newcomers of a few short years ago now languish low at the casting offices. How come? We wanted the answer.

The following report was gathered by Lawrence Quirk for Photoplay from talks with people whose business it is to know what makes—or breaks—a potential star. This is the story of nine players who are at the crossroads in their careers. The right road leads to lasting fame; the wrong one to oblivion. All nine need your help. Read their stories, then tell them what you think they should do. (*Continued on page 89*)

For Dana Wynter, there were ominous notes from the very beginning. She has yet to overcome the curious problem caused by her early publicity in the U. S.



Off to a fast start with the screen version of his stage success "Tea and Sympathy." Broadway's John Kerr won nationwide critical and fan acclaim. Then his career foundered. Unfairly type-cast, his many talents need broader scope to win stardom



Pageants haven't been the answer for Paget. Nor has Debra's "glamour" campaign turned the trick. The solution may be less exciting but far more simple

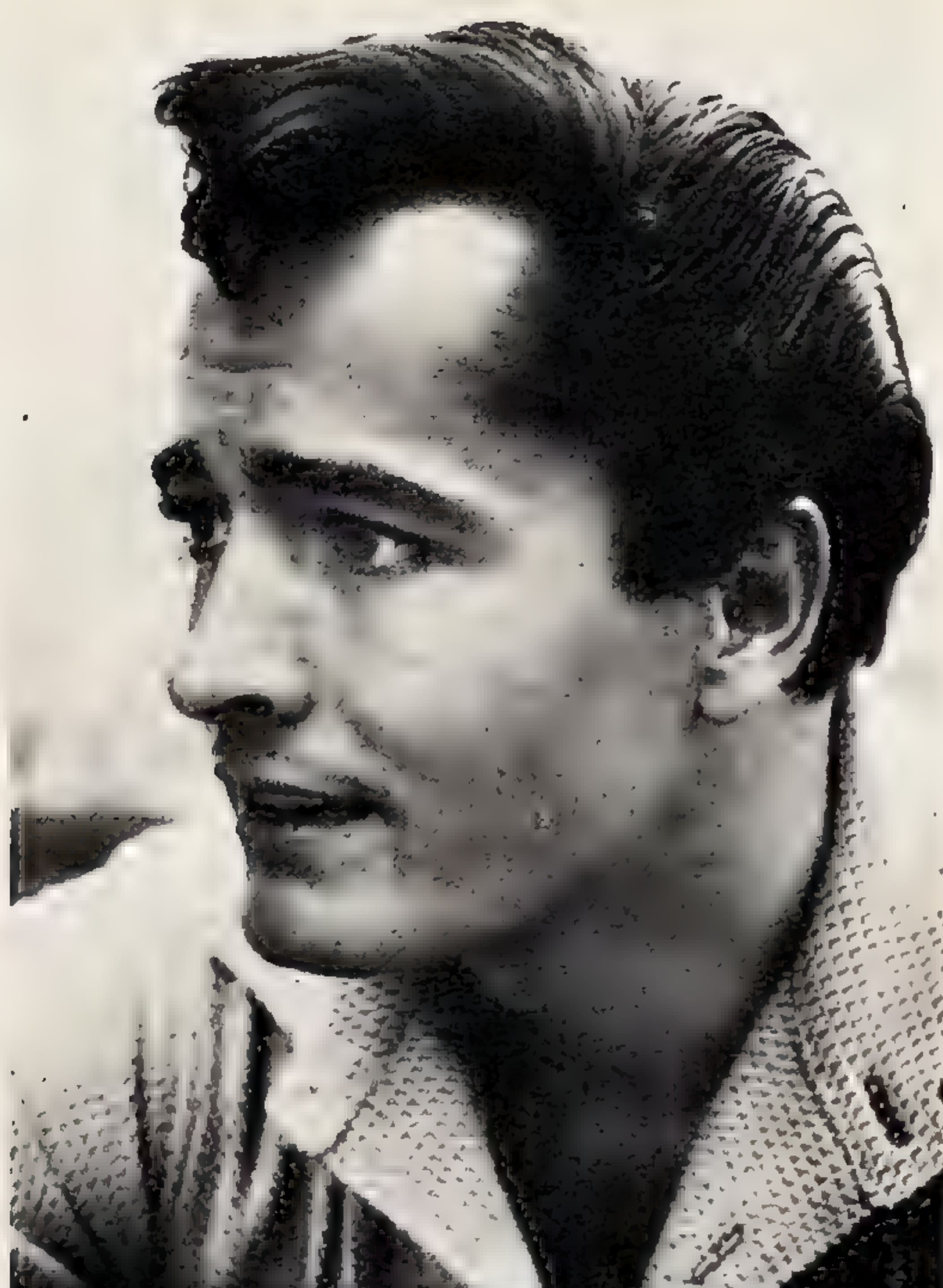




Scintillating performances carried Sherree North far, but she ran into competition on — of all places — her home lot till recently



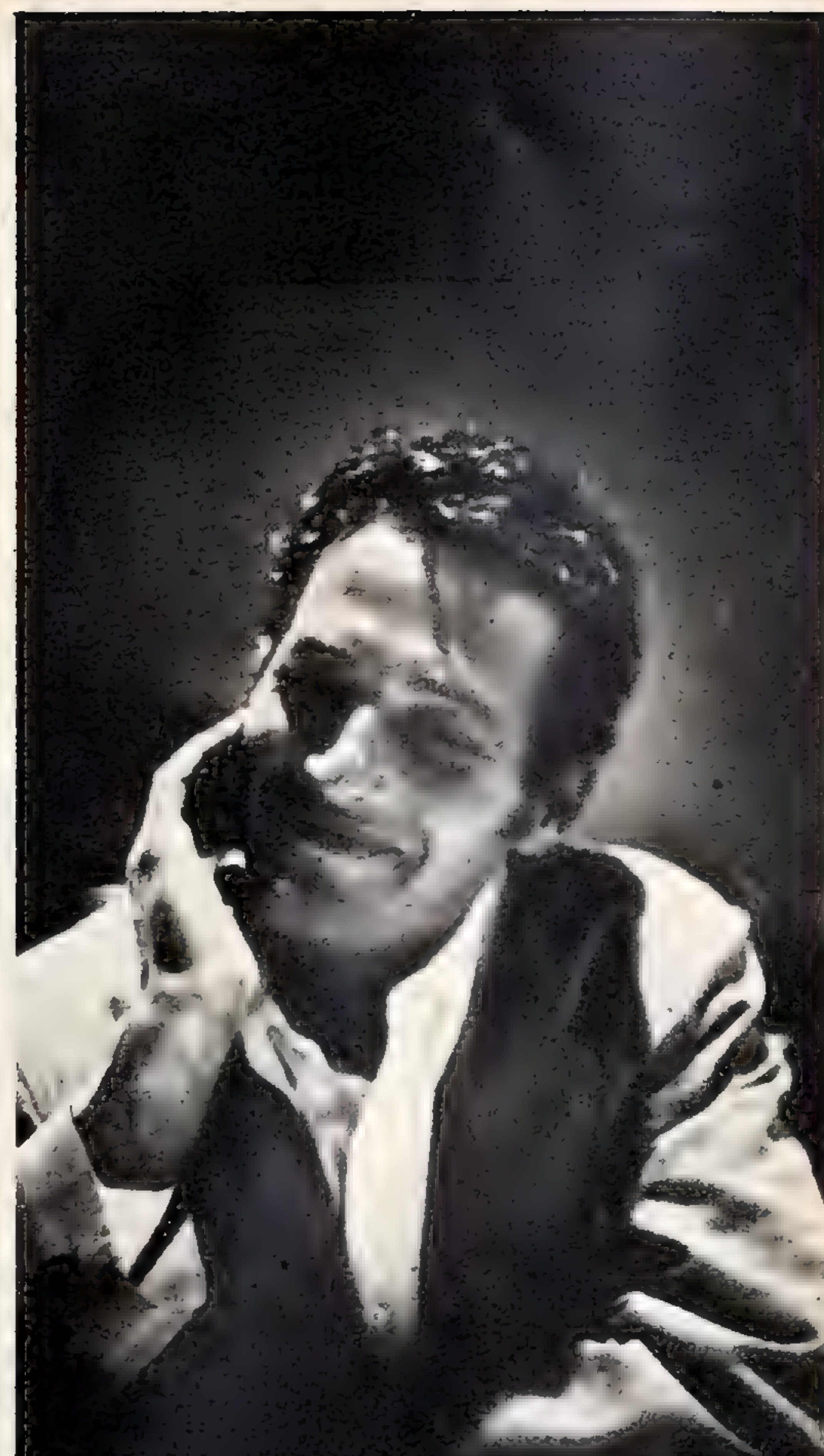
Australia's Victoria Shaw was a hit in "The Eddie Duchin Story" but many months away from Hollywood haven't helped much



Up against one of Hollywood's biggest casting bogies, John Derek has tried to overcome it. Another good try might bring the stardom and success he wants



Dependability doesn't always win the biggest prizes. Richard Egan has sadly discovered



"So much like Brando," everyone said when Paul Newman entered films, but the resemblance is definitely a mixed blessing

Undeniably, Jean Simmons has plenty of talent, but whether she meets current movie-queen standards is another question





*If you think sweet, demure Ann doesn't  
know enough about life to play a bad girl . . .*

**YOU**

*"I was an outsider. I never knew what it really meant to be a woman until I married Jim and had Maureen and Timmy"*





by DICK SHEPPARD

# DON'T KNOW ANN BLYTH



*"When I played Helen Morgan, I felt that she wasn't a bad woman, but a woman who needed love"*

They called the picture off so many times she was sure they'd never make it. Then she'd pick up a newspaper and read where so-and-so had been signed for the part—*her* part—and her heart would sink. Finally, they called her to the studio to test for it. She did three scenes and went home alternating between hope and despair. And then—

"I was seated at the desk in the study, addressing Christmas cards. The children, Maureen and Timmy, were long since in bed, and Jim had been called to the hospital to deliver a baby. The house was very quiet, the only noise being the scratching of my pen on the cards. Then the phone rang. It was Al Rockett, my agent. He

could hardly keep the jubilation out of his voice. He told me that if the terms he had made with Warners' were satisfactory to me, I had the part. I couldn't say anything for several moments—I just sat there in a very happy daze.

"Thoughts flew through my head—I was elated, yet a bit scared. Could I do it justice? I was so stimulated I couldn't finish my cards. I couldn't call Jim at the hospital because, though I knew he'd be as happy as I was, I never bother him at his 'office.' I felt like singing, and I did—a few bars—not enough to awaken the children, but just enough to give release to my emotions. I had won my campaign for 'Helen Morgan'!"

Actually the battle (Continued on page 78)

KODACHROME BY GENE TRINDL







by DEAN STOCKWELL as told to INA STEINHAUSER

# a handful of quarters

*He was only thirteen, and he wanted those coins badly. This is the story of the strange incident that has changed Dean's life*

When I was thirteen years old, something happened that I'll never forget. I believe it was the most important thing that ever happened to me. And I don't think this feeling I have about it will ever change, although I'm only twenty-one now.

It's a strange thing, hard to explain. I'm not sure yet that I completely understand it. But I can see now that life, especially for a teenager, is made of such incidents that touch us, and change and mold us.

I had gone to the Los Angeles YMCA that afternoon, and I was playing ping pong with one of the boys. I got a kick out of ping pong and tennis—tennis is still my favorite sport. I was having a great time, batting the ball back and forth, and I didn't notice at first when a boy I knew slightly came in, and walked over to the billiard table.

Suddenly, there was a lot of yelling and rushing to the table, and I turned around to see what the excitement was about. The boy was standing there, throwing quarters on the table! I ran over as fast as I could, scrambling and pushing my way in with the rest of the

mob. There must have been about five dollars' worth of quarters on that table. That was a lot of money to me. Sure, I'd been working steadily as a child actor. But a lot of my earnings were kept by the court until I came of age. And my mother had quite a struggle to support me and my brother Guy ever since she and my father separated when I was five. Quarters for spending money were something special.

I reached out for a handful of those shiny quarters. Then, something made me stop. I looked up at the boy who was standing there throwing them, and I let the quarters fall back on the table. My arms fell to my side, and I drew back, just staring at the scene—the grasping, shouting boys, acting like greedy animals at the sight of the money, the boy who was throwing them expressionless, with no joy in what he was doing. There was something defiant and contemptuous about him, something very sad and very lonely, too. But no joy. If he had been a rich boy, it wouldn't have been so strange. But he wasn't. I knew he was a kid who had a very (Continued on page 84)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE TRINDL



by VERA J. PEERS as told to HELEN HOVER WELLER

# will success spoil my Jaynie?

*She's loyal and loving—but there are things that make*

*Jayne Mansfield's mother say, "I don't like that one bit!"*

*"A luxurious car took us to the premiere. I, in the front seat, was so nervous, but for Jaynie, it was a shining hour!"*





*"I wish Jaynie didn't have to depend so much on sexpot publicity, but could be herself. I'm very proud of her success, but worry about her, too. I pray that she can always remember to keep her balance in the face of all the fantastic things that are happening in her life"*



I didn't know what to think when I picked up our local Dallas newspaper not long ago and read that my daughter, Jayne Mansfield, had gone to a formal Hollywood dinner party wearing a bikini bathing suit!

It was early evening and I'd just finished the supper dishes. Harry, my husband, was settled down to his favorite living-room chair and had the ball game on TV. I entered the living room to join him, ready for a nice, quiet evening of reading. As I leafed through the paper, my eye caught the story about Jayne.

"Harry!" I gasped. "Look what it says about Jayne!"

Harry looked up from the ball game and I read him—the whole thing—the item about Jayne.

"Ridiculous!" he laughed when I'd finished. "Probably some publicity stunt." And he resumed his attention to the Texas League.

"Maybe so, but I'm calling her up to make sure," I said.

"Don't be silly. Jayne's a big girl now, Vera. She knows what she's doing. Besides, it probably was a costume party or something."

So I dropped the subject. But the item bothered me all evening. I couldn't help picturing (*Continued on page 72*)



# PLEASE TELL US, MR. LANCASTER...

*"Why doesn't Photoplay let teenagers interview the stars?" you've written us. They did—and gave Burt "one of the toughest sessions I've ever had!"*

Twenty high school students were lucky enough, recently, to interview Burt Lancaster, who is currently breaking boxoffice records as the star of his own film, "The Sweet Smell of Success." And the teens broke a record of their own. "It was one of the toughest interviews I've been put through," Burt admitted at the end. The questions ran through everything from sex and censorship to the high price of the neighborhood movie and Marilyn Monroe.

There wasn't a dull moment.

**STUDENT:** Sir, does the average American moviegoer's preference for films dealing with crimes, sex and violence indicate that he cannot appreciate more refined acting and drama? I've wondered about this.

**MR. LANCASTER:** No, I don't think that is necessarily true. I think you will find most people go to movies for purposes of relaxation, and they like to see things on the screen that

cause visual excitement but that don't particularly disturb or distress them too much—or make them think too hard.

**STUDENT:** In other words, intellectual movies would not appeal to the average American moviegoer?

**MR. LANCASTER:** To the average American moviegoer, no, I would say.

**STUDENT:** In this light, do you feel that you are debasing yourself when you are acting, just to satisfy American moviegoers' cravings and likes?

**MR. LANCASTER:** No, I think you have responsibilities to the likes and dislikes of people. What we as a group have to try to do in the making of movies is to make those that will appeal to a large, mass audience. We must also try to make movies that will appeal to, shall we say, a smaller and minority group. And as long as we maintain our own standards of what *we* like, we will find we can make pictures that (Continued on page 94)







*Outside Washington, D.C., studio, before "Youth Wants to Know" got underway, a few students cornered Burt to ask, "Do you think certain of our movies encourage juvenile delinquency?" Burt paused, thoughtfully lit a cigarette, and said, "I'd like a moment to think about that"*

*Moderator Steve McCormick nodded to a boy in the front row, who demanded, "Mr. Lancaster, how do actors and producers react to censorship groups?" The girl next to him wanted to know "Do Americans like foreign films and stars more than our own?"*







*Blinking back tears, she said to herself,  
 "Jean Seberg, you've got to get tough!"*

Jean Seberg reached for the glass of lemonade that was on the table. She sipped the drink thoughtfully and stared down the Riviera coastline that led to Nice. "You wear armored plating . . ." the columnist had said. She glanced across the table at the seat he had just vacated. "You wear armored plating, Jean, as a human being as well as an actress."

She'd been in Nice only two months before, alone, without armor. Completely without armor the night she'd stood at the window of her small apartment, looking out at the lights, but not really seeing them. Finally, she'd turned back into the room. It was a tiny room, not the sort of place you'd expect to house a vacationing movie star.

Star? Her thoughts tripped on the word. Her name was on theatre marquees all over the world. But was she a star? More important, was she an actress?

She walked over to the table, where her mind had been all along. She carefully picked up a bulky envelope and

*continued*



*Françoise Sagan, the author of "Bonjour Tristesse," encourages Jean on the set*

# Sprite with Spunk

by BEVERLY  
 OTT



*Picnic is relaxing for Jean, Mylène Demongeot, producer Preminger, Deborah Kerr, David Niven*

COLOR PHOTO BY  
 CURT GUNTHER





*David did his best to make her laugh*

# Sprite with Spunk

*Continued*

reached inside for a pile of press clippings. Then she spread them on the table and began to read them again.

They'd come that morning, the "Saint Joan" reviews. The first ones she'd found, those carefully placed at the top of the pile, were the ones with the praise. The good notices. But the others were the ones she'd read, re-read, set aside, and kept coming back to. They were the ones she read through large, bitter tears. They were about "the (Continued on page 69)

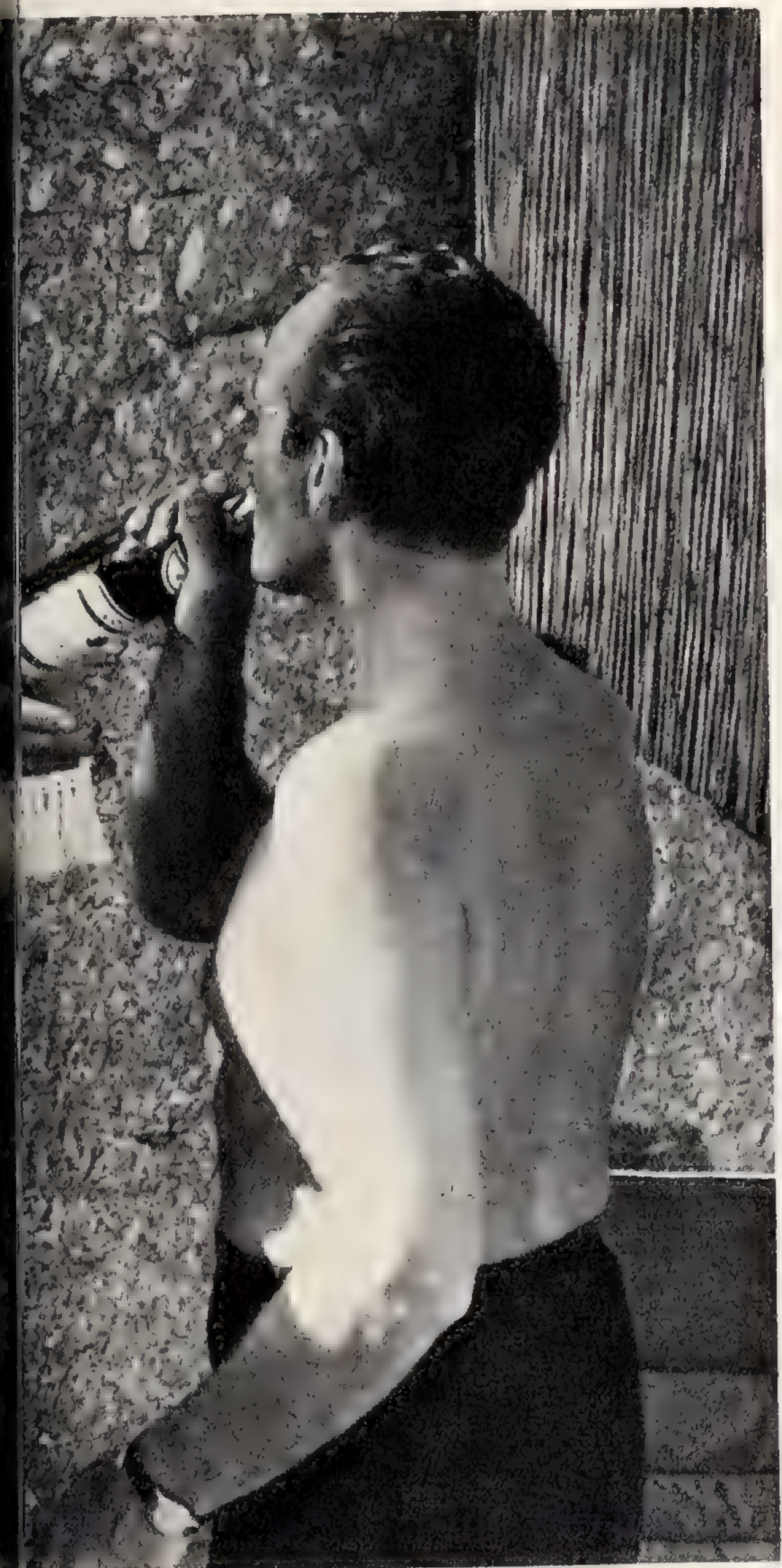


*She's all wet! But it's just part of the day's work. Those who've seen Jean's acting at Point de la Fossette on the French coast, including her director and mentor, Otto Preminger (above), predict that her performance will rate raves. Part ideally suits her talent, better than "Joan"*





*"The ice bag helps me keep a cool head," she quipped*



*Resting in her room, a pensive Jean repeats to herself, over and over, "Nothing is going to stop me . . . I will be a good actress, I will"*







*Is love the real thing for Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner? Are they right for each other? Can they find lasting happiness in marriage? Read the analysis of their exciting romance below, and find out*

## ***FOR LOVERS ONLY***

*Stop, look, and take this test to discover your chances for a happy marriage*

So you think you're in love! You're starry-eyed, you're walking on air, and the whole world has taken on a rosy glow. It's a wonderful, wonderful feeling. But wait a minute. Better wipe that stardust out of your eyes and come down to earth—at least, long enough to take the test on the opposite page. Probably you've been asking yourself: Is this It? Is this the kind of love that lasts a lifetime? This test, based on extensive study by psychologists and marriage counselors, can give you a good idea of your chances of married bliss. It can help you find the answers to three very important questions: Is

my love real, or merely infatuation? Would it be wise to marry now? Should I wait a while?

Two young people who, no doubt, have pondered these very questions are Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner. And a lot of people who have watched their breathless romance blossom are pondering them, too. Both Natalie and Bob have had serious "crushes" before. Is this the real thing? And what chance would their marriage have of being a lasting success? So let's take Natalie and Bob as a case in point, analyzing what is known about them and their romance in the light (*Continued on page 96*)



## ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?

YES

NO

1. Do you always enjoy being together? .....
2. Are there many things you like to do together? .....
3. Do you ever feel apologetic about the person before others? .....
4. Do your friends and business acquaintances admire him (her)? .....
5. Is separation, even for a short while, hard for you? .....
6. Have you known the person well for at least a year? .....
7. Do you try hard to please? .....
8. Does conversation come easily when you are together? .....
9. Does the person's appearance appeal to you? .....
10. Do you like the way he or she talks, acts, and thinks? .....
11. Are you ever tempted to flirt with someone else? .....
12. Do you like each other's friends? .....
13. Do you think about the relationship in terms of home and children? .....
14. Do you share the person's ideals? .....
15. Are there things about the person that you don't like? .....
16. Could career interests come between you? .....
17. Are there subjects on which you strongly disagree? .....
18. Do you trust the person completely? .....
19. Are you sure you want to marry this person? .....

## ARE YOU READY FOR MARRIAGE?

YES

NO

1. Is he or she the kind of person you've always wanted to marry? .....
2. Is he like your father? Is she like your mother? .....
3. Were your parents happy? .....
4. Are you close to your parents? .....
5. Are you disturbed if the house isn't tidy? .....
6. Do you stand on your own two feet all the time? .....
7. Are you in good physical health? .....
8. Are you twenty years old or older? .....
9. By age twenty, had you finished two years' college or two years' work? .....
10. Do you have a common hobby? .....
11. Do you come from the same type of home background? .....
12. Have you the same beliefs and attitudes about religion? .....
13. Are you interested in household matters? .....
14. Do you laugh at the same jokes? .....
15. Have you the same taste in movies and plays? .....
16. Do your parents favor marrying? .....
17. Do you like to talk over each other's careers? .....
18. Is money an important problem to you? .....
19. Do you hope the person will change? .....



by BLANCHE E. SCHIFFMAN

# A RIGHT

*"Blue was just the color of his eyes  
Till he said, 'goodbye love.'  
Blue was just a ribbon for first prize  
Till he said, 'don't cry, love.'  
And blues were only torch songs  
Fashioned for impulsive ingenues  
But now I know . . .  
Too well I know . . .  
Too well I know the meaning of the blues."\**

In the middle of August, 1954 Julie London packed her bags and left for Europe. She wasn't going *anywhere*, in the sense that people going someplace have a destination to get to. Julie didn't have anywhere to go—there were just people and things she had to get away from.

It's hard to say goodbye to a marriage, to six years of being with the one man you've ever loved, with whom you had two lovely, laughing-eyed little girls and experienced the joy and tenderness and togetherness of being a family. There are the things you remember, and they go with you long after your bags have been cleared by customs and the gangplank goes up. For your name was still Mrs. Jack Webb then, and you remember the time you and your husband were both unemployed during the first year of your marriage and you celebrated your first anniversary with a special cake and candles, but there was no cream for the coffee to go with it. You remember how happy you were the day the doctor told you your first baby was on the way, and how you rushed home to tell your husband, and how he set his shoulders back in that firm, determined way he had when you told him, and how he kept pacing up and down the room saying, "I've got to get something for the baby's sake . . . I've got to." And how he rushed into the house the next afternoon and threw his hat on the table saying, "I've just signed a thirteen-week contract on radio, honey," and that's how "Dragnet" was born.

You remembered the other things too: You remembered how happy you were when Stacy was delivered to you, a wisp of spring on a cold day in January. You remembered the thrill of getting dressed up in evening clothes to attend a movie première, and how proud you were when someone stopped your husband before he got to the entrance and said, "Say, aren't you Jack Webb, of television?" and how you beamed when your husband said "Yes" and obligingly signed his first autograph. You remember the night he came (*Continued on page 87*)

\*"The Meaning of the Blues," words and music by Bobby Troup and Leah Worth. Unpublished copyright 1956 by Northern Music Corp. © 1957 by Northern Music Corp., 50 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. Used by permission of the copyright owner.





# TO SING THE BLUES





# WHO WILL BE THE FAVORITES FOR 1957?



*It's up to you to choose the winners of the next Photoplay Gold Medals*

Strike up the band! It's election time again! On the right are the famous faces of stars who have stepped up to claim Photoplay Gold Medals in recent years. Their splendid performances made them eligible—but only the thoughtful votes of Photoplay readers made them victorious. Dating back before the Academy's Oscars, these prizes are coveted by Hollywood's top players. In 1921, announcing the results of the first voting, the magazine said: "The public has made its decision. And we think you have made a wise selection in 'Humoresque,' for it is a truly great picture, an artistic achievement as well as a popular triumph." In February, the 1957 picture that rates this classic distinction will be named. An actor and an actress will join the golden group you see on this page. And this year's most exciting newcomers will be tabbed as the best bets for 1958. But what will be the winning movie? Who will be the stars? We don't know. We rely on you, Photoplay's readers, the true judges of film quality, to call the shots. We trust you to choose a picture and stars that will be worthy of the honor. Let *your* voice be heard in the final verdict. Vote now!



1952



1952



1953



1953



1954



1954



1955



1955



1956



1956



★★

## STARS

Adams, Julie	Francis, Anne	Moore, Terry
Alberghetti, Anna Maria	Gable, Clark	Murphy, Audie
Albert, Eddie	Gardner, Ava	Murray, Don
Allyson, June	Gaynor, Mitzi	Nader, George
Angeli, Pier	Granger, Stewart	Neal, Patricia
Astaire, Fred	Grant, Cary	Nelson, Lori
Bacall, Lauren	Gray, Dolores	Newman, Paul
Baker, Carroll	Hayward, Susan	Niven, David
Baxter, Anne	Hayworth, Rita	North, Sheree
Belafonte, Harry	Heflin, Van	Novak, Kim
Bergman, Ingrid	Hepburn, Audrey	O'Connor, Donald
Blyth, Ann	Hepburn, Katharine	O'Hara, Maureen
Borgnine, Ernest	Heston, Charlton	Olivier, Laurence
Brando, Marlon	Holden, William	Paget, Debra
Brazzi, Rossano	Holliday, Judy	Palance, Jack
Brynnner, Yul	Hope, Bob	Parker, Eleanor
Burton, Richard	Hudson, Rock	Pavan, Marisa
Buttons, Red	Hunter, Jeffrey	Peck, Gregory
Cagney, James	Hunter, Kim	Perkins, Anthony
Calhoun, Rory	Hyer, Martha	Power, Tyrone
Chandler, Jeff	Jones, Jennifer	Presley, Elvis
Charisse, Cyd	Jones, Shirley	Quinn, Anthony
Clift, Montgomery	Johnson, Van	Ray, Aldo
Collins, Joan	Kelly, Gene	Reed, Donna
Conte, Richard	Kerr, Deborah	Reynolds, Debbie
Cooper, Gary	Kerr, John	Rogers, Ginger
Crain, Jeanne	Ladd, Alan	Rooney, Mickey
Crawford, Joan	Lancaster, Burt	Rush, Barbara
Crosby, Bing	Laurie, Piper	Russell, Jane
Curtis, Tony	Leigh, Janet	Ryan, Robert
Dailey, Dan	Lemmon, Jack	Saint, Eva Marie
Day, Doris	Lewis, Jerry	Simmons, Jean
De Carlo, Yvonne	Lollobrigida, Gina	Sinatra, Frank
Derek, John	MacMurray, Fred	Stack, Robert
Dietrich, Marlene	Madison, Guy	Stanwyck, Barbara
Dors, Diana	Magnani, Anna	Steiger, Rod
Douglas, Kirk	Malone, Dorothy	Stewart, James
Douglas, Paul	Mansfield, Jayne	Sullivan, Barry
Egan, Richard	Martin, Dean	Tamblyn, Russ
Ekberg, Anita	Martin, Dewey	Taylor, Elizabeth
Ewell, Tom	Mason, James	Taylor, Robert
Farr, Felicia	Mathews, Kerwin	Todd, Richard
Ferrer, Jose	Mature, Victor	Tracy, Spencer
Ferrer, Mel	Mayo, Virginia	Wagner, Robert
Fleming, Rhonda	Miles, Vera	Wayne, John
Fonda, Henry	Milland, Ray	Widmark, Richard
Fontaine, Joan	Mitchell, Cameron	Wilde, Cornel
Ford, Glenn	Mitchum, Robert	Wood, Natalie
Foster, Dianne	Monroe, Marilyn	Wynter, Dana

★★

## NEWCOMERS

Boone, Pat	Jones, Carolyn	Patten, Luana
Cassavetes, John	Keim, Betty Lou	Raitt, John
Darren, James	Kendall, Kay	Randall, Tony
Elg, Taina	Kovacs, Ernie	Saxon, John
Evans, Robert	London, Julie	Scala, Gia
Franciosa, Anthony	Loren, Sophia	Sears, Heather
Gazzara, Ben	MacArthur, James	Seberg, Jean
Grant, Kathryn	March, Hal	Stevens, Inger
Griffith, Andy	Mineo, Sal	Stockwell, Dean
Harrison, Susan	Nichols, Barbara	Trundy, Natalie
Hart, Dolores	Nielsen, Leslie	Wilson, Julie
Jason, Rick	Owens, Patricia	Woodward, Joanne

★★

To vote, use the Gold Medal Ballot  
on page 64

★★

## FILMS

Abandon Ship!	Mister Rock and Roll
Action of the Tiger	Monkey on My Back
Affair to Remember, An	Monolith Monsters, The
April Love	Monte Carlo Story, The
Baby Doll	My Man Godfrey
Bachelor Party, The	Night Passage
Band of Angels	Nightfall
Barretts of Wimpole Street, The	No Down Payment
Battle Hymn	No Sleep Till Dawn
Beau James	Oh Men, Oh Women!
Bernardine	Old Yeller
Beyond Mombasa	Omar Khayyam
Big Land, The	Operation Mad Ball
Black Patch	Pajama Game, The
Boy on a Dolphin	Pal Joey
Brave One, The	Paris Does Strange Things
Bridge on the River Kwai, The	Pickup Alley
Brothers Rico, The	Pride and the Passion, The
Buster Keaton Story, The	Prince and the Showgirl, The
Careless Years, The	Public Pigeon No. 1
Curse of Frankenstein, The	Pursuit of the Graf Spee
D.I., The	Quantez
Delicate Delinquent, The	Rainmaker, The
Designing Woman	Raintree County
Desk Set	Rock, Pretty Baby
Devil's Hairpin, The	Run of the Arrow
Dino	Sad Sack, The
Don't Go Near the Water	Saddle the Wind
Don't Knock the Rock	Saga of Satchmo, The
Drango	Saint Joan
Edge of the City	Sayonara
Escapade in Japan	Seawife
Face in the Crowd, A	Seventh Sin, The
Farewell to Arms, A	Short Cut to Hell
Fear Strikes Out	Silk Stockings
Fire Down Below	Slander
Four Girls in Town	Slaughter on Tenth Avenue
Full of Life	Slim Carter
Funny Face	Something of Value
Fuzzy Pink Nightgown, The	Spanish Gardener, The
Garment Jungle	Spirit of St. Louis, The
Girl Can't Help It, The	Stopover Tokyo
God Is My Partner	Story of Esther Costello, The
Great Man, The	Story of Mankind, The
Gun for a Coward	Strange One, The
Gun Glory	Sun Also Rises, The
Gunfight at the O. K. Corral	Sweet Smell of Success
Guns of Fort Petticoat	Tammy and the Bachelor
Happy Road, The	Tarzan and the Lost Safari
Hard Man, The	Tattered Dress, The
Hatful of Rain, A	Teahouse of the August Moon, The
Hear Me Good	Ten Commandments, The
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison	Ten Thousand Bedrooms
Helen Morgan Story, The	That Night
Hired Gun, The	This Could Be the Night
Hollywood or Bust	Three Brave Men
Hot Summer Night	Three Faces of Eve, The
House of Numbers	Three Violent People
Hunchback of Notre Dame	3:10 to Yuma
Incredible Shrinking Man	Tijuana Story, The
Interlude	Time Limit
Island in the Sun	Tin Star, The
Jailhouse Rock	Tip on a Dead Jockey
James Dean Story, The	Top Secret Affair
Jeanne Eagels	Town like Alice, A
Jet Pilot	True Story of Jesse James, The
Joe Butterfly	Twelve Angry Men
Johnny Tremain	Unholy Wife, The
Johnny Trouble	Untamed Youth
Joker Is Wild, The	Until They Sail
Midnight Story, The	Vintage, The
Mister Cory	Wayward Bus, The
Kelly and Me	Wild Is the Wind
King and Four Queens, The	Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?
Les Girls	Wings of Eagles, The
Little Hut, The	Written on the Wind
Living Idol, The	Wrong Man, The
Lizzie	Young Don't Cry, The
Lonely Man, The	Young Stranger, The
Long Haul, The	Zarak
Love in the Afternoon	Zero Hour
Loving You	
Man of a Thousand Faces	
Man on Fire	
Men in War	



# what's Cary up to?

*Everything from the study of spiders to hypnotism! Mr. Grant's new outlook makes him more fascinating than ever*

Five years ago everyone in Hollywood thought Cary Grant was about to rest on his laurels and fade away into retirement. Today, at fifty-three, he is one of film-dom's hottest boxoffice personalities.

"I was an idiot, an actor and a bore until I was forty," says Cary candidly. "I've now reached the point in life where I am no longer solely concerned about myself. As a result, I feel I have finally gained self-respect. I admit to my age—fifty-three—because I want to spare people the trouble of leafing through almanacs and old magazines. They'll get nothing but the wrong information."

For Cary's boyish, debonair brand of elegance, the

price is steep these days. For acting in "The Pride and the Passion," he was paid \$300,000 and ten percent of the gross. This is his price and producers beg to meet it. He is also in the enviable position of being able to pick his own stories. When Cary finds what he wants, he calls a producer and says, "I've got a story here that is sure-fire. You put up the money and I'll put up my talent and we'll split the take." Producers grab the offer like a bargain.

Since "The Pride and the Passion," Cary's made "An Affair to Remember" with Deborah Kerr, the just released "Kiss Them for Me" with Jayne Mansfield and Suzy Parker, and he's currently doing "Houseboat" with Sophia Loren. (Since Sophia is the highest paid lady

actress in the world, this will be a mighty expensive boat ride.) After "Houseboat," there are at least fifteen more pictures waiting for him when and if he decides he wants to do them. He also has his pick of leading ladies.

But in spite of the fact that *(Continued on page 85)*



*Intimate friends give wife Betsy Drake credit for a happy change that's come over Cary*

by EDWIN ZITTELL







PART II

# HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST COMEBACK

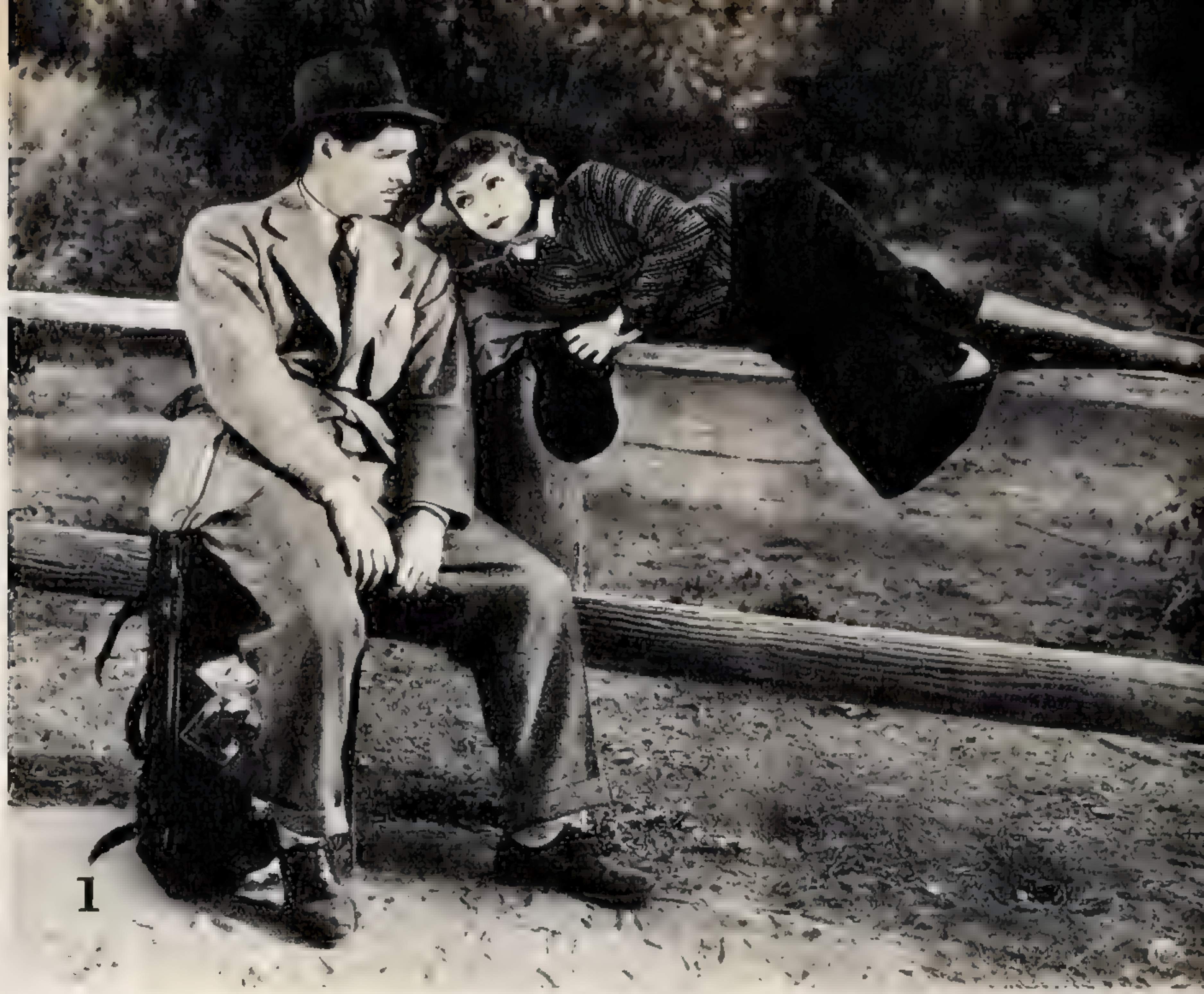
Where are the stars of yesteryear? What are they doing now? Did their wealth and fame bring them happiness? These are the questions everyone is asking, for the wonderful personalities of the past are returning again to the dizzy heights of their heyday. Every night, they've been coming into your living room, through the old movies being shown on TV, to cast their spell again. Last month, we began their great story—the biggest story in Hollywood today.

Did they find happiness? For some, the answer is, "Yes." For others, "Maybe." And in some cases, it must be, "No." But read on, and come to your own conclusions:

Look at Myrna Loy—green-eyed, red-haired, freckle-faced Myrna started off in films as a siren, Oriental variety. Whenever there was any fancy slithering to be done, or somebody's husband to be *undone*, that was Myrna's department. However, when sound came in, Myrna the Menace was on her way out. The makeup crew could make her look like evil incarnate, and Myrna's slim sleekness took care of the slinking. But her voice was strictly from Montana (*Raidersburg*, to be precise), as endearingly plain as her real last name (Williams).

Two studios dropped her before M-G-M took the gamble and tried her as a normal American woman. The try-out worked just fine, and the studio really hit the jackpot when William Powell joined forces with Myrna to create those zany sophisticates of *Nick and Nora Charles*, in "*The Thin Man*." This hatched a series that eventually stretched out to six. Meanwhile, Myrna was working up a reputation as the screen's "perfect wife." (Continued on page 91)

Do you remember? If you aren't sure, see page 92 for the names of players and films









TAB  
writes  
a  
love  
song  
for  
you



*"Tab knew what the song ought to say," Gwen says. "And whenever we'd get off the track, his musical know-how would bring us back—quick!"*

How is a love song written? Well, many ways. And not always under a full moon in June. This is how Tab came to write his, which we publish here for the first time. "I never thought I could," he told us shyly. "In fact I went over to Gwen's (his collaborator) house to play tennis and, if it weren't for her insistence, we might never have gotten around to anything else."

"Seems," Gwen explained, "Tab had finished a recording session the night before. 'But don't let it get around,' he said. 'What a wonderful title,' I laughed. 'But that's not the title,' Tab answered. 'I just meant, don't let it get around about the recording session.' Then, almost together the same idea clicked with us and we yelped at each other, 'Let's write one called 'Don't Let It Get Around!'' They did.

"It took an hour," Tab went on enthusiastically.

Gwen interrupted, "He has a terrific sense of rock 'n' roll rhythm."

"Gwen's not bad, either," Tab grinned. "You know, she's the head of Pan Publishing (music) and has had loads of nightclub experience."

Tab and Gwen sang and beat out their song for us, impromptu style. And here it is—for the first time in print. Hum the melody and, if you don't like your own singing, don't despair. Tab has just recorded it!



# "DON'T LET IT GET AROUND"

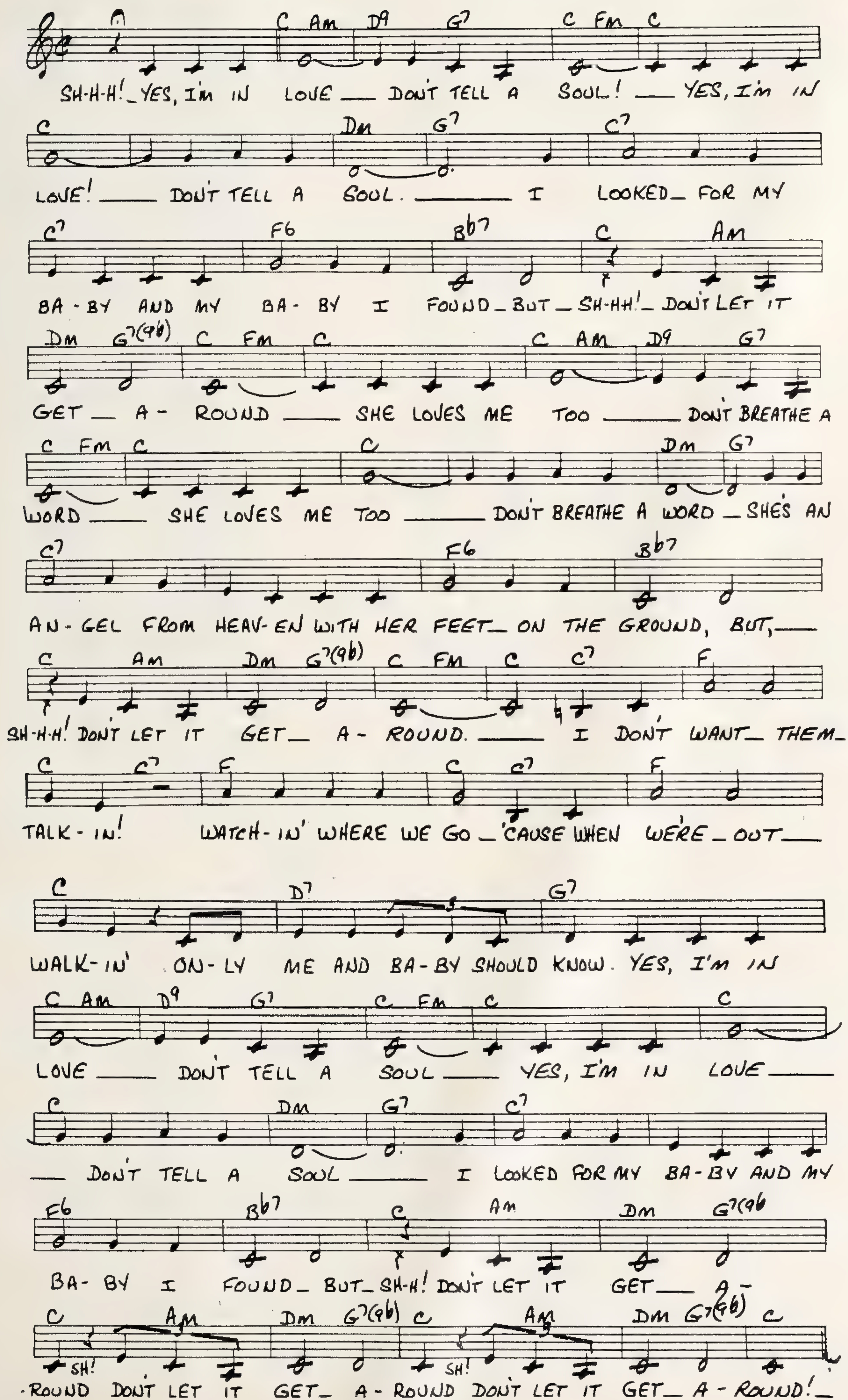
BY

TAB HUNTER

AND

GWEN DAVIS

SPIRITED! \_\_\_\_\_



SH-H-H! YES, I'M IN LOVE - DON'T TELL A SOUL! YES, I'M IN LOVE!  
LOVE! - DON'T TELL A SOUL. I LOOKED FOR MY  
BA-BY AND MY BA-BY I FOUND - BUT SH-H-H! DON'T LET IT  
GET - A - ROUND - SHE LOVES ME TOO - DON'T BREATHE A  
WORD - SHE LOVES ME TOO - DON'T BREATHE A WORD - SHE'S AN  
AN-GEL FROM HEAV-EN WITH HER FEET ON THE GROUND, BUT,  
SH-H-H! DON'T LET IT GET - A - ROUND. I DON'T WANT THEM  
TALK - IN! WATCH - IN! WHERE WE GO - 'CAUSE WHEN WE'RE OUT  
WALK - IN! ON - LY ME AND BA-BY SHOULD KNOW. YES, I'M IN  
LOVE - DON'T TELL A SOUL - YES, I'M IN LOVE -  
DON'T TELL A SOUL - I LOOKED FOR MY BA-BY AND MY  
BA-BY I FOUND - BUT SH-H! DON'T LET IT GET - A -  
SH! SH! - ROUND DON'T LET IT GET - A - ROUND DON'T LET IT GET - A - ROUND!



# THE RETURN OF HUGH O'BRIAN



*They couldn't see him as a hero. They never gave him a real break. Now producers are beating a path to Hugh's door!* *by DANIEL STERN*

A harried young TV producer brushed by the desk of a chic-looking secretary and asked if he could see her boss, a VP in charge of programming. "Look at this!" He pointed painfully to a news release he had just received from the coast by wire, and read it aloud: "HOLLYWOOD, WHICH HAS BEEN TRYING TO WOO HUGH O'BRIAN BACK FOR SEVERAL SEASONS, MAY NOW HAVE SUCCEEDED, IT IS ANNOUNCED TODAY. . . ." The producer's voice trailed off.

"But what about 'Wyatt Earp'?" the secretary

wailed. Was the network to lose its hottest property to the movies?

Well, Hugh who turned to TV two years ago as star of "The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp," hasn't deserted TV, but the big news around Hollywood these days is that he's being coaxed back into movies.

A lot of Hugh's fans don't realize he was in movies first. He'd appeared in some thirty films before being signed up for television.

"My movie career was no (Continued on page 75)

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK ALBIN







by JOAN CRAWFORD

# God's greatest gift to me



*No star is more grateful to fans than Joan (right, signing autographs in Rome). But fame means most to her because it has enabled her to give a home to four adopted children—Christina, twins Cathy and Cynthia, son Christopher—a happiness she now shares with husband Alfred N. Steele*

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Few women have ever led such a fabulous life as Joan Crawford. As a child, she earned her schooling as a kitchen slavey. As a teenager, she danced for a living. In 1928, she became a movie star, and has stayed at the top ever since—a record few can equal. Wealth and fame, happiness and the heartbreak of three unsuccessful marriages have been hers. And condemnation, too. When she adopted four children, it was branded as publicity-seeking. When her son ran away, she was called an unfit mother. When she married

Pepsi-Cola executive Alfred N. Steele, skeptics said it wouldn't last six months. Wisely, Joan ignored it all. Today, she is so content with her family that she has confided, after finishing "The Golden Virgin" for Columbia, that she will make few movies from now on, devoting most of her time to her roles as wife and mother. Now, looking back on her remarkable, eventful life, one wonders: Of all the good things that have come her way, what has meant the most to Joan? Photoplay is proud to bring you her (Continued on page 81)







**DEBBIE REYNOLDS:** "Oops! Someone forgot I'm a little girl!"



**ERNIE KOVACS:** "I'm not having a fit.

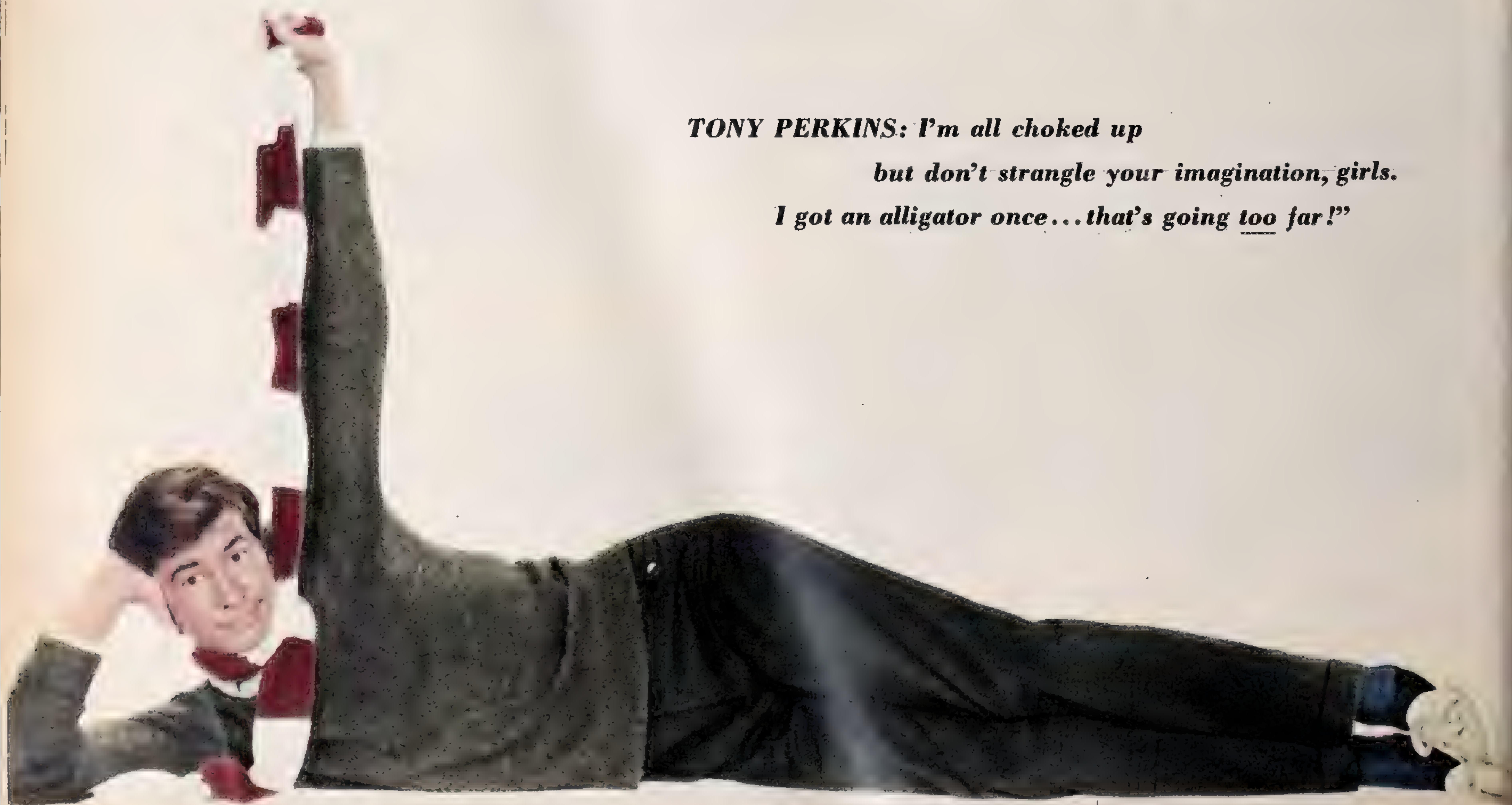
It just doesn't fit."



**TONY PERKINS:** I'm all choked up

but don't strangle your imagination, girls.

I got an alligator once...that's going too far!"

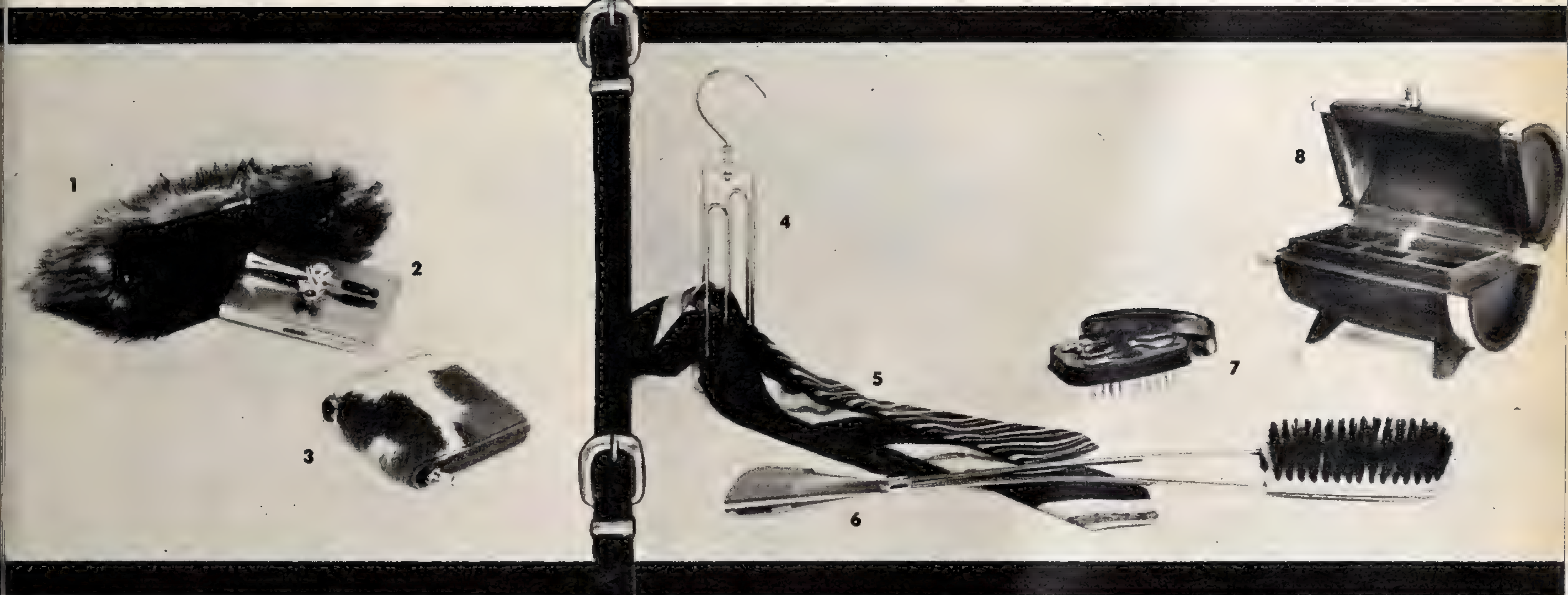




by SUE KREISMAN

# SNEAK PREVIEW GIFT TIPS

*Over Thirty Ideas—Under \$10*



You know what? CHRISTMAS is sneaking up on us! Are you ready? No? Well, are you *getting* ready? Be smart. Start! Tony Perkins does his Christmas shopping all year long. By the time November rolls around he's about through! "The trick," warns Tony, "is to keep from giving your gifts before Christmas and to keep people from buying what you plan on giving them." He thinks car accessories are wonderful presents for gals to give guys and suggests boys buy earrings "because a girl can't have too many of them." Another Perkins preference is a present for the kitchen, something that will make cooking easier and the food taste better. Clever boy! It's better to give *and* to receive!

Another advocate of early shopping, Debbie Reynolds, says, "I plan to give my parents something practical, Eddie and baby Carrie something sentimental." And, like many movie stars, "the gift I most want is a really good part!"

Ernie Kovacs likes gifts that go up in smoke: cigars!

Shop with the stars—now. Wrap your presents with cheer, tie them with thoughtfulness and add an occasional laugh, because the Christmas season should be merry!

*continued*



## SNEAK PREVIEW GIFT TIPS *continued*

FOR INFORMATION ON THESE GIFTS AND ADDITIONAL GIFT IDEAS, TURN TO PAGE 66







*Photoplay*

## GOES TO WORK WITH ROCK

Well, it's nice work, isn't it? Cuddling with Jennifer Jones, keeping cozy in the blue shadows of the beautiful Dolomite Mountains—these were Rock Hudson's pleasant assignments for 20th Century-Fox's movie version of the Ernest Hemingway classic "A Farewell to Arms." But let's set the record straight: Movie-making is hard work. The delicate and lovely love scene that you see above may slip across the screen in a matter of thirty seconds. Yet the business of getting it on film—with every gesture, every intonation just right—may have taken a

couple of full working days. Once just a hulking youngster, a horse-opera hero at his home studio, U-I, Rock Hudson has slowly developed into a highly competent actor of true stature, well qualified to portray the lead in one of the great love stories of modern times. Produced by David O. Selznick (Jennifer's husband and the impresario of such movie milestones as "Gone with the Wind"), the new "A Farewell to Arms" was filmed mostly in the Italian Alps, where the action of this bittersweet World War I idyll takes place against scenic splendor. (Continued)





*At this moment, Rock's just a working stiff, listening with respect to his bosses, director Charles Vidor and producer David O. Selznick. Said the crew, "He's a big-time guy like Coop and Gable—nice to everybody"*

*Most of the film's shooting took place in northern Italy ("if only Phyl could see this"), with the local citizens serving as extras. The kids delighted Rock, followed him (opposite page) to his hideaway—a rowboat on a mountain lake*

## WORK WITH ROCK

*continued*

Throughout shooting, Rock himself was parted from his wife of less than two years, because of her illness just before the troupe left. At work, he had to be Hemingway's *Lieutenant Henry*, American in love with a British nurse. At his typewriter, on the phone, he was Phyllis' husband, in every moment of spare time.

"Spare time?" says a member of the picture's crew. "*What* spare time? Rock was in almost every scene. He worked like a dog, and the hours were murder. While we were in Rome, the car picked him up at nine in the morning. By the time he got back to town, it was usually nine at night. And when he walked into the lobby of the Grand Hotel, he was dragging his feet."

On more distant locations, out in the mountains, the location stint got rugged. A sudden snowstorm ("just like Minnesota," Rock wrote to his Minnesota-born wife) held the star and three friends stalled on the road for four hours. Quartered in a small village, Rock lived in the same sort of minute hotel room as the rest of the gang, until a Selznick assistant tried to rent the apartment of an Italian countess for him. "Out of the question," said the aristocrat. "Who is this friend of yours?"

"Rock Hudson."

Rock got the apartment—at a reasonable rent, because the countess-fan wanted to be able to tell her friends, after she had moved back, "Rock Hudson slept here."

COLOR PHOTO BY BOB LANDRY









# Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS



Radie and "Viking" Curtis chuckle at little Kelly's film debut

**Rendezvous with a Gentleman:** While visiting Maurice Chevalier at his beautiful French country home, "La Coquette" (how appropriate for this ageless boulevardier), he told me that in returning to Hollywood for interior shots of "Les Parisiennes," he is hoping that this generation of moviegoers will welcome the "new" sixty-nine-year-old Chevalier as warmly as they did the young Chevalier of "The Smiling Lieutenant" and other memorable pictures of Paramount importance.

**Rock Remembers:** At the Cinecitta Studios in Rome, there was quite a reunion in the commissary when Rock Hudson, filming "A Farewell to Arms," and Jeff Chandler, shooting "Raw Wind in Eden," caught up with each other. Their friendship dates back to the days

when they first started on the Universal lot together. Both of them, and Tony Curtis, too, began their apprenticeship by studying with the company coach, Sophie Rosenstein. Sophie, who later married Gig Young, died tragically of cancer soon afterwards. How sad that she didn't live to see the great success of her three young proteges. How proud she would have been! "To me, Sophie will never die," Rock said to me, as we lunched together just before we left Rome. "People who have her capacity to live for other people never die." Having had the privilege of knowing Sophie, too, I know what Rock means, and I also feel that wherever she is, she *knows* that Rock and Jeff and Tony and all the other young people she helped so unselfishly will always feel she is still with them, inspiring them al-

ways to bigger and better achievements.

**Junior Set Film Debut:** In Dinard, France, I watched with delight while the Kirk Douglas heir, Peter, and the Tony Curtis heiress, Kelly, made their film debuts. The call sheets had listed Peter Douglas, Kelly Curtis and their stand-ins, Kirk Douglas and Tony Curtis, for four o'clock. By 3:30, both had proved "howling successes." "This is no stunt," the publicity man assured me. "This scene calls for two children, so it seemed logical to use the inherited talent around!" And inherited talent it proved to be! With director Williams behind the camera, and Anne Douglas coaching from the sidelines, Peter followed instructions to "take the toy away from Kelly"—and with one quick "take!" Before either child knew (*continued*)

Susan's current date: co-Broadwayite Roddy McDowall



Were Jeff and Andra Martin playing "guess who?" on set?





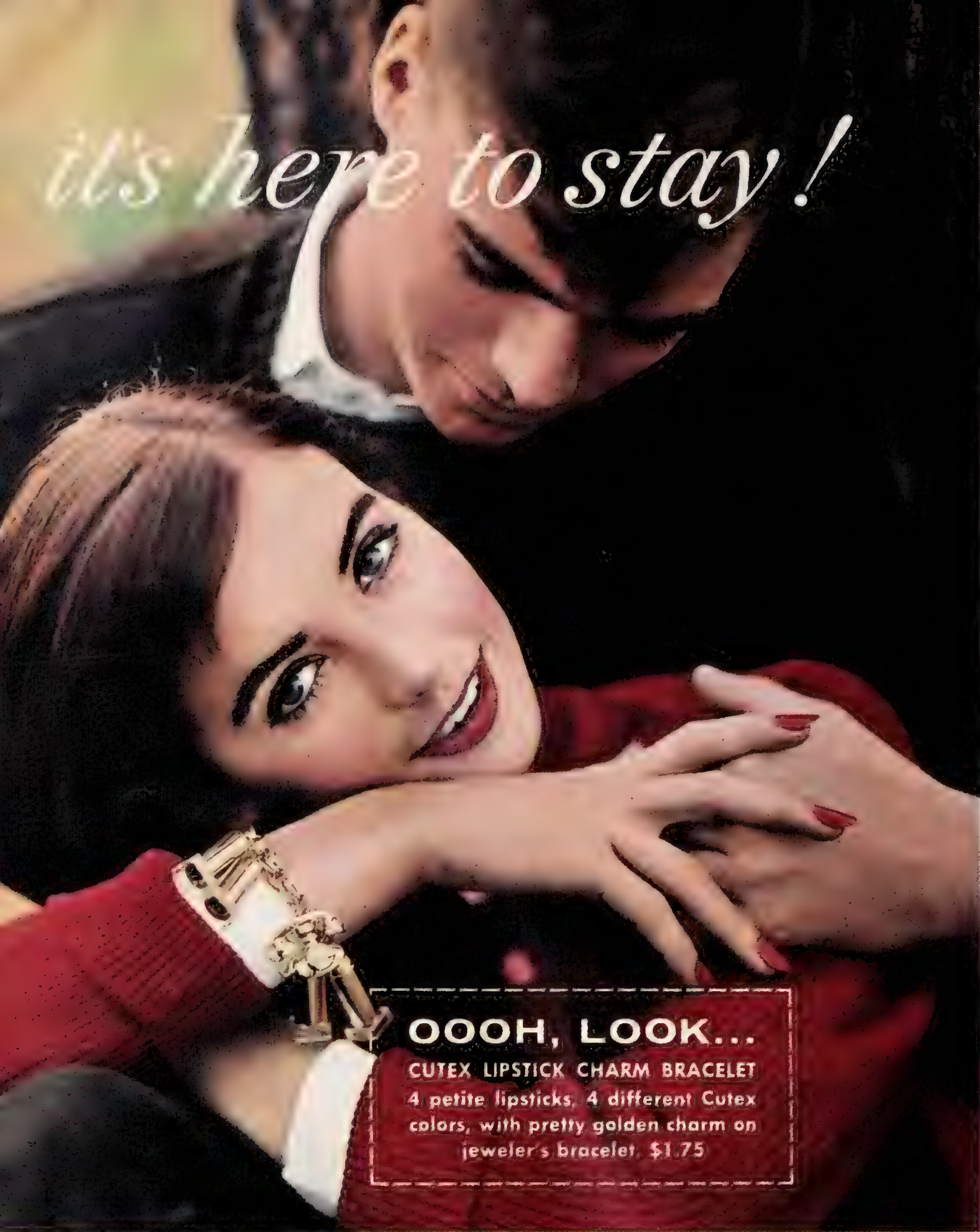
## Can a wife hold her world together with her love?

You come from different worlds, you and he. Yet always in the past... your love, your faith in the future, has kept you close. Secure in each other. Now though, comes the *real* test. Your husband's brother is out to tear down the happiness you've built. He's ruthless...and you're afraid. This time, will the strength of your love be enough? This time, is there even a halfway chance to save your marriage? You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **OUR GAL SUNDAY** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.



*it's here to stay!*



**OOOH, LOOK...**

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4 petite lipsticks, 4 different Cutex colors, with pretty golden charm on jeweler's bracelet. \$1.75

**Tired of lipsticks that don't stay on...  
that dry...are priced too high?**

**Change to creamier, longer-lasting Cutex!**

**SO CREAMY, YOU'LL LOVE** the way Cutex with Sheer Lanolin moisturizes and smooths your lips, protects against chapping and roughness...never irritates like drying, "deep stain" lipsticks. The instant you glide on creamy Cutex, lips shimmer with radiant smoothness...feel as soft and luscious as they look.

**SO NON-SMEARING, HE'LL LOVE** you for wearing Cutex Lipstick! Color is there to stay, all day...stays on YOU, *only you*. One kiss will prove it! 69¢

**CUTEX**  
sheer lanolin lipstick

For a minute miracle in hand beauty—try new Cutex Hand Cream



**Exclusively  
Yours** *continued*



*Reconciled Mickey Rooneys step out*

what was happening, they were grabbed up by two women and carried off into the fields to escape the invading Vikings. Kelly liked debut; Peter didn't!

**Talented Susan Strasberg**, who recently completed the film "Stage Struck," a remake of "Morning Glory," which won Katharine Hepburn an Oscar, is all aglow as she prepares for Broadway's opening of "Time Remembered," a romantic comedy translated from the French. Especially so since Cecil Beaton is making her a divine wardrobe, and Richard Burton and Helen Hayes are to be her co-stars.

**Stopping 'Em Dead** in "Operation Mad Ball," being released this fall by Columbia, is Mickey Rooney, as hilarious *Sergeant Skibo*, who's in charge of supplies in a French port. . . . But his private life is anything but hilarious. Mickey and his fourth wife, Elaine Mahnken, after calling it quits, decided at the last minute to have another go at it. Is Mickey's motto: If at first you don't succeed, try three times again?!



**Unhappy Ava, Happy Nancy:** While Frankie was filming in the south of France, his two ex-wives, Nancy Sinatra and Ava Gardner, were in London. Fortunately, they were staying at different hotels and moved in different circles, so that their paths did not cross. But seeing them separately, as I did, made me believe more than ever in the law of averages. Ava, the glamorous movie star, the tinsel wearing off a bit around the tired eyes as she flitted from night club to night club, drinking and dancing the night away. Ava, fighting openly in another jealous tiff with her equally hot-headed Italian beau, Walter Chiari, spending money with reckless extravagance on a Bentley car, a London town house, a Parisian wardrobe, and trying to delude herself that money can compensate her for the things she hasn't—a home bought *for* her, not *by* her; the children she never had in her marriages.

She and Frankie almost destroyed each other. They might have destroyed Nancy, too. But they didn't. For here was Nancy on her first visit to Europe, as thrilled and excited as Ava was bored. She wasn't dissipating her time, energy and looks, staying up until dawn, trying to escape from herself in a crowded room of strange faces. She had to get up early to see the Changing of the Guards, the Tower of London, and Windsor Castle, like any other eager tourist. She has no husband or special beau to show her around, but she did have loving friends like Mary and Jack Benny, staying at the same hotel, who saw that she didn't have a lonely moment to herself. And as she showed me the latest snapshots of seventeen-year-old Nancy, thirteen-year-old Frankie, Jr., and nine-year-old Tina, I couldn't help but think back to the time when Nancy lost Frank to Ava. "Poor Nancy!" all her friends exclaimed. "She'll never get over this blow." But with an inner reserve, strength, wisdom and religious devotion, she did. Today, anyone weighing Nancy's life against Ava's would exclaim, "Poor Ava!"

**Les Sisters:** Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor adore each other as sisters, but the professional rivalry between them is very funny to watch. Recently, when both were in Europe—Zsa Zsa filming "The Queen and Smith" in London, and Eva shooting "Gigi" in Paris—Eva flew to London for a reunion with Zsa Zsa. I met them for lunch—Zsa Zsa bedecked in rubies and Eva in diamonds (I was wearing my last year's gold!). Eva bent my one ear, telling me how excited she was to have three great films in a row—"My Man Godfrey" for U-I, "Don't Go Near the Water" and "Gigi" for M-G-M—and Zsa Zsa held my other ear, telling me that she had been offered "Gigi" *first*, and although it was a charming *little* part, she had to

turn it down because of her co-starring role. Then, turning to Eva, she said with real sisterly concern, "Darlink, you look tired. And when you look tired, you really shouldn't be seen in public, because it isn't good for *me*! After all, everybody knows you're my *younger* sister!" Amazingly enough, in spite of Zsa Zsa's overwhelming preoccupation with herself, she is so gay and amusing that she is delightful company. She can be very thoughtful and generous, too. After our luncheon, she sent me beautiful roses, explaining that this was for no other reason than that she was so happy to see me in London. Of course, Eva interpreted it differently. "She just wants you to like her better than me," she said. Say what you will, a day with the Gabors is never a *Ga-bore*!

**Presley Patter:** How would you Elvis Presley fans like to see your lover boy play a straight dramatic role, minus songs and guitar? Well, producer Hal Wallis, to whom Elvis is under contract, confided to me that he made a test of Elvis in a dramatic scene from a stage play, "Girls of Summer," and Hal was so impressed with Elvis' acting that he is now looking for a strong dramatic script for him. Incidentally, "Loving You" opened while I was in London, and the British press who came to razz Elvis remained to cheer.

**Lamas Son-Rise:** Since the first news that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were expecting their first child was "Exclusively Yours" in this column several issues ago, I thought you might like to know that both Arlene and Fernando are hoping it's a boy. "I want a son as handsome as Fernando!" Arlene assured me, as she showed me the blue and yellow nursery she has furnished in their Murray Hill town house. "We are so dead set on a boy that we won't even

discuss a girl's name. The "heiring" is scheduled for late January.

**Minutes on Mineo:** Sorry to have disappointing news for you Sal Mineo fans. I called him at his home in the Bronx to ask him when he's coming back to the screen. "I'm afraid it won't be until after the first of the year," he said. "I have television and recording commitments that will keep me busy until then." Sal was too modest to tell me himself, but I know that his first Epic record, "Start Moving," has hit the million mark, and he can also rest on the royalties of his newest release, "Lasting Love." And Sal won't be lonesome in New York. Susan Kohner, who played opposite him in "Dino," will be here too, making her Broadway stage debut in "The Young Stranger."

**Scooping Around:** Marilyn Monroe likes the script of "The Jean Harlow Story" for the picture she owes 20th Century-Fox this year, but she'd like it even better if Marlon Brando would play opposite her! . . . Paris, under ordinary circumstances, is the most beautiful city in the world, and when you're in love, "c'est magnifique!" Ask Martha Hyer, who combined the business of filming the Bob Hope picture, "Holiday in Paris," with the pleasure of falling in love with United Artists' charming European chief, Francis Winikus . . . Add exciting newcomers: Earl Holliman in "Don't Go Near the Water"; Carolyn Jones and Dean Jones, who aren't related, but have great futures . . . M-G-M financed a pre-production deal of the British stage hit, "The Reluctant Debutante," for its Broadway bow, so their studio had first bid on the property as an ideal vehicle for Debbie Reynolds. So what happens? Now that they own it, Debbie doesn't get the role, but seventeen-year-old Carol Lynley does!



Pretty Dolores Hart was Earl Holliman's date at recent premiere. Romance, hmm?



It's hard to keep up with the Joneses! Both Carolyn, Dean have booming careers





*Four lucky winners of our  
“Designing Woman”  
contest on the grand trip  
they’ll never forget!*

What can I tell you, except that my cup indeed runneth over?” writes Vivian Senise of Freeport, Long Island, N. Y. “The stars we met were most gracious—they were real people,” writes Ann Cunningham of Chicago, Ill. “It will take me months to get back to my old routine. We had a grand time,” writes Nancy Cleaver of Houston, Texas. “The first two days were so full it seemed we’d been in Hollywood a week!” writes Mary Lois Elliott of Memphis, Tenn. From the moment they stepped out of the luxurious American Airlines DC-7 Mercury Flight that wafted them to Hollywood, the four lucky winners of our “Designing Woman” contest were in a happy whirl. They hobnobbed with all the stars at M-G-M. They attended a studio preview of the 20th film, “Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?” They got firsthand makeup tips at famed Max Factor’s. The Brown Derby, Moulin Rouge, the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove—they were there! The whole Photoplay staff says, “It was a real pleasure!”

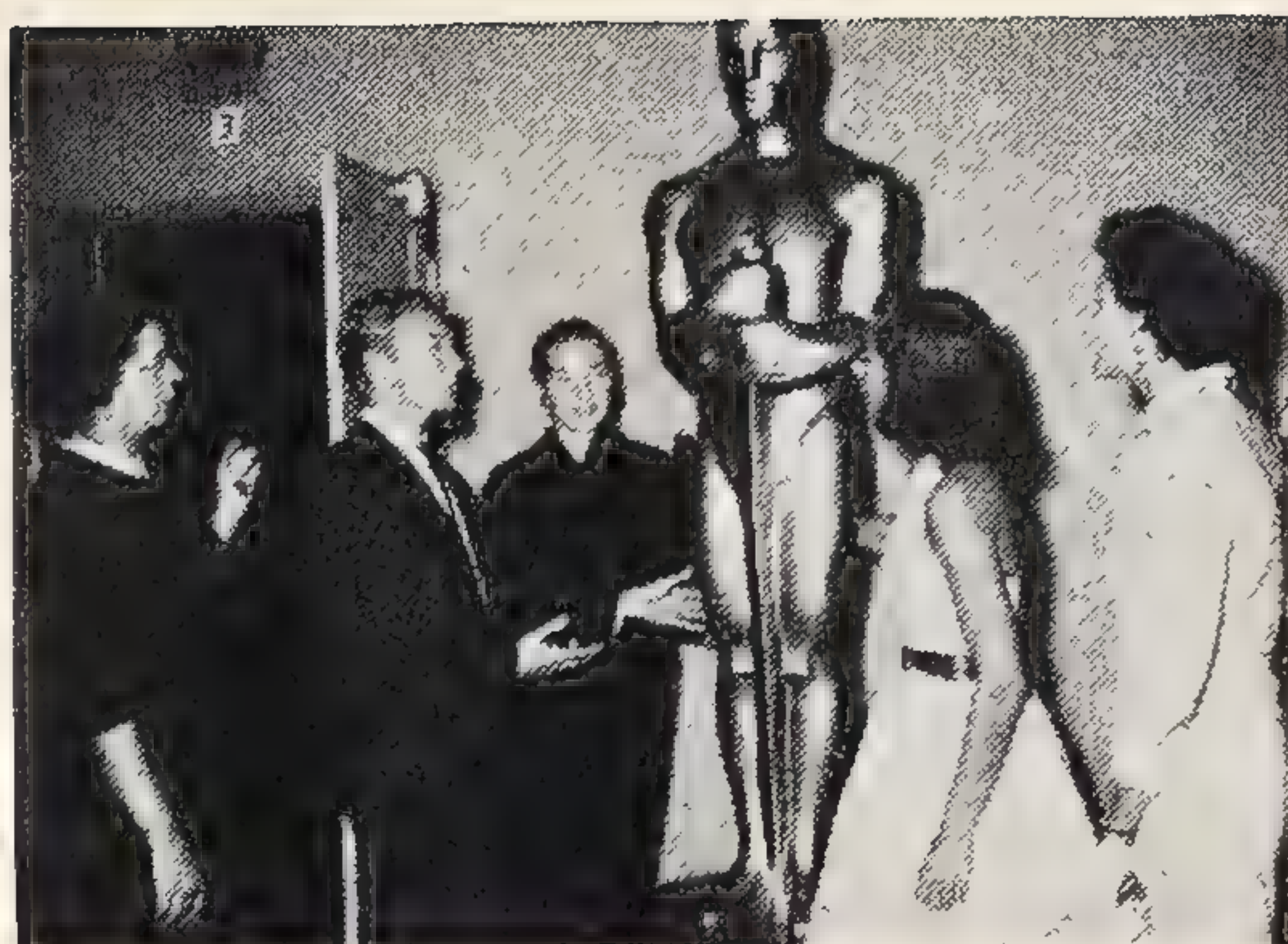
**THEIR DREAM  
CAME TRUE**



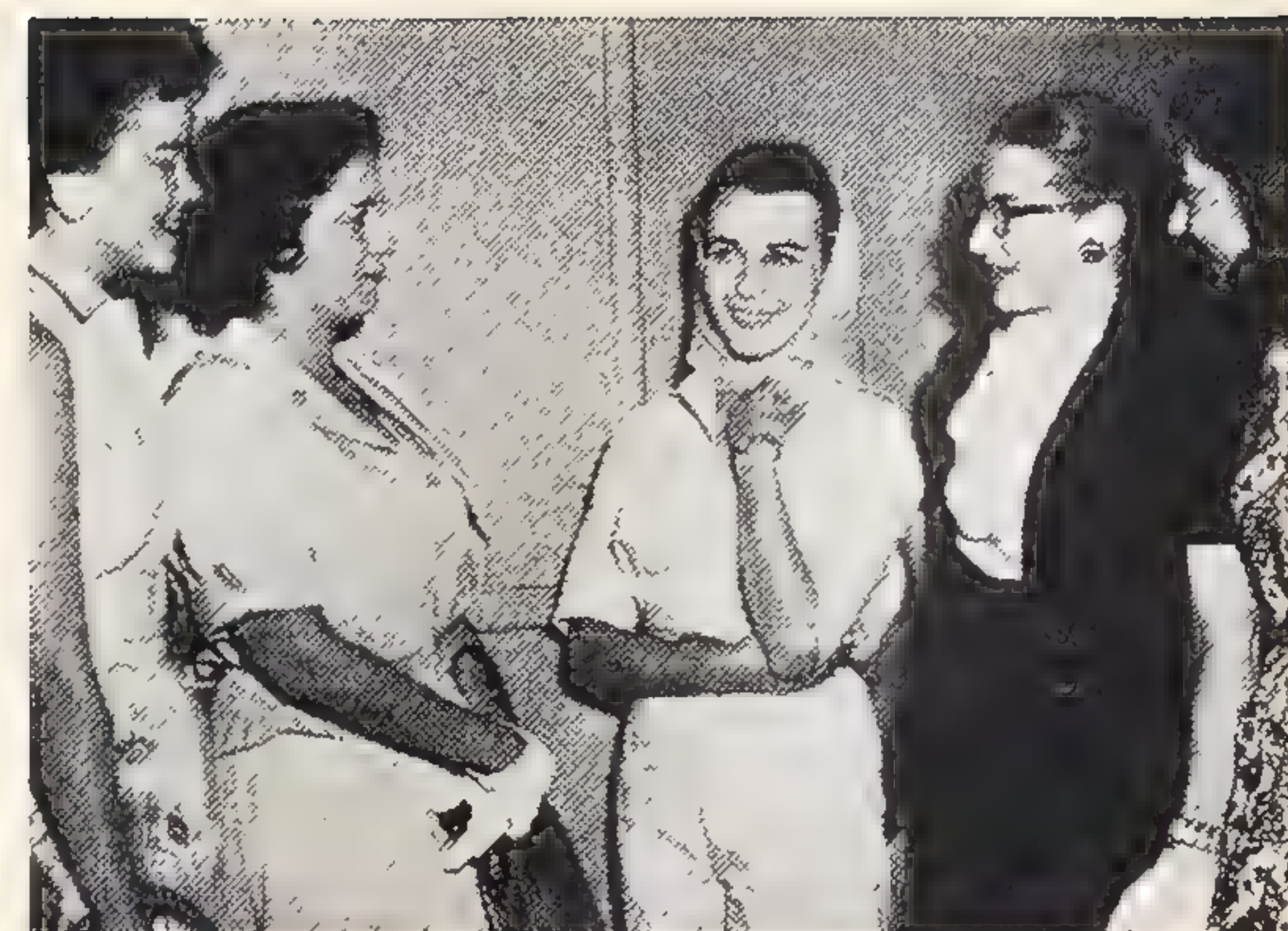




*Official greeter Alibaba welcomes Nancy, Vivian, Ann and Lois to famous Cocoanut Grove*



*A visit to the Academy Awards Theatre—with Nick Adams as guide, to show the giant Oscar!*



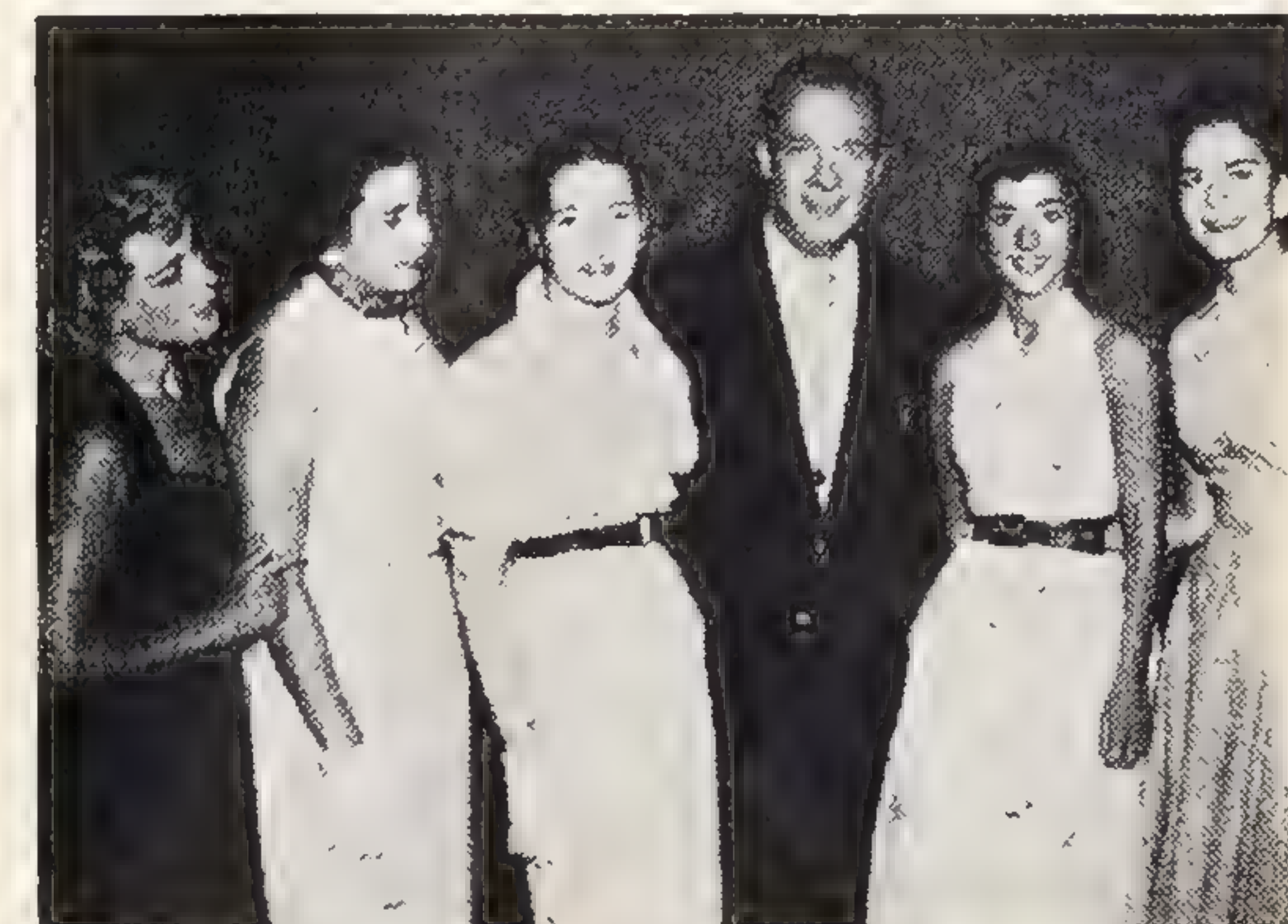
*"On a visit to M-G-M, we met Claire Bloom and Yul Brynner. They are charming!" says Nancy*



*Says Ann, "Our accommodations and stay at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel were perfect"*



*"... and trip to Max Factor's made me wiser about makeup tricks. How glamorous I felt!"*



*"At CBS Television City, we met Carol Richards, Bob Crosby," reports Nancy. "It was great!"*

*"Lunch at the Brown Derby was exciting," says Nancy. "We had such fun identifying caricatures"*



*Off for a tour of Hollywood on a Tanner Grayline Bus! Nancy and Lois (Mrs. G. B. Elliott) laugh at Vivian's quip, as Ann ducks out of pic behind her. At right, before Frank Sennes' Moulin Rouge. "A beautiful club, grand food," was Lois' verdict*





CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE COMING STARS OF 1958

continued from page 41

The talented young players pictured on the opposite page are no publicity-created puppets. With their work in 1957 films, they have made their mark as unique personalities and earned the right to be considered for the newcomer division of Photoplay's annual awards. TV and recording star *Pat Boone* made his bow in "Bernardine," topped it with "April Love." *John Cassavetes* (well-known in TV dramas): "Edge of the City," "Saddle the Wind." *James Darren* (no pre-movie experience!): "The Brothers Rico," "The Tijuana Story," "Operation Mad Ball." *Taina Elg* (ballet-trained): "Les Girls." *Robert Evans* (radio actor, executive): "Man of a Thousand Faces," "The Sun Also Rises." *Anthony Franciosa* (New York stage): "A Face in the Crowd," "This Could Be the Night," "A Hatful of Rain." *Ben Gazzara* (also a Broadway hit): "The Strange One." *Kathryn Grant* (two years' apprenticeship as a starlet): "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," "Mister Cory," "Operation Mad Ball." *Andy Griffith* (stage and TV): "A Face in the Crowd." *Susan Harrison* (brand-new at acting): "Sweet Smell of Success." *Dolores Hart* (star in school plays): "Loving You." *Rick Jason* (minor film assignments): "The Wayward Bus." *Carolyn Jones* (small movie roles): "The Bachelor Party," "Johnny Trouble." *Betty Lou Keim* (stage, TV): "The Wayward Bus." *Kay Kendall* (star in British films): "Les Girls." *Ernie Kovacs* (TV comic): "Operation Mad Ball." *Julie London* (recording star): "The Girl Can't Help It," "The Great Man," "Drango." *Sophia Loren*

(pin-up queen of Italian movies): "Boy on a Dolphin," "The Pride and the Passion." *James MacArthur* (some TV work): "The Young Stranger." *Hal March* (m. c. of "The \$64,000 Question"): "Hear Me Good." *Sal Mineo* (theater, TV, film character roles): "Rock, Pretty Baby," "Dino," "The Young Don't Cry." *Barbara Nichols* (cover girl): "Sweet Smell of Success," "The Pajama Game." *Leslie Nielsen* (Canadian TV): "Hot Summer Night," "Tammy and the Bachelor." *Patricia Owens* (English movies and stage): "Island in the Sun," "No Down Payment," "Sayonara." *Luana Patten* (former child actress): "Rock, Pretty Baby." *John Raitt* (Broadway musicals): "The Pajama Game." *Tony Randall* (TV and stage): "Oh Men, Oh Women!," "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," "No Down Payment." *John Saxon* (photographers' model): "Rock, Pretty Baby." *Gia Scala* (no pre-Hollywood roles): "Garment Jungle," "Tip on a Dead Jockey," "Don't Go Near the Water." *Heather Sears* (British stage, TV): "The Story of Esther Costello." *Jean Seberg* (summer stock): "Saint Joan." *Inger Stevens* (TV and theater): "Man on Fire." *Dean Stockwell* (former child actor): "Gun for a Coward," "The Careless Years." *Natalie Trundy* (stage, TV): "The Monte Carlo Story," "The Careless Years." *Julie Wilson* (recording and night-club star): "This Could Be the Night." *Joanne Woodward* (TV, theater): "The Three Faces of Eve," "No Down Payment." . . . Among these, who will come out ahead in 1958? You will decide!

Vote for Your Favorite Stars, Movie and Newcomers of 1957

BEST MALE PERFORMER

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER

BEST FILM OF 1957

.....

FIVE BEST MALE NEWCOMERS

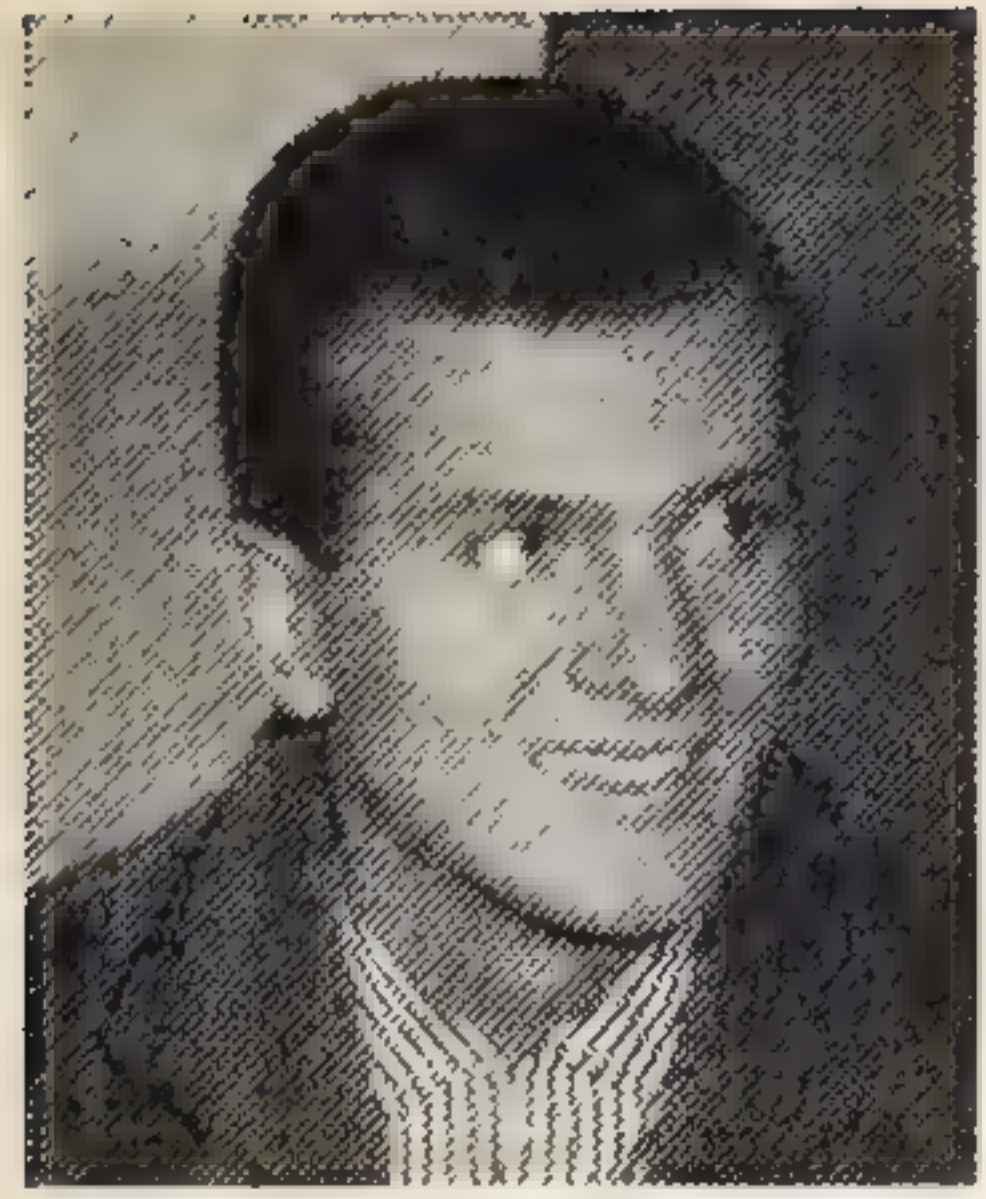
.....

FIVE BEST FEMALE NEWCOMERS

.....

Mail your ballot to: GOLD MEDAL AWARD BALLOTS, Box 1787, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 31, 1957. You may vote for eligible players and films not included in the lists on page 41, and you need not sign your name.

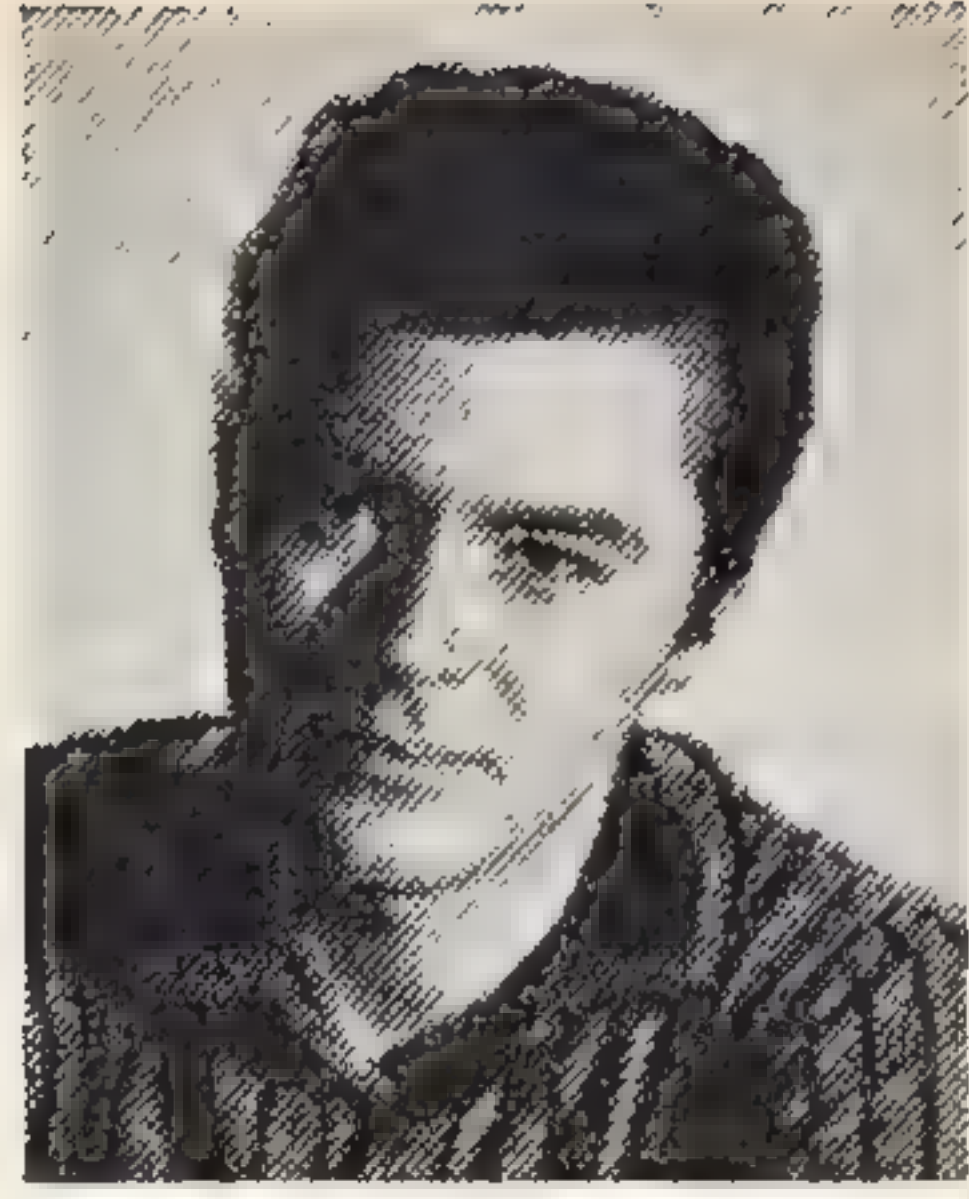




PAT BOONE



JOHN CASSAVETES



JAMES DARREN



TAINA ELG



ROBERT EVANS



ANTHONY FRANCIOSA



BEN GAZZARA



KATHRYN GRANT



ANDY GRIFFITH



SUSAN HARRISON



DOLORES HART



RICK JASON



CAROLYN JONES



BETTY LOU KEIM



KAY KENDALL



ERNIE KOVACS



JULIE LONDON



SOPHIA LOREN



JAMES MACARTHUR



HAL MARCH



SAL MINEO



BARBARA NICHOLS



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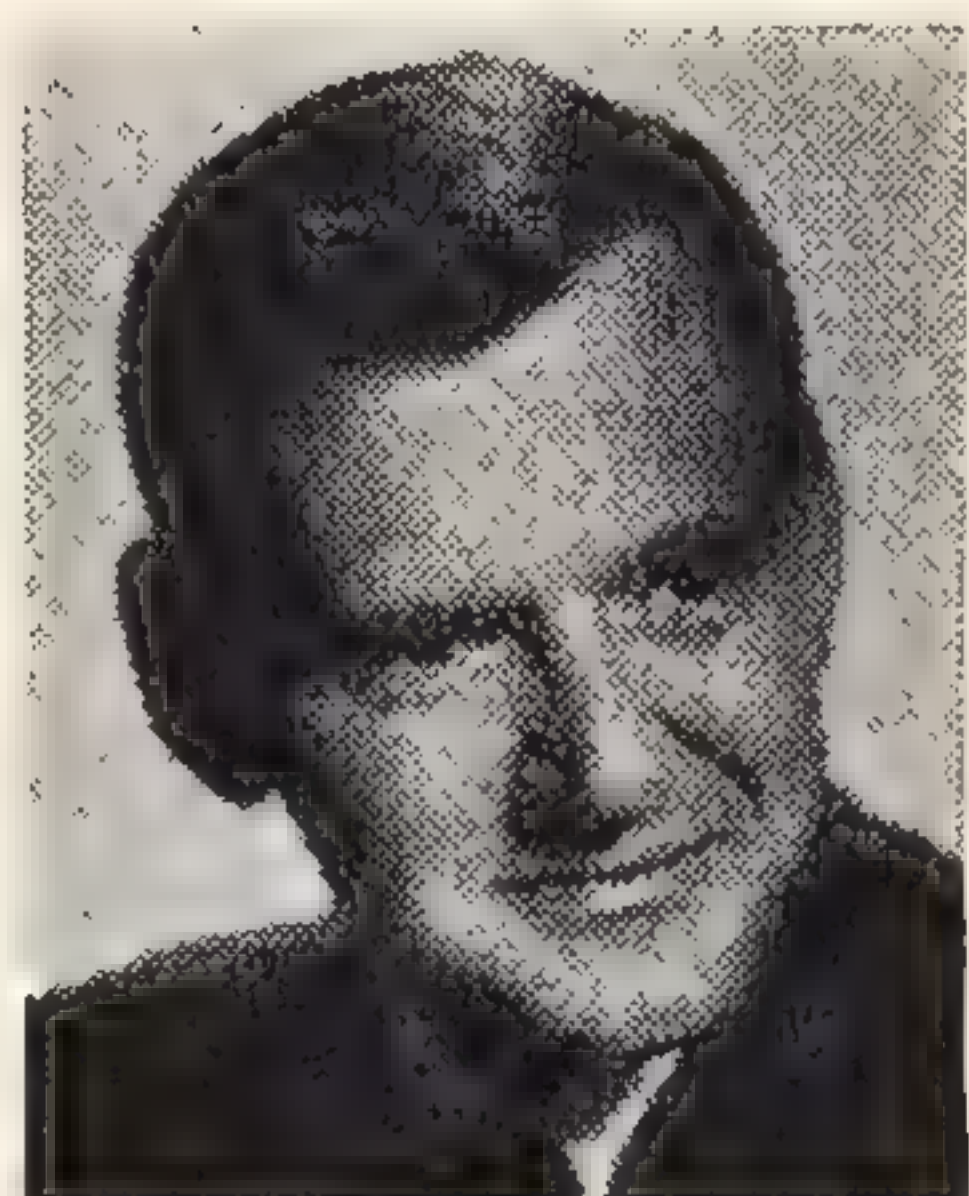
PATRICIA OWENS



LUANA PATTEN



JOHN RAITT



TONY RANDALL



JOHN SAXON



GIA SCALA



HEATHER SEARS



JEAN SEBERG



INGER STEVENS



DEAN STOCKWELL



NATALIE TRUNDY



JULIE WILSON



JOANNE WOODWARD



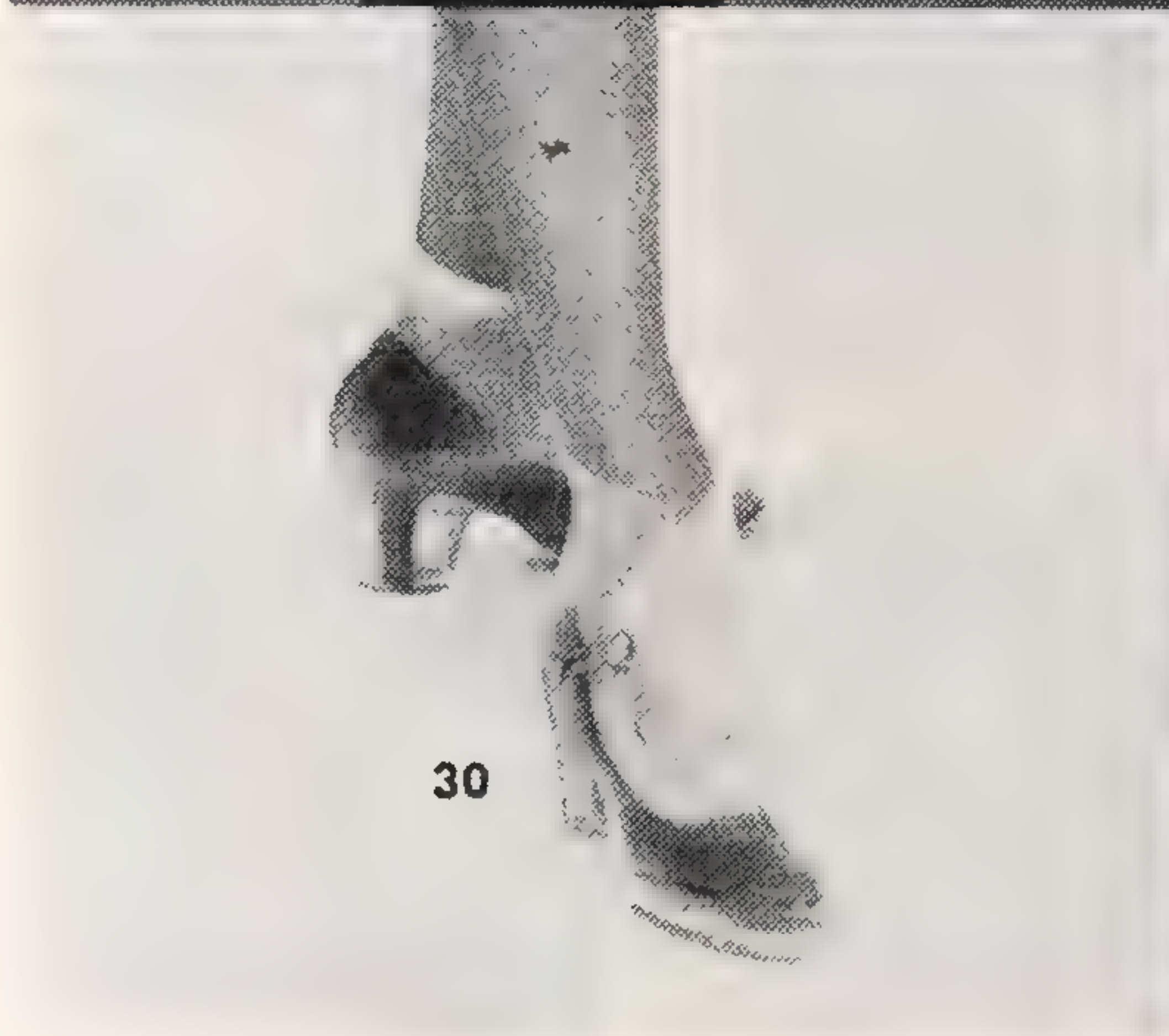
## SNEAK PREVIEW

### GIFT TIPS

*continued*

### *Over Thirty Ideas*

### *Under \$10*



Here are the descriptions and prices of the gifts on pages 52, 53, 54 and above:

- 1) For the raccoon rage, a fur bag. \$7.95. Katten.
- 2) Snazzy cigarette case with holder attached. \$7.50. Fox Accessories.
- 3) Pony skin zipper wallet. \$6. Katten.
- 4) Travelling tie holder. \$1.50. Swank.
- 5) Ties striped for action (\$1.50 each). Printed tie \$2.50. All Arrow.
- 6) All-in-one shoe horn and clothes brush. \$6.95. Swank.
- 7) Groom kit (brush and nail set). \$4.95. Swank.
- 8) Roll-out-the-barrel jewel box. \$9.95. Swank.
- 9) Leopard slipper boot. \$5.95. Oomphies.
- 10) Leopard spots-cuff links. \$2. Coro.
- 11) "Gondolier" slipper. \$5.95. Oomphies.
- 12) Alligator buckle-belt. \$5. Mickey.
- 13) "Glamourgams" Small, Med., Tall. \$5.98. Haymaker.

- 14) Fluffy fur mittens. \$3.50. Wear-Right.
- 15) Fur ear hugs. \$2. Wear-Right.
- 16) Snow flakes flutter down on oxford cloth blouse. Sizes 30-38. \$3.98, Ship 'n Shore.
- 17) Two-sided stole—velvet and leopard printed rayon satin. \$6.95. Baar & Beards.
- 18) Liven your sweater with rhinestone star pins. \$6. Albert Weiss.
- 19) Très chic tiara. \$10. Weiss.
- 20) Jewelled hairpins. \$1.13. \$2. Weiss.
- 21) Primrose patterned wallet with matching lining. \$5. Rolf.
- 22) Puppy pillow for children. Red corduroy. \$5.98. Bonnie Pillows.
- 23) Collapsible brush. \$4.95. Swank.
- 24) "The Works"—clock work cuff links. \$3.50. Swank.
- 25) Bridge pad cover. \$2.95. Fox.
- 26) Figure flattering pony skin belt. \$5.50. Katten.
- 27) Royal Stewart or Black Stewart plaid gloves. \$2.50. Gutman-Lann.

- 28) Reversible make-up cape. White or pink nylon tricot. \$2.95. Kleinert's.
- 29) Nylon tulle night cap with rhinestone sparks. White, pink or blue. \$2.50. Kleinert's.
- 30) Keep feet dry in clear or smoke boots. Sizes 4-10. \$1.98. Rain Dears.
- 31) Two-tone ladies' luggage. White with red, sand, blue or green. Beauty Case \$22.50, O'Nite \$27.50, Wardrobe \$37.50, Pullman, \$39.50. Samsonite.
- 32) Debbie Reynolds, who can be seen in UI's "For Love or Money," wears a striped wool sweater by Gantner. Sizes S, M, L. About \$17.
- 33) You see Tony Perkins in a red and white wool scarf by Baar & Beards. Also comes in blue, green, or orange and white. About \$3. See Tony in Paramount's "Desire Under the Elms."
- 34) Ernie Kovacs, seen in color in his own sweater, appears in Columbia's "Operation Mad Ball."

SEE PAGE 80 FOR WHERE TO BUY GIFTS



# DO YOU WANT

—A HEALTHY BABY?

—A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE?

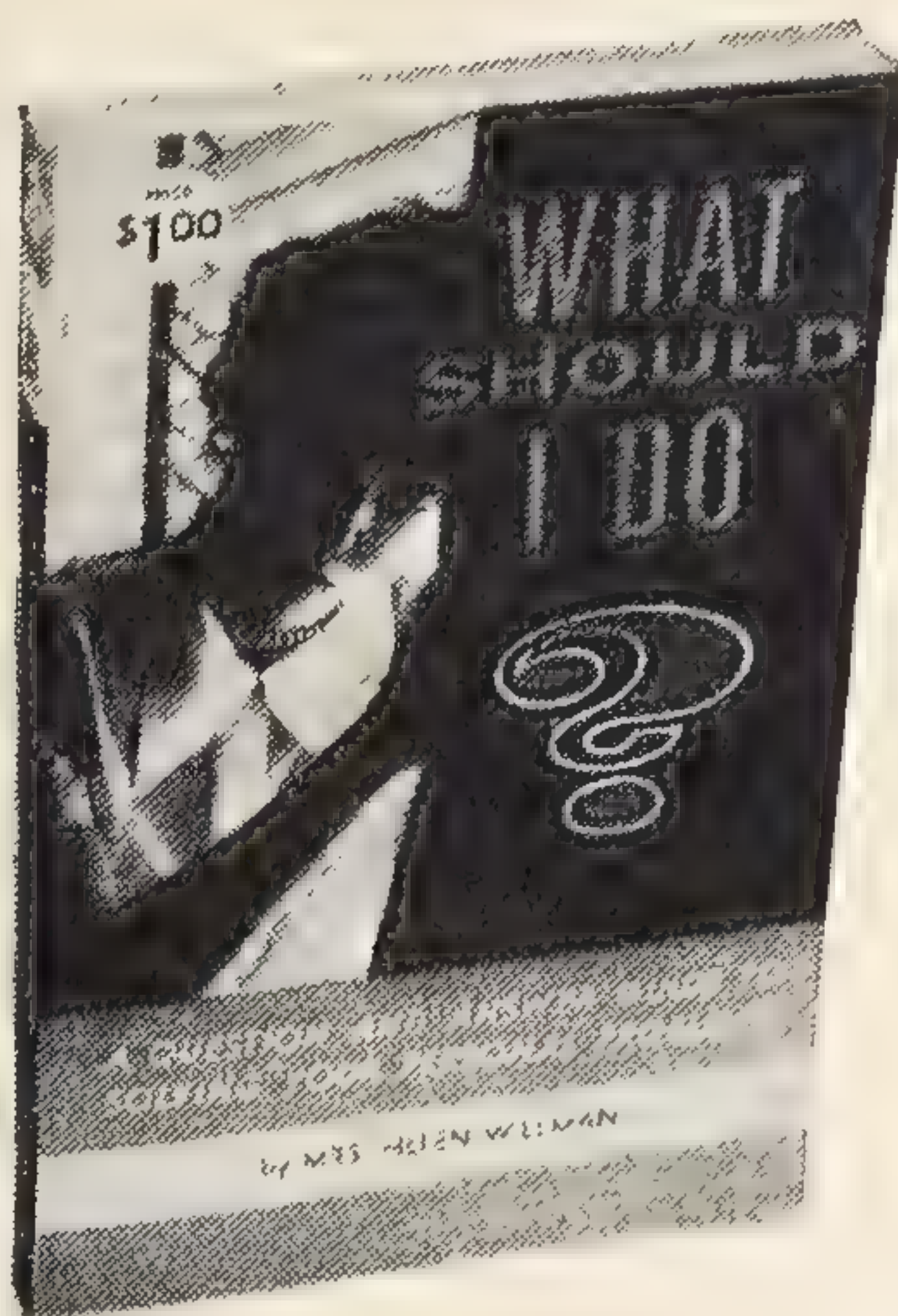
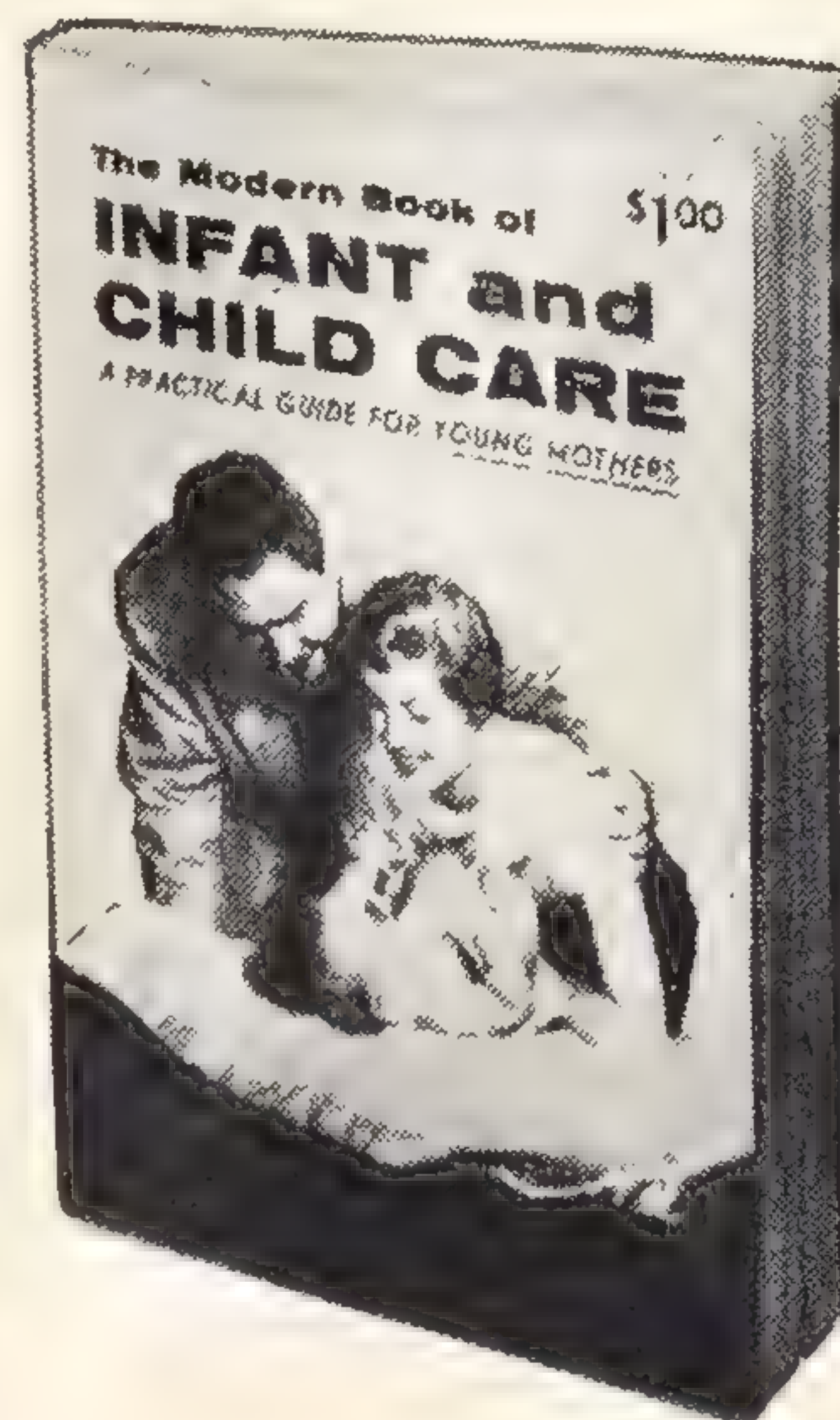
—A HAPPY HOME?

Then you will want these three books. Each one is a well of information, invaluable in its own right. Together they represent the inner peace and security that come with the knowledge that help is on hand—that the solutions to many problems which may arise are between these covers.

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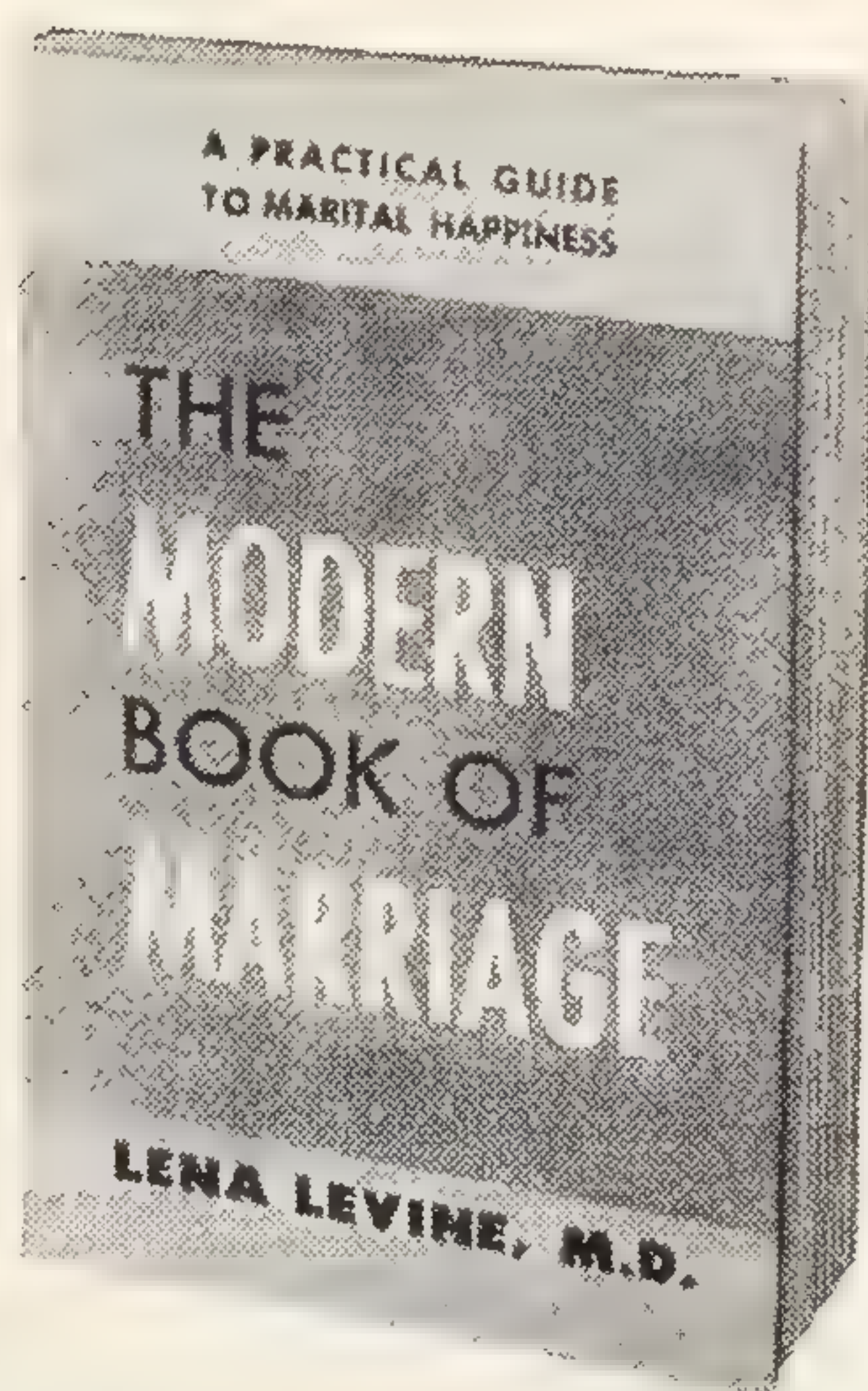
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## THE MODERN BOOK OF MARRIAGE

Whether you are married or about to be married, you will find this book a "must." Written by Dr. Lena Levine, a physician and psychiatrist, who is also a practicing marriage counselor, it answers the most pressing questions of modern marriage completely, understandably, and sympathetically. Truly a guide to marital happiness.

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# INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 16

guests exactly, but did grant interviews, pose for photographers and coo with Mickey. The buffet table, also soaking wet from champagne foam, was strangely bare of glasses, canapes and organization of any sort.

Guests stepped carefully, to avoid trampling the dozen or so cats, of various sizes and breeds, that romped, yowled and mewed underfoot. At the bottom of the pool reposed a lifesize mosaic portrait of Jayne, executed by Mickey, of course, while over the fence on the hill above, peered two utterly out-of-sorts great Danes, the size of Metro's Leo the Lion, and twice as fierce.

The men outnumbered the women twenty to one, but were little missed. Like flies around a honeypot, reporters and photographers swarmed around the shapely hostess, who announced she is buying a larger house upon her return from Europe, with a larger swimming pool, which, of course, will need christening. And that means another party. I can hardly wait.

**Surprise Party:** Yvonne de Carlo's birthday came along while she and I were in Stockton, Cal., visiting "The Big Country" location. Yvonne's husband, Bob Morgan, who is in the picture, threw a party at Bruno's, the local bistro, that was a real surprise. Poor Yvonne—her foot in a cast (the foot that accidentally went through a glass door) and expecting her second child any minute—looked anything but a party girl. Seated between Yvonne and Charlton Heston, I half-expected De Mille to rush in demanding another take. And do you know Charlton constantly doodles on the tablecloth? "What does your wife think of this?" I asked him. He merely moaned.

Carroll Baker brought both husband Jack Garfein and eight-month-old Blanche Joy, explaining "No baby sitters." The Garfeins' second heir is due in March. The Pecks left early. When an actor turns producer, with all the attending cares and tribulations, how they do change.

**People:** Kay Kendall's sparkling personality enchants every male who meets her. So bright is Kay she creates the illusion of great beauty—which, off-screen, she really isn't . . . Greg Bautzer was so distressed at the loss of the little blonde Yorkshire he'd given his wife, Dana Wynners, as a gift, he offered a reward of \$1,000 for its return. Dana was in Europe for a film at the time . . . On "The Young Lions" set they were calling Marlon "The Snooper." He liked to probe into every department of the film, wanting to know why such a set is being used, why he must say this or that; why, why, why. Which only makes him the great actor he is.

**More Eddie and Debbie:** When Debbie Reynolds telephoned the BIG NEWS that a second baby was on the way, I sighed with relief and genuine happiness. That the Fishers have been "tense" about things has been known to a few of us for some time. That Debbie has carefully guided her marriage over many rough waters has also been known. Now, with a sister or brother for little Carrie next spring, those of us who are devoted to the Fishers hope both Debbie and Eddie will take this time to mature and grow up to their responsibilities.

**Kim:** Kim Novak got everything she asked for in her battle with Columbia

Studios and more. Columbia granted their "Miss Lavender Rebel" that promised raise in salary, plus a percentage of her pictures and a brand new house, limousine with chauffeur, and the privilege of taking her favorite hairdresser to Paramount for "Amongst the Dead," in which she co-stars with Jimmy Stewart. The deadlock between Kim and the studio ended when the Columbia Board of Directors in New York screamed at Hollywood heads the big question of ancient vintage: "Why are you killing the goose that . . . etc." And that did it . . . Kim's romance with Mac Krim is about over. Speculation is the Bandini affair will come to nothing. With everything she wants, why should Kim renounce it all for life as Mrs. Bandini of Rome, Italy? But don't bet on anything. Not anything in Hollywood, anyhow.

**For Your Information:** Rock Hudson has had it. Not fully recovered from the too-rich food after four months in Italy on "Farewell to Arms," facing a \$1,000,000 court suit filed by director Raoul Walsh for alleged non-fulfillment of four promised films, and irritated by columnists' references to "domestic problems," Rock would like nothing better than to crawl under one—rock, that is—for a good, long rest . . . Friends are concerned over the persistence of Jerry Lewis in trodding the semi-serious path laid down by Chaplin. They claim Jerry ain't the type for pitiful patheticness . . . The town is crazy over that former tourist office clerk, Miiko Taka, star of "Sayonara," but wonder about the limited possibilities of her roles. "It doesn't matter," Miiko answered. "Memories of 'Sayonara' will last a lifetime" . . . James MacArthur started a bald-head fad at Harvard. After that ghastly topknot of a Mohawk brave for "Light in the Forest," it was either shave it off or go in hiding . . . Prediction: Nick Todd, handsome younger brother of Pat Boone, will have it made on records and in Hollywood in no time at all . . . Jean Simmons will go right on living in that Wilshire Boulevard motel while husband Stewart Granger is movie-making in Europe for nine long months.

**As Hollywood Sees It:** The Red Skeltons are held together only by the critical ill-

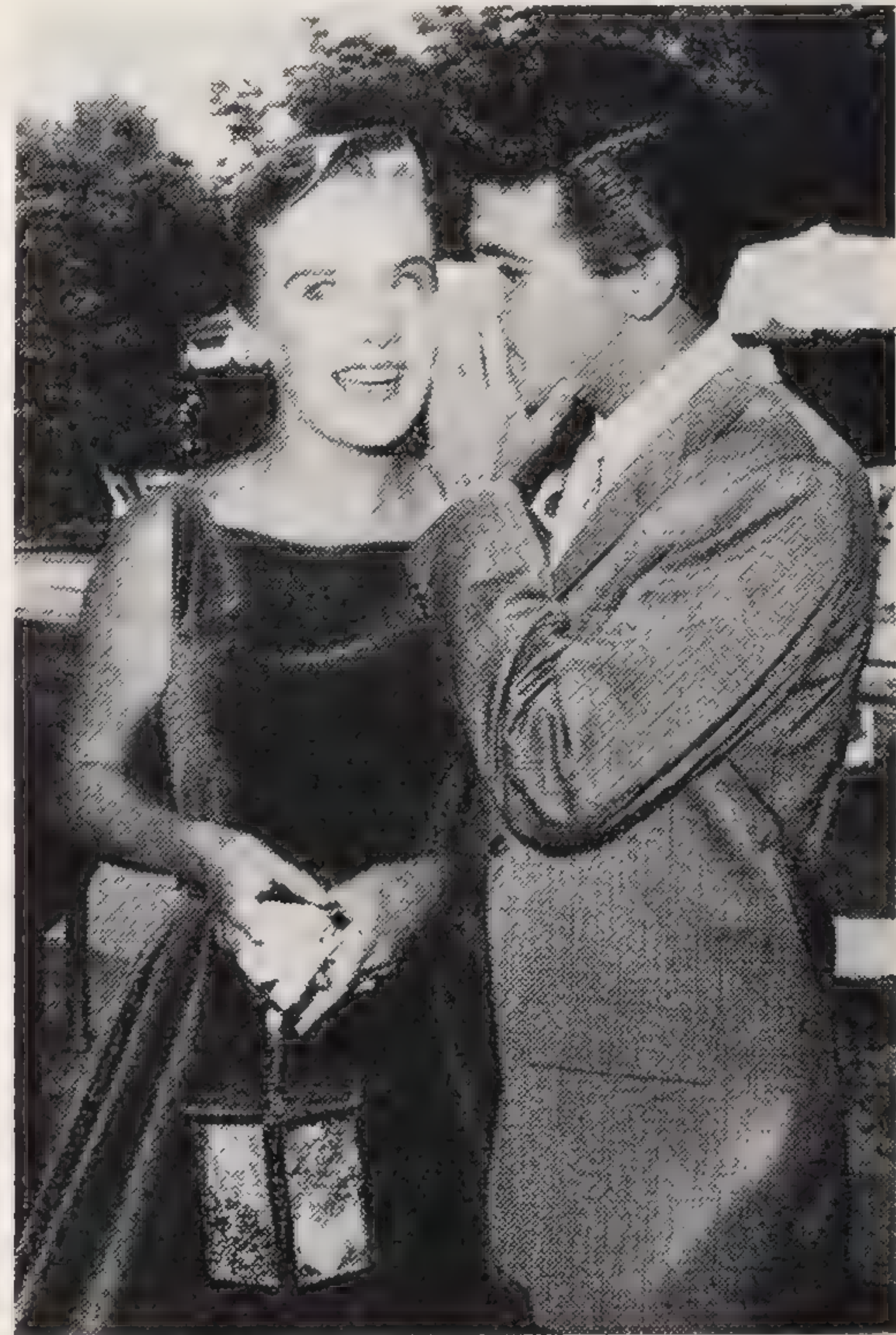
ness of their nine-year-old son, Richard. Otherwise, Georgia and Red are worlds apart . . . Word's out that "someone from the front office" got to Tommy Sands about his one-girl dating. Thought it bad for his career. From now on, Mollie Bee must share Tommy with other dolls . . . Yul Brynner's photographic layout of Cary Grant and Sophia Loren on the "Houseboat" are the envy of every camera popper in town. If many-talented Yul ever seriously lets fly with his expert "geetar" strumming, Elvis may curdle around the edges with envy. The only thing Yul hasn't perfected is fibbing. Those many-splendored tales Yul spins about his birth-place and childhood are taller than Clint Walker of TV's "Cheyenne." And Clint's a mile high, any day . . . Jack Palance is the grumpiest actor in town since the judge upped his monthly support to estranged wife Virginia from her requested \$3,500 to a neat \$4,600. Jack is so mad he could spit . . . One of the most interesting twosomes in town these days is Tony Perkins and pretty Maria Cooper, Gary's daughter. Tony dated quite a few of the Hollywood younger set, but none as long as Maria!

**Purely Personal:** Tab Hunter's new recording, "Don't Let It Get Around," was made with Warners' blessings (see pages 46 and 47). His "Learning to Love" recording, the theme song from "Lafayette Escadrille," canceled all objections . . . Mike Todd, who leased Madison Square Garden for the first birthday celebration of his film "Around the World," will probably go broke trying to launch a publicity campaign to the moon.

**Kids:** Watch for Jim Mitchum, sixteen-year-old son of Bob Mitchum, playing his Dad's brother in "Thunder Road." . . . Insiders claim Pat Wayne, who worked all through "The Young Land" with the gun Big John toted through his first big hit, "Stagecoach," is determined to become a priest and wants no part of an actor's life . . . David Nelson, son of TV's Ozzie and Harriet, is doing fine in his first big role, a dramatic job in "Peyton Place." And his brother, Ricky, is killing teenagers cold with his first record, "I'm Walkin'." No doubt about it: The second generation has it!



Tony Perkins and Maria Cooper don't need "Friendly Persuasion" to date!



Maybe Tommy doesn't want to be shared, nor Mollie Bee to share him!



# SPRITE WITH SPUNK

Continued from page 34

girl in chain mail bobby sox," the teenager who'd misinterpreted, mis-read, mis-emphasized" the wonderful lines of George Bernard Shaw; the new discovery who just didn't measure up to her first part.

The girl in the apartment in Nice put her head in her arms and clenched her fists until they were like knots on the table. "Jean Seberg, you've got to get tough. You've got to learn to be tough!"

Mr. Preminger had tried to tell her what might happen, the evening she'd been packing to go home from London. The picture was finished. They'd all worked so hard, for so long, she was certain it couldn't miss. Before the opening, she'd have three weeks with her family in Marshalltown, a month of personal appearances, then back to Paris for one of the biggest premieres ever staged. She was all but waltzing from the closet to the suitcase when Mr. Preminger stopped by her suite to talk to her. "Sit down for a moment, Jean. . . ."

She sat, but not terribly still, not very seriously. She hadn't realized how hard it must have been for him to make the speech. As a producer-director, Otto Preminger was a recognized artist. He knew that you couldn't always make pictures that would please everyone. He'd said before the start of the "Saint Joan": "This is the biggest gamble of my film career."

"Saint Joan" was more than an exceptional story, just as Joan, herself, was more than an exceptional heroine. In the theatrical world and the world at large, Joan was a legend, someone special and familiar. It was only reasonable to expect that everyone seeing the film would have his or her own personal ideas on the portrayal of Joan. Any production about the Saint would automatically be

a sitting duck . . . and whoever played the role the first to be shot at.

Preminger knew that an experienced professional would understand if a barrage came. But he'd taken a teenager from Iowa with virtually no acting experience, given her the lead, coaxed her, bullied her, driven her through the filming . . . wondering all the while how much more she could stand while she was trying so hard to please.

Aside from her talent, he'd chosen her for her spirit and he was certain the combination would take her as far in the movie field as she wanted to go. He didn't want the talent discouraged, the spirit broken by a few lines of small print. He had to make his speech long before the reviews were due, to give her time to accept the possibility of harsh, critical words, although they might never come. "Jean, you've got to realize that everyone may not like 'Saint Joan' . . . may not like you." He took a deep breath. "In fact, maybe *no one* is going to like you. You've got to be prepared. Do you understand?"

Yes, she understood, she said. Yet, when he left, he noticed the stars were still in her eyes. He only hoped they'd stay there.

They were washed away with tears not long after when the first reviews of "Joan" began coming in. "I've got to be tough," she sobbed when she read them—so many times she'd lost count. And then, the tears would start again. "But right now," she admits only to herself "I don't feel very tough."

So she donned her armor. As it turned out, she was still going to need it, on and off the set. When one scribe asked her about some of the more devastating reviews, she shrugged and said, "It's too late to change anything now." It was too late and she couldn't imagine what else she could be expected to say. In print, however, it appeared that she had shrugged "a sophisticated shoulder" in a rather bored, tired-

of-it-all manner, to end the interview.

The sophisticated Jean Seberg? Well, she had to admit that she'd tried . . . the night of the Paris premiere. Mr. Preminger had given her a Givenchy gown for the event. "I was going up the stairs, very ritzy in all my finery," she recalled later. "I was trying very hard to be sophisticated. But people kept crowding around, stepping on the train of the gown and I had to keep jerking it out from under feet. It isn't exactly easy to smile and be dignified while you're pleading, 'Please get off my train.' Sophistication-wise, I had the distinct feeling that I was falling flat on my face!"

Jean was beginning to learn what every star must learn. That verbal slings and arrows don't necessarily stop with reviews. There were other reports, the ones that seemed to assume that her thoughts were a million miles from Marshalltown and that she couldn't care less about going back, except for occasional red-carpet treatment.

That particular reporter should have been with her on her return from London. He could have listened as she frantically tried to recapture her mid-western twang, after three months of being coached for a British accent . . . read the one thought that was uppermost in her mind: "If I get home and say cawn't or been just once . . . well, then I've had it!"

What a blow the scribe would have gotten if he'd been along to meet her brother David, aged seven. According to her mother, when the family had been getting ready to drive to Des Moines to meet her plane, brother David had sighed resignedly, "Guess we got to drive all that way to get the actress again!"

The actress was at home for three weeks. She swam at the YWCA, slept late, and went to the library. She put on her bobby sox again and went out for pizza with her friends, who'd come home from college. They still had common interests. They'd talk their heads off, and sometimes drive to Des Moines for jazz concerts. "Of course, there were changes," says Jean today. "And I guess you're well aware of the fact that everyone is watching you to find out if you've changed. I did feel that . . . especially since so many people were dropping in and mother was suddenly doing a lot of entertaining."

But home is home. "And one thing certainly hasn't changed," grins Jean. "Mother was still giving me a hundred reasons why I should help with the dishes and clean up my room."

"Being in movies hasn't made you any neater," her mother sighed. "And Jean, some people are coming by. Would you please go upstairs and . . ."

"And put on something presentable," finished her blue-jeaned clad daughter.

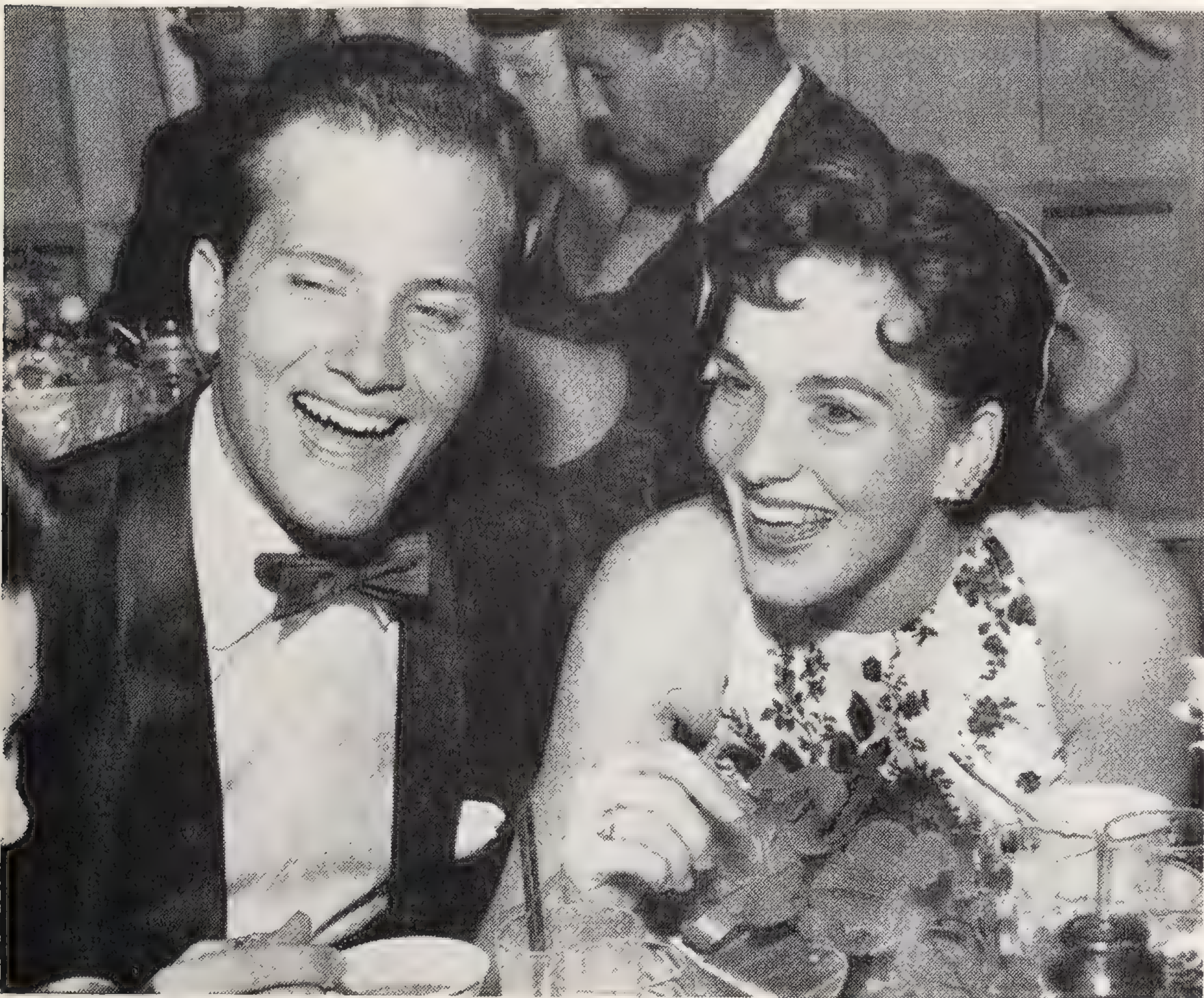
They both smiled, remembering the morning her mother had made the request several years before. At that time, Jean had trudged unhappily to her room. Her reappearance made her mother gasp. Daughter was nonchalantly floating down the stairs in her new purple formal.

When she reached the living room she graciously greeted the guests and then went about serving refreshments, quite straight-faced in her full length gown.

"I suppose I should have realized that you were eventually going to become an actress," her mother told her later.

Home . . . and then Nice . . . after twenty-seven days of personal appearances. According to the papers, she'd run away to Nice, being as blase about it as if every eighteen-year-old vacations in Nice alone. She was the self-sufficient Miss Seberg.

Yes, indeed. Very self-sufficient. Espe-



Pat and Shirley Boone, back home in New Jersey, are excited over approaching birth of their fourth child, although doctors have told Shirley it must be last



# from desk to date

*working girl  
fashion tips*



Carrying a "dressy" dress to work in the morning, and changing after working hours, is definitely passé, according to actress Jackie Loughery, the attractive brunette you saw cast as a salesgirl opposite Jack Webb in Warners' "The D.I." Jackie, who admits she's a clothes horse (at ten she had twenty-two dolls and was busily manufacturing wardrobes for all of them), suggests a basic sheath or simple dress such as the one she wears above, for office *and* after five.

It's fun to step right from a business day to an evening out. And during these brisk wintry days, it's the smart working girl who chooses an outfit that feels and *is* right at her desk, or out on a business appointment. Then, presto chango, with a quick change of jewelry, belt or other accessories, you're the after-five you—in the same basic outfit!

The dress Jackie models above for Photoplay, designed by Maxwell Shief, is versatility personified, the kind made for the modern girl who wants to look chic on the job, for daytime dates, luncheons with business associates, and still chic for dinner or a show in the evening, Jackie

finds her double-breasted "Majorette" dress ideal for all, since it combines a tailored sophistication with a softly feminine look attained by satin peter pan collar and cuffs. And the sunburst medallion she's added is the perfect foil.

"Any business girl's wardrobe is enhanced by this type of dress," advises the ex-Miss U.S.A., whose own wardrobe boasts many.

"I can't resist new fashions," says Jackie, but she knows she must pick from the latest styles only those that look well on her, and advises the same for you. "I feel," she suggests, "that just as a girl likes to have a perfume that is 'hers,' the clothes she wears ought to do the same job—identify her and help to emphasize her personality. You'll notice that lots of the top stars in Hollywood help make themselves memorable by the way they dress. For example, Kim Novak likes lavender and pastel shades, and Dana Wynter is the dark and fragile yet sophisticated type. But all women can look well-dressed, no matter how big or small their budgets. It's the *taste* one has that counts."

Good advice. All in favor say "aye."

cially the day she carefully locked the car with the keys inside and had to call a mechanic, a fellow who advised her that the only way to open the door would be to take it off the hinges.

She was going to be independent. Very independent. And she had every intention of living on the money she had in her purse. But then came the day she looked and found her wallet almost bare. It was, she concluded, a good thing her father was handling her finances. She had, she figured, about enough to wire him for more money.

She sent off a cable and went home to take stock of her cupboard. She found one huge candy bar and a package of tea bags. And she dined less than lavishly until the money arrived two days later.

But she got the rest she'd hoped for, and she had the chance to do a great deal of thinking . . . about the past, the present and the future. She took one memorable cue from a French traffic cop, the day he found her little car in a No Parking zone. He began to quote all kinds of traffic rules to her in French and, she recalls, "the ham in me came out. Two large tears rolled down my cheeks."

The policeman asked for her identification and she gave it to him. "You have played Jeanne d'Arc?" he sputtered.

"Yes," she replied in a small voice. He eyed her closely, then threw the license into her lap, hopped on his bicycle and pedalled away muttering, "Jeanne d'Arc never cried!"

Jean Seberg dried her eyes and murmured, "And Jean Seberg won't do any more crying either!"

There was nothing she could do about the past, she realized. The results were in. "At first," she remembers, "I felt so awful. Of course, everyone wants whatever they do to be an enormous success. But that's something you can't always have. Still, when there's such a big letdown, you begin to doubt yourself. You seem to have done your best and it doesn't seem to be good enough.

"You have to learn to be objective and analyze it. Perhaps emotionally I just wasn't ready for the role. Perhaps I didn't have the depth of emotion that comes just from growing up and living.

"Mr. Preminger was wonderful about it. It would have been very easy for him to have taken the role in 'Bonjour Tristesse' away from me. But he insisted that he still had confidence in me.

"The role of Cecile is much easier. She's a girl whose personality is closer to mine. Every girl should aspire to be just like Joan of Arc, but how many can be?

"The reviews, the bad ones, I put them away . . . but I still make myself read them. I suppose I've always tried to face things. Back in Marshalltown, I used to be terribly shy. So I used to bluster and bluff my way through things—all sorts of activities.

"In a way, I suppose it sounds corny, and very idealistic, but now I feel that I'm much better off for having gotten those reviews. Otherwise, I might have felt that there was no need to work as hard again, that I could coast. But this way, I've become increasingly aware of what I have to do."

No one is selling Jean short. "She has the talent and the stamina for stardom," says a publicity agent who toured with her for personal appearances around the States. "And how that girl can work. She's fantastic.

"In Montreal, seventy-five percent of the people speak French. So we got to Montreal and Jean went on the radio and talked for fifteen minutes in the language. After only a few French lessons.



"At one midnight show in Philadelphia, she adlibbed for forty minutes with the m.c. There was never a minute's hesitation; she was never thrown by questions, never at a loss for words.

"Her poise was remarkable, even when things weren't going so well. At the party for her in Los Angeles, some of the columnists were trying to antagonize her. 'How do you feel about starting your career by playing a part like Saint Joan?' one of them asked.

"Jean answered, 'It's very challenging.'

"After which, the columnist snapped, 'That's a cliché. I want an honest answer.'

"Jean bit her lip, but she didn't lose her temper. She just said, 'I'm trying to give you an honest answer.'"

"She's changed since 'Joan,'" says a friend who worked with her in both London and in France. "She's the same girl, but she's different, if you know what I mean. 'Bonjour Tristesse' is her second film and she is taking a different attitude. To a great extent, she's learned the ropes of the business. She's no stranger."

Still there was a certain tenseness. And a tiredness. "But such a wonderful tiredness," she says. "I'm finding out what kind of routine I have to follow when I work. I usually have dinner alone in my room at night, read and then go to sleep. Once a week, I go out for dinner.

"On Sundays we drive for three hours to see rushes. I don't like to watch. It's terrible to have to look at yourself blown up on the screen. And if you do see something you don't like, there's nothing you can do. I think there's a risk of becoming very studied and mannered.

"But on the other hand, if you're doing something wrong, like bobbing your head or adopting any other sorts of mannerisms, you can catch them and correct them. And," she adds, "Mr. Preminger thinks it's good for me to see rushes."

She grins, "And what he says, goes. He doesn't make exorbitant demands. He's begun to let me have more of a separate life now that I'm getting the hang of the movie business. He doesn't call my personal life part of work."

She goes on, "I have a lot to learn about acting, but the only way I can learn is to act. This time, I'm not in the hot, hot spotlight, and David Niven and Deborah Kerr have been wonderful.

"They're so relaxed and easy. Nothing seems to upset them. They can talk to people between scenes and still not break the spell. That's something else I'm having to learn."

Invariably before the cameras would turn, David would make the atmosphere light with joke. Once, when he saw a frown on her face, he patted her on the shoulder and remarked, "Remember, it's only a movie and people are going to pay seventy-five cents for a ticket and say, 'Who was the guy with the mustache?'"

As "Bonjour Tristesse" was ending, Jean was preparing to return to the United States. "First I'll visit my family. Then I'm going to New York. If there's no other picture right away, I'll take ballet lessons and some drama lessons and I'd like to visit movie sets. I've no idea of how other actors work. And I still haven't set foot in Hollywood! My set is about the only one I've been on," she laughed.

But she was a girl certain of her future. It's as David Niven said on the set one day, "I feel so sorry for anyone who isn't an actor. Oh, sometimes I get discouraged and gripe . . . but then I ask myself just what I'm griping about." He shook his head and repeated, "I do feel sorry for anyone who isn't an actor."

Jean smiled. She knew what he meant. And she said softly, "And so do I."

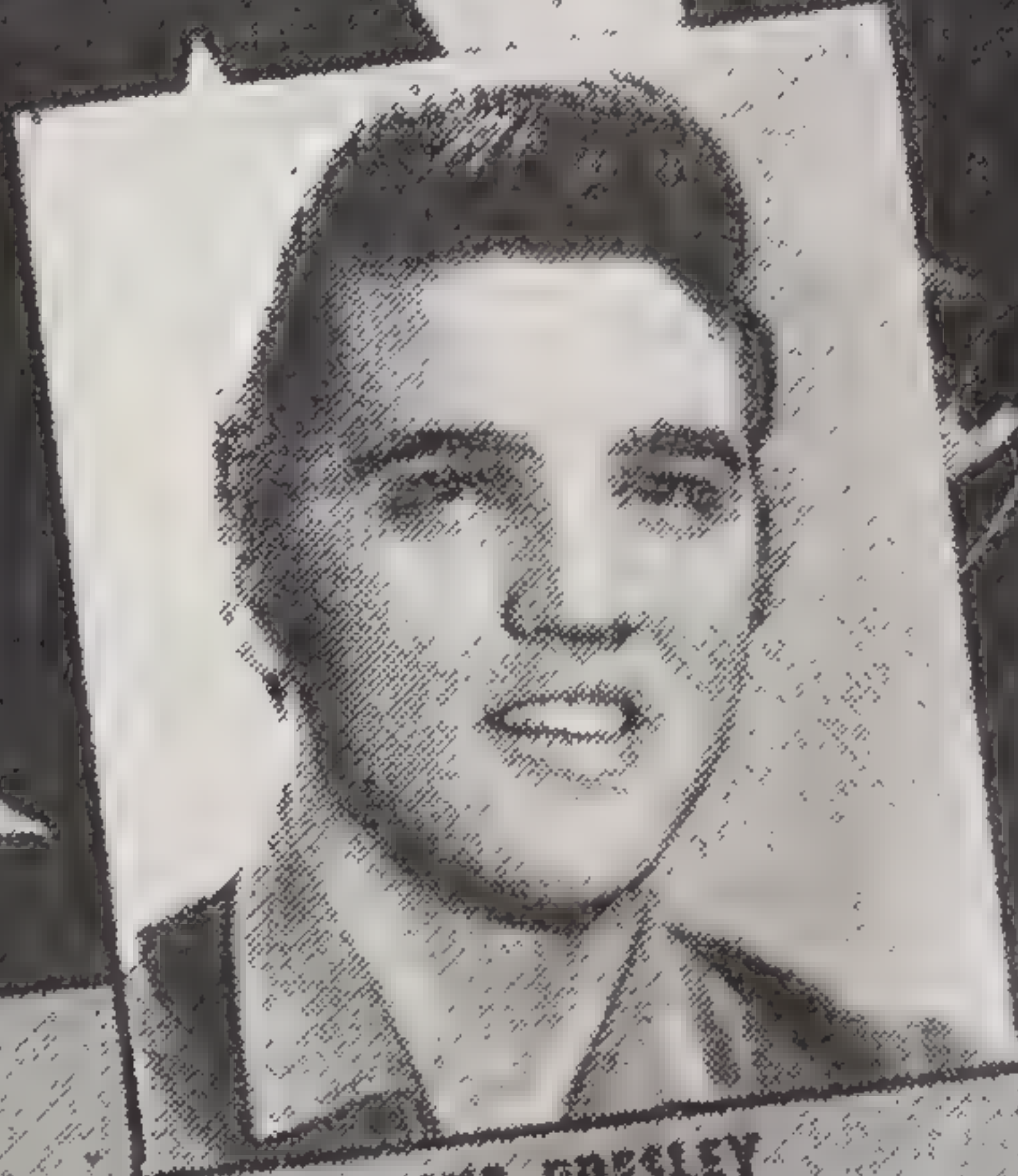
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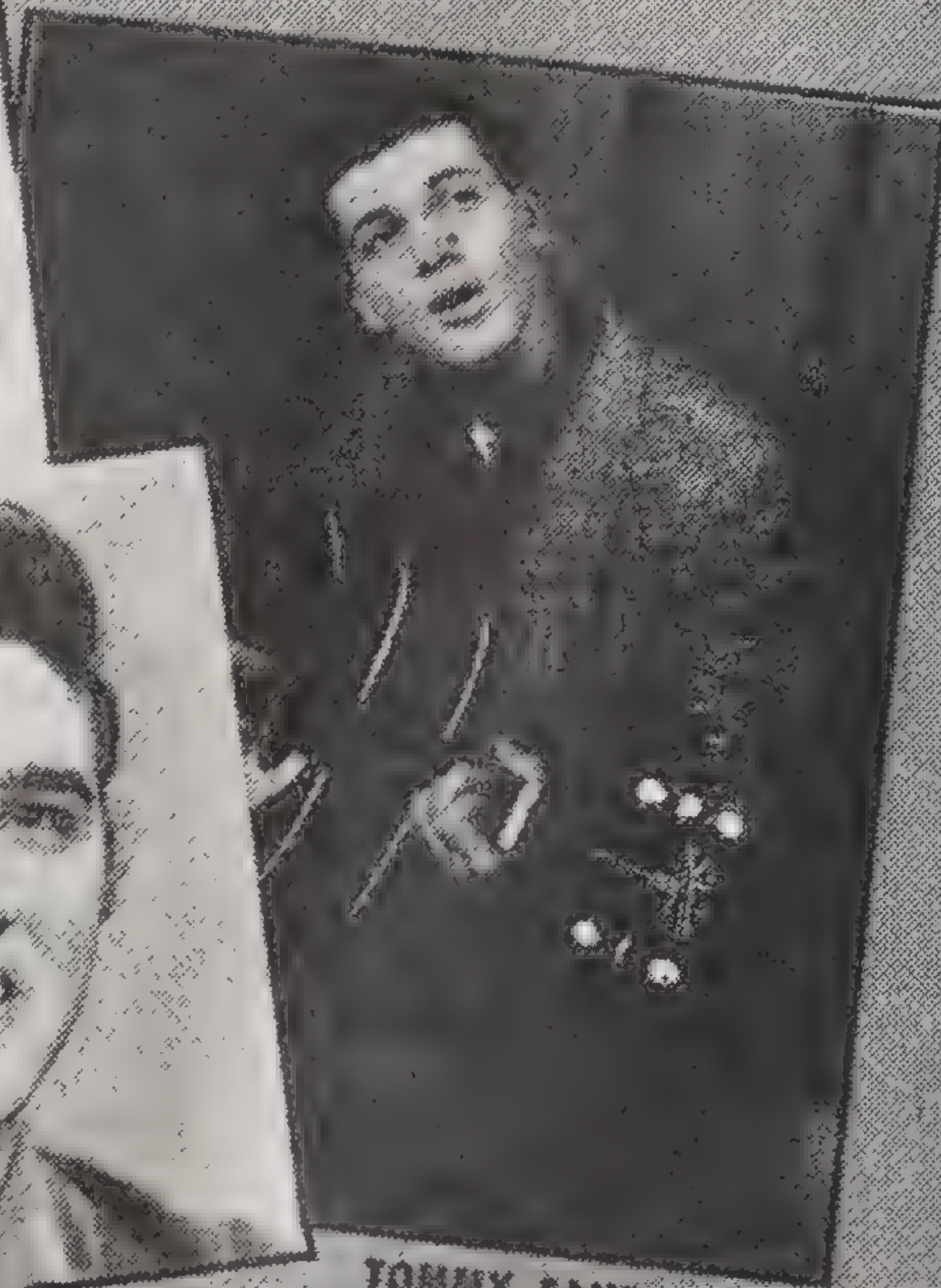
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| 27. June Allyson     | 144. Mitzi Gaynor             | 225. Elvis Presley   | 254. Nick Adams       |
| 33. Gene Autry       | 145. Marlon Brando            | 226. Victoria Shaw   | 255. John Kerr        |
| 34. Roy Rogers       | 146. Aldo Ray                 | 227. Tony Perkins    | 256. Harry Belafonte  |
| 35. Sunset Carson    | 147. Tab Hunter               | 228. Clint Walker    | 257. Jim Lowe         |
| 50. Diana Lynn       | 148. Robert Wagner            | 229. Pat Boone       | 258. Luana Patten     |
| 51. Doris Day        | 149. Russ Tamblyn             | 230. Paul Newman     | 259. Dennis Hopper    |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 150. Jeff Hunter              | 231. Don Murray      | 260. Tom Tryon        |
| 53. Richard Widmark  | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 232. Don Cherry      | 261. Tommy Sands      |
| 56. Perry Como       | 174. Rita Gam                 | 233. Pat Wayne       | 262. Will Hutchins    |
| 57. Bill Holden      | 175. Charlton Heston          | 234. Carroll Baker   | 263. James Darren     |
| 66. Gordon MacRae    | 176. Steve Cochran            | 235. Anita Ekberg    | 264. Ricky Nelson     |
| 67. Ann Blyth        | 177. Richard Burton           | 236. Corey Allen     |                       |
| 68. Jeanne Crain     | 179. Julius La Rosa           |                      |                       |
| 69. Jane Russell     | 180. Lucille Ball             |                      |                       |
| 74. John Wayne       | 182. Jack Webb                |                      |                       |
| 78. Audie Murphy     | 185. Richard Egan             |                      |                       |
| 84. Janet Leigh      | 187. Jeff Richards            |                      |                       |
| 86. Farley Granger   | 190. Pat Crowley              |                      |                       |
| 91. John Derek       | 191. Robert Taylor            |                      |                       |
| 92. Guy Madison      | 192. Jean Simmons             |                      |                       |
| 94. Mario Lanza      | 194. Audrey Hepburn           |                      |                       |
| 103. Scott Brady     | 198. Gale Storm               |                      |                       |
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# WILL SUCCESS SPOIL MY JAYNIE?

Continued from page 29

my Jayne seated among Hollywood executives in one of those exposing bikini bathing suits. Had she made a complete fool of herself? I wondered. Or was it, as Harry suggested, just a contrived item for a news story?

Half an hour later, I was still worried. "I'm putting through the call," I said decisively to Harry. Harry's reaction was an exasperated sigh, but I could read beneath it and tell by his expression that he was glad I was phoning Jaynie.

Moments later, I heard my daughter's soft, familiar voice.

"Jaynie, honey," I said, "you didn't really wear that bikini as it says, did you? After the way you've been brought up? . . ."

I could hear Jayne draw in her breath. "Mama," she said, "it's not true. I wasn't even at that party. Sure, I wear a bikini. But not at a formal dinner party. Why should I? I look perfectly all right in an evening gown."

As I hung up, I was reassured, but still a little shaky. Millions of people, reading that same story I had read, would accept it as gospel truth, and that's what made me feel bad.

Ever since Jayne became the most publicized young actress in Hollywood, there have been a great many things printed about her. Some true, some not. The untrue things always manage to hurt me.

I've heard Jayne referred to as the sexiest girl in Hollywood today, but I still look upon her as my little girl. I am very proud of her success, but I worry about her, too. I pray every day that she can always remember to keep her balance in the face of all the fantastic things that are happening in her life.

And I worry about her health, too, as any mother would, because of the fast pace of her zooming career.

I worry mostly, I think, about the possibility that she may be hurt some day as a result of the wrong impression some of her publicity has given her, and because of the criticism over those skin-tight gowns.

About those gowns, I still can't get used to them. I was shocked the first time I saw my girl in one of those low cut things. You see, Jayne never did wear clothes even remotely like those before she became an actress. When she was a school girl in Dallas, it was skirts and sweaters for her—and I mean the loose-fitting, becoming, collegiate kind of sweaters.

I'll never forget the first time I saw Jayne in a clinging, low-cut gown. My husband, Harry Peers, who is Jayne's stepfather, and I had gone to New York to see her on the opening night of "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" and we planned to stay with her for a month.

After the play, we went backstage to join Jayne. We were all going to a party that was being given in her honor. When I saw what Jayne was wearing, my mouth flew open. It was a gold satin gown that clung to her like glue, and was cut so low I couldn't help but blurt out: "Jayne, I don't like that one bit!"

Jayne laughed softly and said, "Mama, please don't be alarmed. This is expected of me from now on. You must try to understand, Mama, that this is what I have to do. I'm an actress now. I have to dress in a way that the public expects a glamorous person to dress."

After that, Jayne was photographed constantly in public wearing those skin-tight, eye-catching outfits.

Although it has practically become her trade mark, Jayne herself doesn't go for the low cut gown routine one hundred percent. I know, because I remember the many times she'd return to our hotel suite in New York after the show was over and she had made a glamorous ap-

pearance for the public. The first thing she'd do was to get out of her slinky gown and high-heeled slippers and slip into blue jeans and an old, bulky T-shirt. Sometimes she'd even wear an oversize hunting shirt of Harry's. She'd scrub her face until it shone, brush her hair back simply and then smile like a child and remark, "Now I feel like myself." She'd walk down to the delicatessen at the corner and buy cold turkey slices, and bring them upstairs where we'd make sandwiches and coffee. She seemed most happy and relaxed at those moments. It's still that way.

But most people know only the other side of my daughter. I am constantly hurt at certain comments I have heard about Jayne. I've heard her described as a "sexy, dumb blonde," when actually, Jayne is just a hairbreadth away from achieving her college degree.

One night I was with her when she made an appearance at a premiere, decked out as everyone expected her to look—with the molded gown, the fabulous fox furs, long, glittering earrings and her blonde hair falling to her shoulders.

It warmed me when I heard the crowds ooh and ahh, calling out her name affectionately, but then I heard one woman make a remark that cut me like a knife: "Imagine strutting around in a gown like that. It's shameless!"

I felt miserable then, and I still do when I realize that some people judge Jayne solely by the type of clothes she wears in her role as a Hollywood personality.

I remember telling a publicity man once that Jayne had studied the violin from the age of six, and was a fairly accomplished musician. "In fact," I said, "one of her teachers felt that she would be able to play in Carnegie Hall some day."

"Oh, no," said the man, "I could never release that story. No one would believe it." And then, as at many other times, I was close to tears because of the way Jayne is misunderstood.

Every mother feels very deeply attached to her daughter. In some respects, I think I have been closer to my daughter than most mothers, because of the poignant circumstances of her birth.

For years, I had hungered for a baby. I'd lost my first child at birth and had almost died myself, but I wanted a baby more than anything else in the world. My husband, Herbert Palmer, was a young law student and we lived in Phillipsburg, N. J. I had taught school there but I gave up my job so that I could build up my strength.

Herbert and I were the happiest couple in the world when the doctor told us we were going to become parents. During the months we waited, I stayed home and didn't even take an automobile drive in order to forestall any accident that might jeopardize the baby's safe arrival. The last month I stayed in bed. Then, at the last moment, I had to have an emergency Caesarean operation. I came very close to losing this baby. . . .

"She's the most beautiful baby I've ever delivered," said my obstetrician, as I emerged from my foggy world to look at my daughter. I remember I was struck by her delicate pink complexion, and I thought, "Why, she has the longest legs I've ever seen on a baby." The nurse was so taken by her beauty that she carried her all over the hospital to show her off.

We were such a happy family, and Herbert and I surrounded baby Vera Jayne with our heartfelt love. Herbert was practicing law by this time and was preparing to run for the Assembly. His



*Sophia went and done it! Even though thousands of miles separated them, Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti, her producer, mentor and best friend since she was eighteen, were married on September 17th. The proxy ceremony was carried out in Juarez, Mexico, while the star was in Hollywood and her bridegroom in Italy, both picture-making. Quoted as dreaming of a husband who "has a good disposition and is very intelligent," friends say Sophia got her wish in Carlo*



future was bright and our world was a snug, secure one.

Then, one night, everything changed.

Herbert took Jayne and me for a drive to see his grandparents. Jaynie, wearing a pink suede coat with a brown beaver collar, sat between us. Our hearts were full, and Herbert, patting Jaynie's hand, remarked, "Doesn't she look like a little doll?"

As we drove over a hill, suddenly Herbert slumped over the wheel. Somehow, I managed to lean across him, shut off the ignition and pull on the emergency brake. A sickening fear swept over me when I touched Herbert's cold face. Jumping out of the car, I stood out in the road and screamed for help.

That night, I had to tell two-and-a-half-year-old Jaynie that her Daddy had gone away.

I was left practically penniless. Herbert was so young—only thirty—when his heart suddenly stopped. He was just beginning a very promising law and political career and he thought he had many years in which to provide security for his family.

Now, more than ever, my whole life revolved around my daughter. I wanted desperately to shield her—to give her a happy, untroubled childhood.

I returned to teaching, and a housekeeper, Sally Rice, who loved my Jayne, took care of her during my school hours. I couldn't have left my daughter in the care of a person more loving. I would rush home from school to be with my little girl. She was a sweet, affectionate child and we were extremely devoted. I dressed her like a little doll, in ruffled organdy dresses, pretty pink coats and bonnets that framed her large brown eyes and curly, golden brown hair.

Jayne was playful and mischievous, but she had an unmistakably serious side, too. I used to feel that perhaps the serious moments came when she missed her father. I wanted to be sure that my child was not deprived of any advantages that her father would have wanted for her, so I started giving her everything I could possibly afford that would enrich her life. I saw to it that she had tap and ballet lessons, singing lessons and later, piano and violin. I wanted to do everything for her. Nothing I could possibly afford was spared.

Even when Harry Peers, a young man who was an engineer from Dallas and was visiting relatives in our town, asked me to marry him, I wouldn't agree to become his wife until I was sure he

could be a real father to Jaynie. My little girl was used to tenderness and to the background of a compatible home life. If I couldn't surround her with the same good life, I wouldn't remarry.

When I saw the loving way he treated Jaynie, and how eagerly she looked forward to having Harry come to the house to play with her, I decided that Harry would be a good father—and husband.

It was after we lived in Dallas for a few years that I discovered Jaynie's most predominant trait: a dedicated kind of determination.

One afternoon, Jayne came home from school and asked me if she could take up horseback riding. I was afraid to let her ride a horse, so I said no. Jaynie pleaded so hard that finally, in order to put her off, I said, "All right. If you bring home 100 in arithmetic, I'll let you have riding lessons."

That night, and every night for a month, she was at her books and wouldn't budge. One afternoon she ran into the house waving her report card. "Look, Mama, look," she cried exultantly. There was her arithmetic grade—a solid one hundred!

And she fought like a little tigress to make the school orchestra, and did—as first violinist, no less.

I admired her determination in getting what she went after. It wasn't until she was sixteen that I had to bow most reluctantly to that strong will of hers.

Jayne was very popular and our house was always filled with her young friends. It was the rage to go steady, and she went steady with a boy from school named Paul Mansfield.

And one day my baby came to me and said, "Mama, I want to marry Paul."

I clutched a table to steady myself.

"But Jaynie, you're much too young. So is Paul. The most glorious part of your life is ahead of you. Surely, honey, you must realize that you don't know your own mind yet. You don't want to be tied down so young."

I had nothing against Paul. He was a very nice young man, but I was unalterably opposed to the idea of my daughter's marrying anyone at the tender age of sixteen. But no matter what arguments I put forth, I couldn't talk Jaynie out of it. She insisted that she knew what she wanted, and what she wanted was to marry Paul.

It was that familiar look of determination in Jayne's eyes—a look I'd gotten used to—and the insistence in her voice that made me finally realize that she was adamant about taking this big step. Because I didn't want to see my young

daughter run off in an elopement, I planned a lovely church wedding and a large reception afterward at our home.

She looked so fresh and dewy-eyed in her white gown and veil as she walked down the aisle that all I could do was stem my tears and pray that I would be proven wrong and this marriage would work out.

But, sadly enough, I was only too right. Jayne and Paul were too young to tackle the responsibilities of marriage. Jayne was so restless, her mind so lively and ever-changing, that it was only after she was married that she realized that she wanted desperately to become an actress. She had always shown signs of acting ability as a youngster when she appeared in school plays, and she was growing more and more beautiful. Perhaps her desire to act was heightened because of the humdrum routine of housework, or perhaps it was the desire for independence. At any rate, she decided to tackle an acting career—and with everything she had.

Again the old determination. I could recognize it. I knew that no objections on my side would sway Jayne, so I didn't even try to talk her out of this. One summer Jayne left her baby, Jayne Marie, with me while she went to Los Angeles to major in drama at UCLA.

When she returned there was a light in her eyes and a thrust to her chin that told me only too well that somehow, even with a baby, Jayne would find a way to become an actress.

She succeeded in persuading Paul to move to Hollywood. And there, in order to insure their remaining in the movie capital while she tried getting started on a career, she made a down payment on a little house, with money she had received as an inheritance from her grandmother. It's the same house, incidentally, she lives in today.

Not until her letters from Hollywood told me that she had taken a job selling candy in a theatre in order to earn some money while waiting for a picture break, did I begin to worry about Jayne. But I was secretly proud, too, for I realized that this girl of mine would wear her fingers down to the bone, scrubbing floors, if necessary, in order to make her way until she got her first acting role.

Eventually, her zeal paid off and she did several parts in TV and in pictures. But her life was like too many stitches on a knitting needle—that wouldn't all fit at once. No sooner would she pick up the front few than those at the end would drop off. No sooner had Jayne landed her first few roles than she and Paul discovered their teenage marriage was a mistake. Jayne had to make the choice between a happy home and a career. She could not give herself to both well. She made her choice: She and Paul separated.

It was then, after she had made a dent in pictures, Jayne came home and I was shocked when I saw her. Her golden brown hair that I had loved so much was now a platinum blonde, worn long and loose. Instead of the girlish sweater and skirt, she wore a red sheath dress that accentuated her figure.

"Jaynie, you look so different," I exclaimed.

"Mama," she told me—as she was to explain to me so many times afterwards, "this is the way I'm supposed to dress now. My press agent says it's important for me to be noticed."

But although Jayne looked more theatrical, I was delighted to discover that she was the same girl underneath. She was sweet and affectionate at home and she

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ACTRESS:

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(1) \_\_\_\_\_

(2) \_\_\_\_\_

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12-57



# BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 10.

✓✓✓ HELEN MORGAN STORY, THE—Warners; CinemaScope: Drama full of nostalgic music casts Ann Blyth as the torch singer of the 'twenties, driven to drink by her unhappy love for racketeer Paul Newman. (A) November

✓✓✓ INTERLUDE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sentimental romance, handsome German locales. American June Allyson falls in love with suave Rossano Brazzi, whose wife (Marianne Cook) is mentally ill. (A) October

✓✓✓ JOKER IS WILD, THE—Paramount; VistaVision: Strong, frank biography of night-club comic Joe E. Lewis, who's splendidly portrayed by Frank Sinatra. Socialite Jeanne Crain can't win him; dancer Mitzi Gaynor marries him. Eddie Albert's a loyal pal. (A) November

✓✓✓ MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—U-I; CinemaScope: James Cagney scores in the affecting story of Lon Chaney, silent-era character star. Dorothy Malone and Jane Greer play the women in his life. (F) November

✓✓✓ NO DOWN PAYMENT—20th; CinemaScope: Searching closeup of young couples living in each other's laps in a suburban housing development. Cameron Mitchell, Joanne Woodward are the most dramatic pair. (A) October

✓✓✓ NO SLEEP TILL DAWN—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: In a brisk service picture, Karl Malden's a humble hero of the modern Air Force. Natalie Wood snobbishly opposes her dad's career as sergeant. (F) November

✓✓✓ PAJAMA GAME, THE—Warners; WarnerColor: Hearty Doris Day musical, full of life and laughter. In a Midwestern pajama factory, union representative Doris falls in love with management's John Raitt. (F) October

✓✓✓ STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO, THE—Columbia: Bitter account of a charity racket. Rossano Brazzi scents profits as wife Joan Crawford aids lovely Heather Sears, Irish girl who is deaf, blind and mute. (A) November

✓✓✓ SUN ALSO RISES, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Lavish, honest film version of the Hemingway classic. Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Mel Ferrer, Errol Flynn are fine as drifters in Europe—the "lost generation" of days after World War I. (A) November

✓✓✓ THREE FACES OF EVE, THE—20th; CinemaScope: Joanne Woodward's bravura performance highlights the case history of a woman with a split personality. (A) November

✓✓✓ 3:10 TO YUMA—Columbia: Taut, well-written, far superior to average horse operas. It's a duel of character between captured outlaw Glenn Ford and captor Van Heflin, rancher driven into poverty by drought. (F) October

✓✓✓ UNHOLY WIFE, THE—U-I: Neatly plotted suspense story finds Diana Dors scheming to get rid of husband Rod Steiger, for love of rodeo rider Tom Tryon. (A) November

helped me with the dishes, as she used to when she lived at home. After supper, we would sit down and talk for hours and hours in intimate, mother-daughter fashion.

Things happened swiftly for Jayne after that. She was given the feminine lead in the Broadway comedy hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" and became the toast of New York. And, as a result of her mounting publicity, she was signed to a wonderful contract by 20th Century-Fox.

Since then, I have seen my daughter develop into one of the most publicized girls in the country. Scarcely a day goes by that I don't see her name or picture in print. Usually, I must admit, in a revealing gown that is a far cry from the simple things she wore when she lived at home.

How does it feel to be the mother of such a talked-about girl—a girl who is known all over the country as "a sexpot?"

It is both fascinating and frightening. While I am glad that Jayne is doing the work she loves and is achieving a measure of success in that work, I pray to God that she will not be hurt.

When I was in New York with her, while she appeared in the play, I became alarmed at the fervor with which hundreds of fans waited for her outside and sometimes tore at her clothes and her furs in order to be near her. Sometimes it took us all of an hour to walk the ten feet from the dressing room door to the waiting taxi, while Jayne signed autographs and posed for the kids. I would become slightly panicky when the crowds milled around us, but Jayne, flattered by the attention, was calm and smiling, displaying remarkable patience.

"Bless them," she'd say to me when we'd reached the safety of the cab. "They're all for me, and I don't want to let them down." Not a hair of hers was out of place—but I was a complete wreck!

I remained with my husband in Dallas during Jayne's first few months back in Hollywood again, when she was making "The Girl Can't Help It" and "The Wayward Bus." Her star was rising high, and I was elated at the glowing predictions the studio made for her. But fears were mingled with my elation when I'd read things in the papers that made Jayne seem like anything but the girl I know as my daughter.

For instance, I was very upset when I read that she had met Mickey Hargitay when she saw him in a night club revue and ordered him to her table as she would order a bone for her dog. According to the stories I've read, she is supposed to have said imperiously, "I'd like a steak for my dog and that man on the right for myself. I'm a star and I'm supposed to be happy."

It didn't happen that way at all. I should know. I was there, right at the Latin Quarter, with Harry and Jayne and her escort, Jules Styne. It was Mr. Styne who suggested it might be fun to have Mickey join us, and he introduced Mickey to all of us in a most decorous way.

Since meeting, Mickey and Jayne have become close friends and I think Mickey is very good for Jayne. He is deeply in-

terested in everything that she does, understands her life as a busy and ambitious actress and eases many of her burdens and responsibilities. Although he is a husky, muscular young man, there is a gentle, patient quality about him that helps Jayne find more serenity than she ordinarily would in the hectic life she leads. He regards Jayne the way I do, as a child who needs protection. Since my home is 1,500 miles away from Jayne, I find it very reassuring to know that she has someone as devoted and thoughtful as Mickey to look after her.

That part makes me feel good. But I don't always feel good when I see Jayne involved in publicity that is undignified. Like the time when I saw a picture of Jayne hoisted in mid-air by Mickey during a recent Hollywood premiere. I was so startled I got on the phone to talk to her again. Jayne assured me that it was a whim that occurred on the spur of the moment. "The fans have been so good to me," she said, "that I wanted to do something to stir things up a bit."

On one hand, it's no fun to read of these foolhardy escapades, and publicity stunts day after day. But on the other, there's Jayne reassuring me that she knows exactly what she is doing, and I realize she's a mature girl who has thought things out well enough to know where she's headed.

As disturbed as I am at these antics, which seem to be such an integral part of her publicity, I was even more disturbed to discover the lightning pace at which Jayne skims through the day. I spent several weeks with her recently in Hollywood.

In the morning, Jayne would breeze out of her bedroom, kiss Jayne Marie, gulp down a cup of coffee and dash off. She'd be on her way either to the studio or to the photographers or to do an interview or make a public appearance or to keep numerous other appointments that had been set up for her. She'd fly in again in the evening, play with Jayne Marie, bathe and make a whirlwind change into one of her fabulous gowns and furs, rush off with Mickey to a dinner party, a film premiere, some kind of movie opening or other film function. All of her waking hours she was on the go.

While I am deeply grateful that my daughter is so much in demand, like any mother, I wish she could slow down, for the sake of her health.

I have every confidence that Jayne can handle herself well, no matter what situation comes along. She has a fine, middle class background and she has proven many times in the past that she cannot be swayed from doing anything she believes is right.

When I told her recently that I wish the time would come when she didn't have to depend so much on the sexboat type of publicity but could be herself, Jayne smiled, and with a twinkle in her eyes, said, "You know, Mama, some day I'll cut my hair short, let it grow in natural, wear high necked dresses and never pose in another sexy gown again."

Maybe she was kidding, but some day she'll mean it, and when she does, look out. Because she'll do it! Jayne's always done what she really wanted to do no matter what.

THE END



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# RETURN OF HUGH O'BRIAN

Continued from page 48

shoo-in," he says. It has been said that Hugh simply acted in a few little theatres, asked for a role in a picture and got it. Nothing could be farther from the truth, according to Hugh: "I keep thinking about the kids who might read a thing like that and believe it. They'd think, 'Heck if it's as easy as that, we can do it, too.' So some nice kids could end up broke and hungry in Hollywood. I never earned a dime the first three years I was in Hollywood, and, when I got a chance at my first role, I took it without even asking what sort of part it was."

Nothing much happened to Hugh's acting career until, receiving a TV bid, he became *Wyatt Earp*. Then, almost overnight, he was part of an American way of life, teaching millions of youngsters how to draw a gun properly and indoctrinating hundreds of thousands of young mothers on the proper etiquette of handling and raising a wild West hero.

Even movie stars have felt the touch of Hugh's *Wyatt Earp* and his fabulous popularity, right in their own homes. Not long ago, Dick Powell played a sheriff in a bad-guy, good-guy saga. His children, Pam and young Richard, watched the film with great interest. Then, over a post-cinema ice cream soda, they launched into a detailed criticism of Dick's performance as a western sheriff.

"Wait a minute," Dick grinned. "What makes you kids such experts?"

With mild scorn, Pam and Richard informed their Dad that they'd seen a *real* sheriff, so they knew how it was done.

The real sheriff? Hugh O'Brian, of course. Shortly thereafter, Hugh received some fan mail from two of Hollywood's most famous stars, Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson.

The situation in which Hugh finds himself during his third year as the hero of television's most popular western program, is practically unique—a popularity that cuts across all boundaries.

"Contrary to the popular notion, my audience is composed largely of adults, many of them women who are particularly susceptible to the *Wyatt Earp* brand of hero," says Hugh. Kids are, of course, wildly adoring of him, but only thirty-five percent of his audience is composed of children. They exert a big influence on their folks, however, as is shown by an incident that happened this year at a celebrity-spangled television awards dinner.

Vice-President Richard Nixon, representing President Eisenhower, was handing out the awards, and the tall, lean cowboy star accepted his. As he shook hands with Mr. Nixon and murmured a few grateful words into the microphone, the Vice-President turned to the audience and said, "I've just returned from an extensive tour of Europe, where I have met and spoken to many great rulers and statesmen. But nothing that happened to me on that tour is going to impress my kids half as much as the fact that I shook hands with *Wyatt Earp*."

This extraordinary nation-wide worship prompts the question: What has Hugh O'Brian got that fascinates women of all ages, and men from the kindergarten to the Vice-Presidency? His success has been one of the most instantaneous in entertainment history. Even Hopalong Cassidy took some years to become a household word.

Examining the elements of the phe-

nomenon known as Hugh O'Brian, one comes up with some fairly unusual qualities. Hugh is extremely tall and slender, whereas most cowboy stars have been rather big and burly. He moves with the grace of a dancer, something Hugh is very proud of; he works hard at dancing (something no cowboy of the past would ever have admitted); and, along with the fact that he plays the personification of Old-West virtue, there is a quality that Hugh projects with his glinting blue eyes and his lean jutting jaw that can only be described as *menace*.

A dancer's grace and an air of smoldering danger, are surely strange equipment for a cowboy hero. Yet, as personified by Hugh O'Brian, they have led to an entirely new concept of western heroics. "Strange things happen nowadays in western movies and TV," says Hugh. "Cowboys kiss girls instead of horses; they speak dialogue that's a lot more interesting and literate than 'Yup.' In fact, they generally seem like real human beings with human weaknesses, and problems, but with that extra heroic gift for the swift draw or the sudden burst of courage that induces hero-worship." And the general opinion seems to be that Hugh O'Brian and *Wyatt Earp* led the way.

Not many of his adoring fans are aware of the fact that Hugh's big break in the movies came from his roles as a villain! When asked about this fantastic switch Hugh grins broadly. "It's true," he says. "I was under contract to Universal for three years. And for three long years I was a heavy. Why, during the filming of the first fifteen *Wyatt Earp* shows, every time there was a gun battle, my instinct was to fall down at the end of the shooting. I had to keep reminding myself that I was

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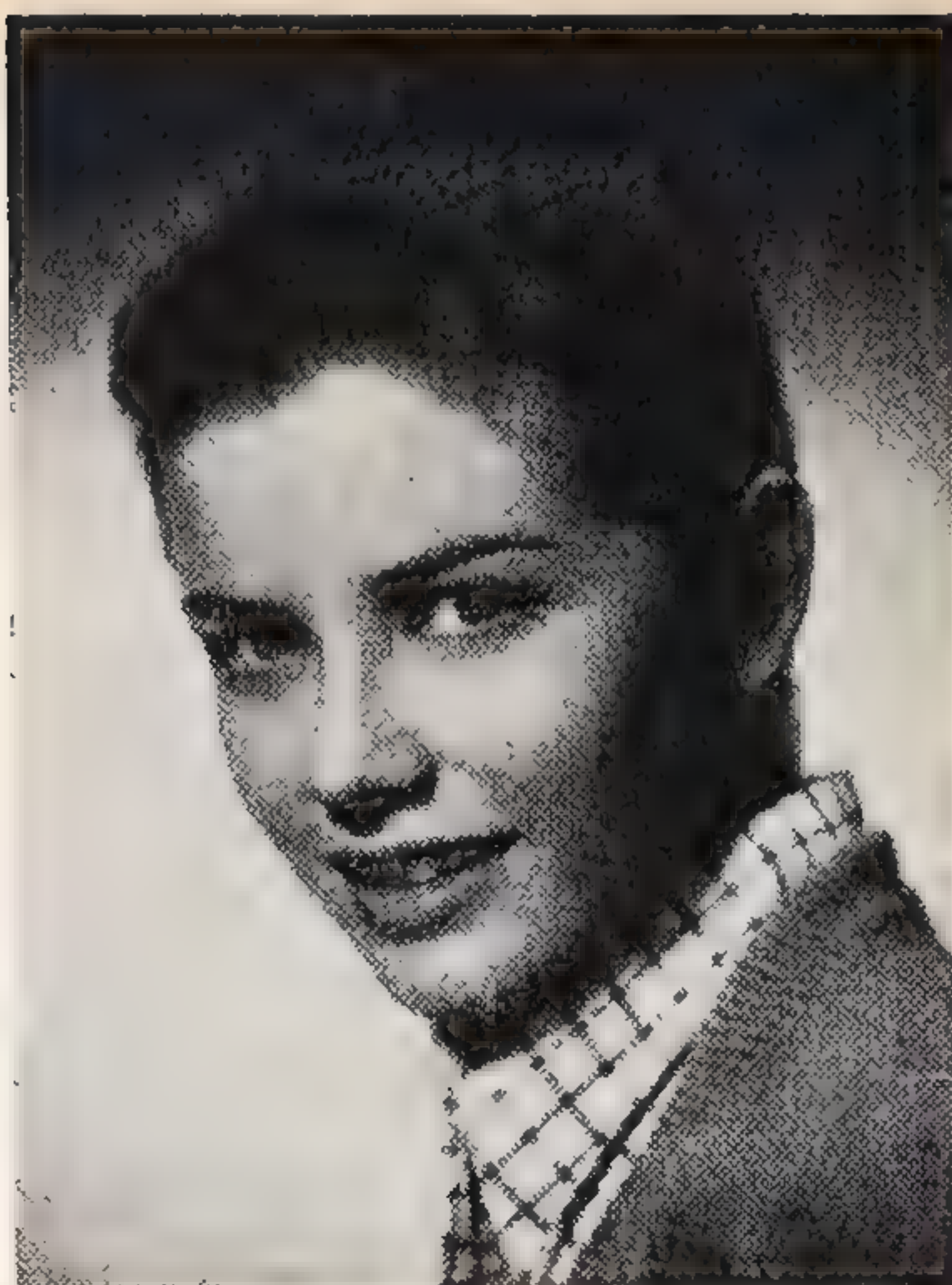


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the hero and that now I get to live after the shooting's over."

One associate of Hugh's feels part of his secret is that he's retained some of that sharp edge of menace which came from walking through a thousand swinging doors into a thousand barrooms, gunning for a thousand heroes. Even though he's no longer a villain, it is that slight bad-guy style applied to the playing of a real good-guy that makes him so attractive to his fans—especially his women fans.

But why didn't that raw, sharp-eyed attractiveness combine to make him a movie star during his three years at Universal?

"It's hard to say," Hugh shrugs good-naturedly. "I got quite a bit of fan mail in spite of the kind of roles I was playing. But for real stardom I think what you need is a prominent sympathetic role in a good picture. One without the other won't do the trick. A good part in a bad movie or vice versa leads nowhere."

What about the report that Hugh gets more fan mail than some movie stars with twenty or more years of stardom behind them? "I don't call it fan mail," Hugh says to this. "I call it 'friend' mail, the same as I call the fan clubs friend clubs. I'd rather have a friend than a fan; that way, it seems to me, there's less distance between you. I enjoy my relationship with the fans." He rubbed his chin reflectively. "Unlike some stars who give you the feeling they wouldn't give their fans the right time of day, I'd rather smile than scowl, any day. I'll tell you something," he continued. "There isn't too much difference between movie and TV fans. Women, for example, have always worshipped movie heroes, and apparently they still use the same emotions in their feelings for stars they see on TV." (Hugh gets as much mail addressed to Wyatt Earp as to Hugh O'Brian.)

"They're just as loyal to both kinds of stars. After all, you step up to the boxoffice of a movie house, plunk down money and walk into a big darkened theatre and you kind of expect a fabulous, God-like figure on the screen. But television has a little different flavor. People are allowing you into their homes. You're a friend—" Hugh laughed wryly, "or an enemy, for that matter. But if they like you, it's a friend type relationship. And if you're going to be in their home that often, then you'd just better have a variety of talents."

"I'm hoping to study an instrument; I'm not sure which one, as yet. And I'm working hard on my dancing and singing. In fact, they're going to come in handy when I go back to movie acting—which is practically immediately." Although closely associated with *Earp*, Hugh is anxious for a little more variety. "I have seen too many people who have become associated with a certain character sink into oblivion when the public loses interest," he observes.

"I might be playing the life story of Billy Hill. He was the fellow who wrote 'Wagon Wheels' and a lot of great western standards. A musical—that's just what it will be. A musical biography. In color at that, with bodies hitting the dust."

And what about the rumors of Hugh getting the girl, for good, in real life?

"All I want from the woman I marry," he reflects, "is someone who will be a wonderful companion for about sixty years or so. Whether she's a movie star or not, I'll tell you this: I'd like her to be understanding of show business. That's so she'll be able to appreciate what

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you're up against and take things with a grain of salt.

"It's hard to say about two careers in a family," he continued. "It's rough, of course, but I've seen some marriages like that which are real happy," he paused a moment. "... Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, for one. They're a great couple. Or Debbie and Eddie. Those are some of the good examples. For the bad ones, you don't need me. You've got the divorce records.

"I guess I'm like any other guy," he said. "If I married a performer, I'd expect her to give up her career to make a home for us. I certainly wouldn't mind if she worked now and then (talent has to have expression), but it would have to be an avocation. You see, I think marriage should be a woman's vocation, basically.

"But to be honest with you, I really don't think, at this point, anyway, that I will ever marry a movie star. There's a girl in New York I like very much. Her name is Dorothy Bracken. She's a wonderful girl, a nonprofessional and I think she would make a wonderful wife. You know, my mother and father had a deeply happy marriage until the death of my mother, and when I marry, it will be for keeps."

Hugh adored his mother, and more than likely the girl he marries will be like her. His mother's death has been a great tragedy in Hugh's life. One Christmas, Hugh decided to go home to Rochester for a visit with his folks. He was excited for he had bought a plane ticket, which would bring his mother back to Hollywood with him for the premiere of his first picture, "Young Lovers." Christmas Eve, with the family all together, was wonderful. But by the following morning, Christmas Day, Hugh's mother was gone; she had died in her sleep.

As a little boy, Hugh had always been encouraged by his mother in anything creative he'd tried. "My father never wanted me to be an actor—but my mother told me that if this was what I wanted out of life she was with me. She lived just long enough to know I was launched on a career."

Hugh was silent for a long moment. He stood, unconsciously buckling the gunbelt he would need for the shooting of the next scene.

One of the biggest thrills of Hugh's career was when stars like Spencer Tracy, Bob Mitchum and Van Heflin began to come up to him at parties, strike up a conversation and ask for an autograph for their son or daughter or nephew, and express their own admiration for him.

"The first time this happened," says Hugh, "all I could think of was Spencer Tracy in some of the fabulous western roles he'd played. And Bob Mitchum as a cowboy hero in his early pictures. This was high praise from—to use a western phrase—the horse's mouth."

While there is no doubt that the time is at hand for Hugh O'Brian to take his rightful place as a movie star, he feels that the enormous exposure week after week on television will not hinder his popularity in movies.

"After all," commented Hugh, "assuming I've made a lot of friends in a lot of homes all over the country, as Wyatt Earp, I figure maybe they'll want to see me on a giant screen in a theater as well as in their living rooms. After all, if you had a friend who was a movie star, wouldn't you go to the movies to see him?"

I guess you would—especially if the friend were Hugh O'Brian. THE END

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# YOU DON'T KNOW ANN BLYTH

Continued from page 25

had just begun. Howls of anguish went up from Blyth fans across the country. "Don't do it, Ann," they pleaded. "Let others play the tramps and alcoholics—we don't want you in those roles." Skeptics took a different view. "Little Miss Sweetness and Light as Helen Morgan? Don't make me laugh," hooted one critic. "Keep her in the featherweight comedies and frothy musicals—that's where she belongs."

But Ann is standing her ground. "I'm getting out of this rut once and for all. I'm an actress, and I want roles in which I'll be able to give a performance. And I'll fight for them if I have to!" To put it briefly, the little lady has her Irish up and is showing a firmness well-concealed all these years by the blanket of sweet virtue and unruffled poise which has all but smothered her, professionally.

Hollywood has always been of two minds about Ann. Reflecting the majority—those who took what they saw at face value—one top male star begged out of a co-starring assignment with Ann, ex-

cusing himself with, "I have all the respect in the world for her—don't get me wrong. It's just that she's so nice she makes me nervous." This is the "nobody raises his voice on the set because Ann's here" school of thinking. Then there is a smaller group of friends and intimates—those who have seen behind the front, who know the real Ann Blyth and who wish fervently that this popular image would just go off and die somewhere.

"Sure she's nice," replies one of them. "And that's as it should be. Let's hope the world never gets too small for simple decency. But there's a lot more to it than that."

"Ann has been happily married for almost five years now, has two children and shortly expects another. All the rich experiences of marriage and motherhood have been hers. And a tough childhood and early show business experience taught her to keep her emotions well under control. To enclose yourself in an iron discipline like that takes guts. Believe me, if Ann ever gets a role in which she can really lift the lid off and go to town—watch out!" And if ever there was such a role, Helen Morgan is it.

Tragic Helen—who perched on her piano, enthralled millions with her soulful chants and lived a life far sadder than any blues she ever sang. Her adopted baby was taken from her when its mother

threatened to go to court and paint Helen as a lush with loose morals. Her five-year affair with a married movie magnate ended in heartbreak—the forerunner of a string of loves that ended badly. They brought her to trial for violating prohibition.

In and out of hospitals, she was sunk deeply into alcoholism. The lady who'd made over a million died penniless. "Helen left a fortune," her husband remarked. "A fortune in friends." And this is the woman—with all her artistry, her virtues and flaws, her heart and heartaches—that Ann Blyth must bring to life on the screen.

"It's a tough role for Ann—it would be tough for anyone," observes a veteran producer. "But what a lot of people forget is that Ann is a veteran with twenty-four years of show business behind her. And I don't mean a few jobs as a kid star, then fifteen years out for schooling, then a comeback. Ann and greasepaint have been steady partners for twenty-four years. At a time when other little five-year-olds are mostly concerned with whether they'll start first grade this year or next, Ann made her debut on New York radio."

"I remember her very well," reminisces Mrs. Peters of Peters Restaurant on Manhattan's Second Avenue. "She was a little sweetheart, just like other girls her age except for one thing: She was really crazy about spaghetti. And it was a good thing too. For sometimes she'd want to be out playing with the other kids, but there'd be a radio performance to give, or singing and dancing lessons to go to. Ann couldn't understand why she couldn't spend more time with some of her neighborhood chums, and she'd rebel. Then spaghetti became a strategic necessity. A plate of her favorite dish somehow helped to ease the disappointments."

"A few years ago, she came in with a woman from the studio," continues Mrs. Peters, pointing proudly to pictures of the occasion, "and she stood up and announced, 'This is where you get the best spaghetti in New York.' Ann's always been someone very special to us. She and her mother and sister Dorothy lived in a fourth-floor flat right around the corner here on East 49th Street. They were very nice, very ordinary people."

"Ordinary is right," remarks a neighbor. "I can remember seeing her come flying in from school, tear up the stairs and fling her schoolbooks on the bed. Then her mother would dress her in a simple but clean and pretty little frock, fix those lovely dark curls back with a blue ribbon, and together they'd run out to catch a bus or a trolley. More than likely they'd be trying to be on time for a performance or an audition, and there wasn't the money for taxis."

"What money they had was partially contributed by Ann. It's amazing when you think of it, but Ann's been helping to support a household ever since she was five. A lot of us knew that her parents separated when Ann was a baby, but she never mentioned it. Often a broken home can really throw a child off balance. But Ann just accepted things as they were and made the best of them. She had a serious-mindedness rare in one so young."

That's the way she's remembered at New York's Professional Children's School. "At one point, Ann got a reputation for not talking to anyone," remembers Miss Barnshaw, the School's secretary. "And I said to myself, 'I'll soon see about this.' So when I passed her in the corridor, I'd make a point of saying, 'Hello, Ann.' And she'd always reply very sweetly. We gradually came to know her as a shy,



Caught offguard: Between their own "takes" and those of their respective toddlers, Master Peter Douglas and Miss Kelly Curtis, who make their film debuts in "The Vikings," parents Kirk Douglas and Janet Leigh spoof on Scandinavian location



quiet and timid girl, pretty much absorbed in her work. Besides, when she wasn't studying, her mother—a dear little woman with a lilting Irish brogue—would usually be at the school to take her to some audition or appointment. Ann was so self-effacing, however, that the principal wondered aloud, 'Whatever does he see in her?' the day director Herman Shumlin spotted her in the cafeteria and picked her to play in 'Watch On The Rhine.'

"I knew she wasn't very experienced," explains Mr. Shumlin. "But she had a quality of wholesomeness that the part required. The play's family had a strong filial affection for each other, and Ann reflected this beautifully. All of us loved her, and though she was shy, sometimes we'd persuade her to sing for us. That was always a treat."

Never a whiz educationally, Ann's grades really took a turn for the worse when the play went on tour and she was required to do correspondence work between performances. "Ann is failing in English," or "Ann needs to work harder in algebra" were among the reports the school sent to her mother. But, as with most aspects of a normal childhood, any scholastic honors she might have attained were likewise sacrificed to the demands of the theatre. Besides, she was getting an education of a different type, since the play toured every principal city in the country. In Washington, a thrilled and nervous fourteen-year-old curtsied low after a command performance for the Roosevelts, and later had dinner at the White House. In Los Angeles, Universal put her under contract.

It's hard to see why, after two years in mediocre musicals, Director Michael Curtiz chose Ann to play in "Mildred Pierce." Like Shumlin, he must have seen something that he was looking for—but at the opposite extreme. Ann's role was that of a despicable little creature who bled her mother for all she was worth and then seduced her own stepfather. It was a new low in nastiness, and Ann's expert portrayal earned her a nomination for a supporting Oscar, making her the youngest actress ever to be so honored. Three weeks after the film was completed, Ann went tobogganing with friends.

"It was a beautiful, crisp winter's evening," recalls a studio technician who was among the party, "and everyone was in high good spirits. We were all happy about the wonderful break for Ann, and some of us even teased her about it, with jibes like 'What a wicked woman we have here!' and 'You've been holding out on us.' She took it all in good fun, and came back with some spirited cracks to match ours.

"Then, on this particular ride, we hurtled down the slope, turned a particularly sharp curve, and there was a scream. Ann had been flung out into the darkness, and when we'd managed to stop the toboggan, and scramble back up the hill, we found her twisted up like a pretzel. At the hospital, the doctors gave us the bad news. A broken back. It meant seven months in bed, and seven more in a steel cast."

It was almost a knockout punch, career-wise, but Ann gritted her teeth and, as in the past, turned for comfort and strength to a faith solidly rooted in the parochial schools of her childhood. It stood by her when, near the end of her convalescence, the mother who had been with her every step of the way was fatally stricken with cancer. And there, substantially, you have the story.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO. . . . . The May Company  
or write, Gutman-Lann Glove Co., Inc.  
244 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Haymaker glamourgams

write, Haymaker Sports, Inc.  
498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Katten fur accessories

bag and wallet only  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . . John Wanamaker  
or write Walter Katten Inc.  
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### Kleinert's accessories

NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . . Lord and Taylor  
WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . . Woodward & Lothrop  
or write, I. B. Kleinert's Rubber Co.  
485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Mickey alligator belt

write, Mickey Belts, Inc.  
389 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Oomphies Slippers

write, Oomphies, Inc.  
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Rain Dears

at good stores across the country  
or write, Luckey Sales Co., Inc.  
47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

### Rolfs wallet

NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . . Arnold Constable  
or write, Rolfs  
West Bend, Wisc.

### Ship'n Shore blouse

HOUSTON, TEXAS. . . . . Foley Brothers  
ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . . McCurdy & Co.  
or write, Ship'n Shore  
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

### Samsonite luggage

DENVER, COLO. . . . . Denver Dry Goods  
NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . . Bloomingdale Bros.  
or write, Shwayder Brothers, Inc.  
1050 So. Broadway, Denver, Colo.

### Swank men's accessories

at fine stores across the country  
or write, Swank, Inc.  
2 West 37th Street  
New York, N. Y.

### Wear-Right mittens and ear hugs

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244 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Weiss Jewelry

NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . . Arnold Constable  
WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . . Woodward & Lothrop  
or write, Albert Weiss & Co.  
15 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

accident on the eve of her greatest triumph, followed by a long period in which she was either flat on her back or semi-disabled, and finally, the death of her mother while she was still in her teens.

"Ann could have cried all over every shoulder in town, got plenty of publicity and, incidentally, had plenty of excuses for going off the deep end. And because she has accepted what life offered with faith and humility, instead of running wild like an over-age delinquent, people assume that she is incapable of giving a fully-rounded performance. Rubbish! She has known a wide variety of emotions in her private life and she should be allowed to show them on the screen." This opinion is shared by the man who chose Ann for Helen Morgan. His name? Again, Michael Curtiz.

"I'll always be grateful to Mike," Ann says. "From the time he first cast me against my type in 'Mildred Pierce,' he's never lost faith in me as an actress.

"I've discovered it's impossible to please all of the people all of the time. Some people feel I should cut down the 'sweetness and light,' while others feel I should never play a shady lady. Certainly, I don't want to make a career of playing 'scarlet women' on the screen, nor would I ever want to become identified with a series of unsavory characters. But Helen, I feel, was neither.

"She was a woman who yearned for affection in her early life and later, when great professional success came to her, it was as if she sought to buy her way into people's hearts. She was generous to the point that she would give blank checks to acquaintances in need, and she let her heart run away with her head in more important matters. She was constantly falling in love with the wrong man, but she was sincere in her love. That they weren't good for her couldn't change her feeling toward them. I don't think she had any great, driving ambition, but rather had a great loneliness which she tried to get rid of by surrounding herself with 'bought' friends. Although she had a magnificent talent, she felt insecure with it, and I think this insecurity led her finally down the alcoholic trail to where she literally drank herself to death.

"There was no meanness in Helen Morgan, only sadness. She wasn't a bad woman, but a good woman who lost her way. I've met many people who've had part of Helen Morgan in them, particularly in Hollywood. People who have that same loneliness, that same insecurity, people without an anchor, without a faith who have plenty of money to buy whatever they need or want except the things that money can't buy—love and friends. I feel sorry for these people, just as I felt sorry for Helen Morgan—but I don't call them bad.

"One thing that's been a great help," she confides, growing very thoughtful, "is my marriage. My new-found roles of wife and mother have added immeasurably to my understanding of this part of life that I'd only been able to observe as an outsider until that wonderful day in 1953 when I married Jim. I feel better equipped to play a full-rounded woman, now that in my own life I've found the true meaning of being a woman. Which is another reason I'm so happy about this role. For the past few years, I've decorated a lot of tinsel-like musicals with characters as deep as a saucer. I haven't had the opportunity to use this new understanding of what it means to be a woman, what it means to love and be loved in return.

"We don't dwell too long or too brutally on the rougher aspects of Helen's life. Mike Curtiz felt, and I believe

rightly so, that if it were a choice between entertainment quality or just piling on stark reality, the former should be chosen. After all, no one motion picture can really do full justice to a person's life. How can it, when often the person doesn't do justice to himself?"

Since "good" people are popularly supposed to be without a sense of humor, nobody expects Ann to see the funny side of life. That she has a keen Irish wit and a lively appreciation of a good joke comes as a complete surprise. But it's there, always lurking behind her snapping blue eyes.

"I know everybody's going to think the drunk scenes were the toughest for me," she says with a grin. "They weren't! People don't realize that, for an actress, a good drunk scene is an emotional field day. You can sort of let out all your stops, and the danger is in going overboard and getting too 'drunk.' It's up to the director to keep you from doing that. I've never been drunk in my life—but I've observed the condition a few times! So I just put my imagination to work, on my observations, and I was able to do the scenes quite easily.

"The toughest scenes for me," she says, seriously, "were at the beginning when Helen was a seventeen-year-old. It's difficult to play a convincing teenager with all the dreams, emotional ups and downs, quick changes of temper that are part of all teenagers.

"One amusing thing happened," she chuckles. "We were shooting the carnival scenes, where Helen first appears, as a hula dancer. I was on an outside stage, in the carnival setting, doing the hula. In the midst of my hula, it was supposed to rain, and the other girls were supposed to scatter. I was to stay on the platform continuing to dance in the rain. During several rehearsals, everything went fine, the studio-made rain falling just when and where it should. However, when we started filming the scene, a real rainstorm came up suddenly, and threw everyone into panic. Mike Curtiz yelled 'Cut! Cut! We'll have to shoot our rain scene when it stops raining!'"

Looking back over her Hollywood years, Ann comments: "I've felt that my professional life has been in a rut—a comfortable one, mind you, for the past several years. I think 'Helen Morgan' will take me out of that rut, and I'm very happy to leave it. An actress shouldn't get too comfortable in her professional life—she's liable to get lazy and won't fight for the roles she wants and won't fight against those she doesn't want. I'm free of all studio commitments for the first time since I arrived in Hollywood. I can choose the roles I want, and if I want them badly enough, I'll fight for them, just as I did for 'Helen Morgan.' I hope though that I'll be offered three-dimensional roles from now on. But I'm determined not to accept any picture in which I don't feel I'll be able to give a performance. I'm not going to get back in that rut again.

"It may shock some people, but I can honestly say that 'Helen Morgan' is my favorite role," says Ann with a laugh. "Of course, that could be because it's the one I've just done! But seriously, I'm grateful to have the chance at last to show that I have developed as a woman and I'm not just an empty goody-goody. And I hope that this role will lead my career into new and exciting channels."

We hope so, too.

THE END

CHRISTMAS COVER GIRL:  
**DEBBIE REYNOLDS**

On newsstands December 5th



# GOD'S GREATEST GIFT TO ME

Continued from page 50

story—not merely because it answers the question, but because it turned out to be one of the most heart-warming and intelligent discussions of a controversial subject that we have ever read:

Several months ago, at a large party, I was drawn away from the general group by an acquaintance whom I hadn't seen for a long time. She had always taken an intense interest in my adopted family, and had murmured at some length about how wonderful she thought it must be to have three daughters and a son, and how she wished that she had children.

She took one of my hands, looked anxiously and searchingly into my eyes and asked, "You've been through it, so you can help me more than anyone, can't you? Tell me: exactly what are the problems involved in adopting children? What ought I do to prepare myself for, and what warnings do you think I should be given so that I might avoid mistakes?"

I told her, as kindly as possible, "If you can ask questions like that, it seems to me that you must feel more apprehension than joy about becoming a mother. If you were to bear a child, I don't imagine you would start by worrying over the problems to be presented by a teenager, and I've seldom seen a natural mother preparing formula and fretting over what mistakes lay in her future attempts to rear her child. Unless you can enter into adoption proceedings with the same spirit of quiet confidence, reliance upon the general goodness of life, and simple trust in the future that go with the garden variety of parenthood, you aren't ready to take a child into your home."

She uttered a small, wistful laugh and said, "But suppose, when I do get the child, I don't like it, or it doesn't like me. Suppose it's an unattractive baby?"

This rather foolish query reminded me of the day my Christina was placed in my arms. I had known for several months that she was to be mine. At the adoption agencies, I had been assured of the family backgrounds of a series of babies who were to be born and whose parents, for one reason or another, were not going to be able to keep them.

When I read the history of the baby who was to become Christina, I stopped. "This is mine," I said. "I needn't look further. I understand everything about this child."

Boy or girl, it did not matter. I had found my first-born.

The last few weeks of waiting were almost as endless as those spent by a natural mother. I had prepared the nursery far earlier than was necessary and I had bought enough clothing to swaddle a dozen children.

Finally the day came and I rushed to meet my daughter. "You have a fine little girl," I had been told. I held her in my arms, a wiggling pink organism without hair, without teeth, without much interest in anything except food.

"She's the homeliest mite I've ever seen in my life," I murmured, knowing that I was beaming upon her like a full moon. "And she's mine, all mine. My daughter, Christina Crawford."

It would have been impossible to convey the magic of that moment, many years ago, to my friend in the midst of the present rather confused evening. I said, rather inadequately I knew, "Possibly you

haven't given much thought to the need of adults for children, and the need of children for a home. I think we should talk about it at some other time."

What I really wanted to say was, "Never hesitate to adopt one child, or half a dozen if you can give them love, a home, and—as a result of those two conditions—a secure position in a community."

I've thought about this a great deal, but it came home to me more strongly than ever recently, while I was making "The Golden Virgin." Of course, the adoption situation in the picture was very unusual, but the basic feelings of the mother and the child are always the same. Playing mother to that fine young English actress, Heather Sears, I felt very close to the part, and to this lovely girl, who does such great work in the film that I've been singing her praises like a real proud mama.

I don't profess to be anything approaching an expert on the subject, but I'm always happy to add my small voice to the thunder of the experts who say that every child needs to be loved by a mother in the fullest sense of the word (not by a matron, or a superintendent, or any of the usually noble women who try to fulfill the heart demands of thirty to a hundred youngsters); that a child needs to grow up in a home in which he feels that he has a personal stake, whether that house has four rooms or forty; and that a child needs to grow up in a neighborhood where there are other children living in families, where there are adults in the neighbor category so that property rights and community cooperation can be learned—not in an institution where all experience, necessarily, is limited.

Finally, I believe that a child needs to grow up as nearly free of fear as is possible in this world of ours; an orphanage, because of its inescapably varying condition, is a breeding ground for all manner of fears.

Naturally, some fright is with us always



OSCAR BAIT: Joanne Woodward, dancing with Bob Quarry, may dance off with Award for "Three Faces of Eve"

in greater or lesser degree, depending upon the state of nations and our own states of mind, but the fear of "not belonging"—one of the most destructive, we are told by psychologists—should be spared all children. It is the fear that walks the corridors of institutions at night, and looks in through the windows on Christmas Eve.

Like any mother these days, I've studied my job; I've found that, in spite of all the criticism they have taken and all the lampooning they have suffered, psychologists are excellent teachers, and that their findings—personalized and mixed with ordinary common sense which will apply the proper theory to the proper state of development—can be invaluable guideposts for mothers.

It appears to be a psychological truth that a child, in order to develop a balanced personality, should live in an atmosphere providing four things: response, recognition, security, and new experiences.

The word "response" in this usage merely means the provided opportunity for the child to express his emotional nature and to experience love in return. Love untrammelled, unmodified, untinged with duty. The compassion of even the best-intentioned head of an institution, overworked, over-pressured, and underpaid as she usually is, cannot supply the individual sense of belonging and the interchange of response that a child needs.

Sometimes this business of "response" takes an unexpected turn. When Christina was in intermediate school I picked her up one afternoon to take her to the dentist's. En route she was so preoccupied that I knew something was disturbing her. When I asked if she were afraid, she seemed surprised, and said no.

"You've been taking me to the dentist for years and you've never asked me that before," she said. "You just don't expect me to be afraid, do you?"

I told her no again, and explained that, after her dental surgery (for which she was to be hospitalized) I would be with her until she emerged from the anesthetic. Then I would have to rush to Christopher's school to be on hand to cheer during his competition in the swimming meet. After that, I would be back at the hospital.

"I understand," Christina said. "If Christopher were the one in the hospital, and I were the one in the swimming meet, you'd leave him long enough to watch me, wouldn't you? Well, that's fair." And the sun came out again.

A child must have recognition. "You've drawn a beautiful tree, darling. Now, could you draw a house with a red door?" does more for a budding Corot than a year of art instruction. It is an easy matter for a mother, natural or adoptive, to supply this need and in so doing to help the child find himself and his aptitudes.

Yet impartiality is an essential of institutions, so each child must be praised equally. That being the case, the adept child, being brought up in even the best-managed orphanage is likely to conclude that there is little point in exerting himself when his tree, which he can see is quite good, is praised equally with Bobby's, although Bobby's work looks as if a tornado had just passed by. Discouragement and frustration are the lot of the child who can't be given specific, interested, personalized attention.

A great many people have asked me, from time to time, about Christopher's well-publicized flights from school. In every case, his trouble has stemmed from the problem of recognition. Christopher wants to excel at everything.

He is big for his age and muscular, so it has always been easy for him to play



football on the first team. That fact has always kept him happy through the fall months despite the annoyances of history, math, and English.

Because of his height, he has usually been able to win a place for himself on the basketball team, and he swims like a dolphin, so the winter and summer athletic areas have always been periods of ease and accomplishment. However, between basketball season and the season of the swan dive, comes an aggravation known as baseball. Christopher has diamond trouble.

Every time he has failed to make the team, or having made the team has turned in a poor batting performance, he has taken off for parts unknown.

I've never told Christopher that he is inclined to get steamed up over unimportant things, because, to him, baseball is of crucial importance. I have pointed out what a fright he has given me as a result of each departure, how much trouble he has caused the officers who searched for him, and how much embarrassment he has brought to his school.

Then, one day (all mothers, adoptive or otherwise, learn by trial and error), I realized that recognition was Christopher's trouble. He *had* to make his mark. Ambition, in general, is a laudable trait, but when carried too far it can fill a human life with misery because no one can win all the time in everything.

I've always been able to reach Christopher through his wonderful sense of humor, so the next time I took the twins to the zoo, we invited Christopher to go along. I made it a point to take plenty of time at the monkey cage, and I said to Chris, "How would you like to compete against that gym team?"

He said a guy would be crazy to try. After all, *that* competition was talented.

"In this case the talent is easy to see," I said. "Sometimes it's invisible, but it's there just the same. Each of us is gifted, each in his own way, but *nobody* has every gift that can be handed out to a human being."

Chris said something about not trying out for gymnastics, but I knew—from his wonderful grin—that I had put over my point. More important, we now have a point of reference so that when things go wrong for Chris I can always remind him that perhaps he was competing against monkeys.

I think there is one more important fact that should be mentioned about this. It makes me ill to think what would have happened to Chris if he had run away repeatedly from an orphanage. When a boy runs away from his own home—shades of Tom Sawyer—his family takes it in stride and works to get at the root of the decamping urge.

When a lad condemned to grow up under well-intentioned but hard-pressed institutional supervision, because of the refusal of some relative to sign the necessary papers to make him adoptable, does exactly the same thing, he is headed for "delinquency" labeling.

A child's third great need is security. One of the most abused words, "security" has very little to do with money. I've been told that during World War II, doctors found that the most secure group, in terms of mental and emotional stability, were boys brought up on farms.

On the average farm, cash is often scarce (in spite of the Cadillacs of Texas), but an early sense of security is established by the orderly progress of the seasons, by the rhythm of growing things, by early responsibility imposed by the need of crops and domestic animals for proper care.

Not all children can be brought up in the country, but all children—removed from institutions—can be supplied with the solid foundation of an ordered life. They can be made responsible for household tasks and for pets (even if Mother has to feed the puppy, the kitten, the birds and the fish when small memories fail).

They can be taught family pride and loyalty in a hundred different ways, one of which is the old familiar method: "We don't do that in our family." "We don't say such things in our home." "Help your sister, dear—she needs you."

I was once asked how one welds a family out of a group of adopted children, and I was surprised, because how could it be different from an ordinary group? No baby is born with a sense of relationship; he has to be taught family attitudes and human associations.

Of course, I imagine this was easier for our group than for some because Christina and Christopher resemble one another so strongly; both are sunny blondes with bright complexions and blue eyes. Cathy

and Cindy are fraternal twins, and Cindy is the sort who quickly finds identification with her surroundings, being an adjustable type. She said with some pride the other day, "I've got buckles all over my nose, just like Mommy's."

"Buckles," in case you are mystified, are freckles, and she's right. We're both well-buckled!

Security has another aspect, it seems to me. Each of us seeks a framework for his life. The framework is made up of personal habits and intellectual attitudes, and ideally, never grows too rigid to allow for expansion.

It is natural for children to test this framework. Naughtiness is sometimes only a checking of barriers to discover where they are, and how strong.

I've always made rules for my children, being careful to explain them in general and to point out why our particular family laws have been enacted. When a rule is broken once, the culprit is permitted to select his punishment out of a posted list, and chooses a loss of some privilege like television viewing (a closely regulated 'sport' in our home in any case).

The second infraction is considered much more serious because a bad pattern may be forming. The second punishment is always calculated to make the rule-breaking seem very, very unattractive; sometimes weekends must be spent at home without guests, or an early-to-bed hour must be observed for a week.

Also, there have been times when I have turned a child across my knee and administered a sound spanking. I believe that sometimes tension is built up in a child to a pitch at which an actual physical blowing off of steam is a healthy thing. The woman's "good cry," or the male inclination to wrap a golf club around a tree, are adult versions of the same sort of emotional explosion.

The learning of ethical rules is also a vital part of security. Along that line I remember when Christina, in a scandalized tone, once confided (after I had taken a vow of secrecy which I have never violated, because honor cannot be learned by the young unless it is practiced by their elders) that a certain naughtiness had taken place at school.

Candidly, the prank was fairly routine and slightly humorous; certainly not to be approved, but not terrible. Still, Christina had made a big thing of it, and it was clear that she expected her mother to be appalled. Quickly I expressed shocked regret, assuming the role expected of me.

A few weeks later the framework paid off. Accidentally I overheard Christina refusing an invitation extended by one of her girlfriends to whom I was not partial. "I'm so pleased that you thought of me," said Christina courteously, "and I'm sorry to have to refuse, but I know how Mother would feel about it. No, I won't even ask her. She'd be horrified because she just doesn't believe in doing things that way."

I've never known what it was that would have horrified me, but I was thankful that I had outlined a social stone wall that served my eldest daughter well when she needed its protection.

Self-reliance is, of course, another vital part of security. Christopher was born with a sturdy masculine sense of having to stand on his own two feet and fend for himself, but self-reliance in the feminine gender is a more nebulous quality.

However, it has always seemed to me that one of the things every woman should be able to do, and do superbly, is to prepare a wholesome and palatable meal and to set it up quickly and efficiently.

We live in a day of vanishing household



## I saved my MARRIAGE

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help, so it is becoming more and more important for a girl to become a culinary expert, to develop a sort of cooking-second-nature, in order to have enough spare time and strength to participate in the hundreds of creative activities now open to women.

Christina, because of her cooking experience at home, got a good deal out of last year's trip to Switzerland. She is entirely capable of putting together a delightful dinner for six.

Even Cathy and Cindy are able to set a delicious breakfast on the table for the family, with everything coming out even—toast piping, coffee steaming, bacon hot and crisp, eggs done to a turn, and butter, jam, sugar, cream ready to be passed.

I think it was Cindy who squinted along the tabletop one morning and observed with satisfaction, "Everything's hot at once. Good for me."

All my fussing, fuming, instructing, cajoling and encouraging paid rich dividends in those two sentences.

Finally, we are told that a child needs new experience, and that a humdrum existence hampers intellectual growth, and stultifies the imagination.

I've been fortunate in being able to provide a wide range of experience for my quartet. They have traveled in the States, they have been given every sort of athletic instruction. Also, since my marriage to Alfred we've taken them to France, Italy and Switzerland.

That reminds me: a few weeks ago I went riding with Christina and Christopher. In the midst of a rambling conversation, Christopher abruptly fixed his gaze on my stubbornly cheerful face and exclaimed, "Mother, you're afraid of your horse!"

I confessed, "I've always been afraid of horses. This one is no worse than the rest!"

"You mean you've gone riding with us all these years, and you were afraid every step of the way?" he gasped.

I said that, well, they had to learn to ride, and I would have been a fine mother if I had permitted my terrors to interfere.

"You don't ever have to ride again," he said with authority. "All of us ride and like it, so there isn't any need for you to go on suffering, so there."

New experiences are healthy for adults, too. Imagine *not* having to ride a horse again—ever, and suddenly finding oneself protected by one's young son!

I thought then, as I have thought countless times, that—for me—going through life without having children would have been insupportable. I have used the phrase "having children" advisedly, because "having children" is a condition not satisfied merely by giving them birth. Having children consists of teaching them, and learning from them, loving them and being loved in return, enjoying them, and being exasperated by them, being without illusion about them and yet seeing in them the shining vanguard of the future.

I can only say to any couple wanting children, but unable to have their own, that this country will not have fulfilled its obligation to its youngsters until *not one normal child of any age* is living in an orphanage.

And, finally, no one should hesitate to adopt a child, because any thinking person must see clearly that just as it is God who sends the natural child, so it is God—working in His mysterious ways—who bestows the adopted child on those fortunate enough to be entrusted with such a gift. It is the greatest gift anyone can ever receive.

THE END



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# A HANDFUL OF QUARTERS

Continued from page 27

tough life. He was only about fifteen, but he looked much older. He lived alone and made his living from a newspaper route. He sent money to his folks, too, the fellows said.

Why did he do this crazy thing? Was he trying to buy recognition and friendship that he didn't have? Was it a gesture of frustration and defiance, directed at the thing that had made his life miserable—lack of money? Was he getting some kind of bitter satisfaction in seeing the others act like little monsters? I still don't know.

But one thing I do know—the reason that incident is so significant to me. That was the day I started to think.

I know that this awareness of life and its meaning, this beginning of finding the answers to the questions, "Who am I?" "What am I going to do with my life?" "What does life mean?" is something that comes to every teenager, in varying degrees. It is not a happy state. It can be pretty painful.

Many people say that the teenage years are the happiest. They think of them as being carefree, full of fun. I don't agree. I don't think that any years are the best, or the worst. Every year brings its own problems.

I certainly wouldn't be so presumptuous as to set myself up as a spokesman on teenage problems. I don't feel that I have the maturity or experience for that. I'm still trying to find the answers. All I can do is speak from my own experience, as a person, and of what I have learned from study, and from some of the roles I've played.

I was always a loner. Even as a baby, my mother says, I was perfectly happy when I was by myself. So, when I became a child actor and got my schooling from a studio tutor instead of in a regular school with other children, I didn't feel deprived. In fact, I had some wonderful teachers who gave me much more personal attention than I would have had elsewhere. And I had a wonderful home life. My mother did everything possible to give my brother Guy and me a happy childhood, and we were very close. Guy is two years older than I, and took the place of the playmates I didn't have. He's married now, lives in Oakland and has two children, but we're still very close. I remember being a bit envious of Guy when

my mother bought him a horse, even though he let me ride it. I realize now that it was a wise move on her part. It was at the time when people made a big fuss over me because I was in movies, and she wanted to make it up to Guy.

But the fuss that he envied was something I never liked. It made me feel uncomfortable, like some kind of curiosity. I never "fitted in." I never "belonged." I was Dean Stockwell, child movie actor. It was like some kind of label. The boy, Dean Stockwell, was somebody no one knew or cared about—except my mother and Guy.

That was the tough part. The work—well, that I just accepted as something that had to be done. I simply did what I was told, and that was that.

It wasn't until I reached my teens and left the studio tutors to go to parochial school for two years, then to public high school for my last year, that I realized just how much I didn't "belong." I hated it! Oh, there were some nice girls and fellows who accepted me as one of them, but for the most part, my brand as a child actor was a barrier that made it impossible for me to be accepted. So I never took part in any school activities. I played a little tennis, but that was all.

And those schools! I suppose that's a problem that many teenagers have today. The teachers were underpaid, and the school overcrowded. Many of the teachers, possibly because of the low pay, were indifferent to the students' needs, and some totally unqualified, even from the standpoint of knowledge. There wasn't time for any personal attention. And people wonder why some teenagers don't like school, or get into trouble!

Take me, for instance. Ever since that day when I was thirteen and walked out of that YMCA, I had a great desire to learn, not only from books, but about life. But that need—which I'm sure is shared by other young people—was never met at the school, where it should have been. I was lucky to have a good home life. But what happens to all the others who don't?

When I got out of high school, I was more at a loss than ever. I knew there must be some way to end my confusion, to help me find myself. But I didn't know what. I was pretty miserable.

My work was still just that—work. When M-G-M dropped me, I didn't feel bad about it. And when they called me back for another picture, shortly after that, and I got offers from other studios, I wasn't overjoyed, either. At that point, I just didn't care.

More and more, I felt that the thing to do was to get away, to go to some place where I wasn't known as Dean Stockwell, Child Actor. I could have gone on working in movies—but that could only mean going on being miserable. So I told my mother I was quitting, because I wanted to go to Berkeley to college.

I hadn't the slightest notion about what to expect from college and, maybe, it's just as well. Because what I got was a little knowledge of psychology from the courses I took, a lot of knowledge about poker and bridge, and some knowledge about girls.

I'd never dated much—back home, I had the same old problem with girls who looked at me as an actor, not just another guy. Besides, I never liked the kind of dates where you go through all the rigmarole of dressing up, calling for the girl with flowers, going to some show or night club just for the sake of going somewhere, I still don't. I didn't like parties, either. Something in me still revolts at the prospect of a lot of people sitting around making small talk that means nothing, and I know I'm likely to behave boorishly, so I don't go.

One college experience I had certainly strengthened my feelings about that. There was a big formal college dance. I didn't have a date, there was a girl nobody had asked, so our friends paired us off. It was pretty sad. She was a nice enough girl, and maybe under different circumstances we might have enjoyed ourselves, but we were both so conscious of the way we'd met that it was impossible. We tried dancing, but neither of us were much good at it. Then, two by two, the couples started leaving. We found out some guys had taken a room in a hotel across the street and had a lot of liquor there. Everybody was over there getting stewed, while the beaming housemothers on watch at the dance didn't suspect a thing. Some party!

At the end of my first year, I decided college was not for me. But please don't get me wrong. I'm not against college. I simply didn't find what I wanted there, possibly because I still wasn't sure myself what I wanted. But I did gain a lot from the experience. The greatest thing about it, for me, was a wonderful sense of freedom. For the first time, I was able to get away from my child actor tag and be just another fellow. I could make friends and date girls. And for the first time, I got away from the sheltered familiarity of my home and the studio and learned something about life, by mixing with fellows and girls whose backgrounds were much different from my own.

I know that there are a lot of fellows, and girls, too, who go to school, get married and settle down in a comfortable groove and seem quite happy about it. But I think they miss a lot. How much can you feel and appreciate in your own life, if you know nothing of the lives of others? For this reason alone, I think a teenager can get a great deal out of going away to college. I know I did.

But it wasn't enough. I was at loose ends again—but now, there was a difference. I knew what I wanted to do. I was going to go out in the country, traveling and working at whatever jobs I could find, to learn through living, and seeing how others lived.

When I told my mother this, she wasn't too happy about it. I guess all mothers worry about their kids going out on their own. But she was great. She understood why I had to do it, and she never tried to stop me.

Exactly what happened during those three years when I was away from Hollywood, I don't care to say. These memories

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are something that I want to keep for myself, as one part of my life that belongs just to me. Besides, what happened isn't so important as what I learned from this experience.

When I set out, I had no money with me. I worked my way, as I had planned, and though I didn't leave the country, I traveled all over the United States.

Did I find what I was seeking? Definitely, yes! Not only from my own experience, but from observation. I saw how other people felt, and acted and thought. And I learned a great deal from it. In short, it was an education in living.

I'm not suggesting that every teenager hit the road, as I did. Because of my problem of being identified as an actor in Hollywood, I was shut off from many normal contacts, and mine was a special case. But I do strongly believe that every young person, particularly those who are confused and uncertain about the future, should get out and mix with others, to find out how other people live. Only in this way can you hope to understand yourself.

When I felt that I had gotten enough from my wanderings and it was time to get down to the serious business of building my life, I came back to Hollywood, to the only work I knew—acting. But what a difference! My eyes had been opened. Acting wasn't just a job anymore; it was a complicated, difficult art—a real challenge.

Frankly, I've found so many interests that I'm still not sure I want to be an actor. But I do find it exciting. After I finished "The Careless Years" for United Artists, I came to Broadway to play the

role of Chuck Steiner in "Compulsion." This part fascinates me. The play is based on the novel, which was inspired by the famous Loeb-Leopold case. Mine is the Leopold part, and Roddy McDowall plays the Loeb part. Now, at last, I know how interesting acting can be!

One thing about my return to acting was embarrassing—and totally unexpected. That was the business of my being compared to Jimmy Dean. It happens that fast sport cars are a weakness of mine. I love to drive by myself for miles because it's a good way to get a change from the pressures and petty details of everyday routine and clear your thoughts. Unluckily, I bought a Porsche. I didn't know Jimmy owned one, in fact, I didn't know Jimmy, and since I'd been away, I knew little about him. Before I knew what was going on, I was accused of imitating him! I'd like to make it clear that I never intended it. I don't think imitation is good for anyone. You've got to find your own self.

Don't get me wrong. I don't have all the answers. I'm still looking for them. All I can say to other kids who have trouble understanding life and themselves—they have a lot of company and there are no short cuts, no easy way. Growing up is something that comes gradually, through experience and development. Reading and music helped me find myself.

And one thing I've really learned—finding a personal philosophy can really bring more happiness than anything else. That's why I'm glad about that handful of quarters. They made me start to think. I hope I never stop. THE END

## WHAT'S CARY UP TO?

Continued from page 42

he is a wealthy man, Cary and his actress-writer wife Betsy Drake, live comparatively simple lives. They have a house in Beverly Hills and another in Palm Springs, but neither is pretentious by millionaire standards. The Palm Springs home is the favorite, and there they spend most of their time when they aren't traveling. While Betsy writes, Cary plays tennis, rides horseback and lolls beside the swimming pool. ("I'm dull; all I do is relax.")

The Grants shun publicity and are looked upon as a pair of lone wolves. They rarely entertain. An old friend who has known the couple for years says, "I've never seen the inside of their house." Even more rarely do they attend parties. Of Hollywood parties Cary says, "They consist of two groups of people—one set wouldn't be found dead talking to the other, who in turn wouldn't be found dead listening to the first."

And Cary Grant practically wouldn't be found dead talking about himself. Although he's been making movies for twenty-five years and has granted hundreds of interviews, the facts about Cary Grant's personal life are few. Even to friends, he is an enigma. This is not due to any reticence on his part. A man of quick enthusiasms, Cary has theories on a wide range of subjects, and will talk about them at great length—special ways of brushing your teeth, spiders, sports cars, clothes, Buddhism, women and how to cut down on martinis. But he is reluctant to talk about Cary Grant. As a result, he is the source of much speculation and produces varying reactions from

people who know and work with him.

For instance, producer Jerry Wald tells an interesting story about Cary. Jerry hates to do cutting of film once a movie is complete. It is a costly operation and may wreck the continuity, he feels. "Recently studio heads swore the running time of the script 'Kiss Them for Me' was too long," relates Jerry. "I disagreed and decided to ask Cary Grant to read it aloud for me. Cary's fast-paced sense of comedy timing is so perfect that he read it in one hour and forty-seven minutes—and the finished picture clocks in at one forty five! After hearing him, I stuck to my guns and refused to cut the script."

Incidentally, in explaining the importance of detail in "Kiss Them for Me," his fifty-sixth film, Cary said: "What actors fail to realize is that when they move a couple of inches before that camera, they jump twenty feet on the Roxy screen."

From the point of view of columnist Earl Wilson, who spent some time with Grant while he was making "The Pride and the Passion" in Spain, "Cary is one of the kindest people I've ever met. The whole time I was with him he didn't knock a soul. In the case of a successful actor, that's something."

On the other hand, a former acquaintance of Cary's remarked recently, "He's really a terrible snob. The first thing he does when he meets somebody is check what he's wearing. If it is not up to his own standards, he will as likely as not walk away."

The facts are he is kind but more snob than not. He believes in living with a certain amount of grace and dash. He admires elegance and style. He is almost obsessed with neatness and order. And he respects these same virtues in other people.

For instance, Cary is particularly articulate about the Actors Studio influence in shaping recent Hollywood films. ("Is a garbage can any more realistic than Buck-

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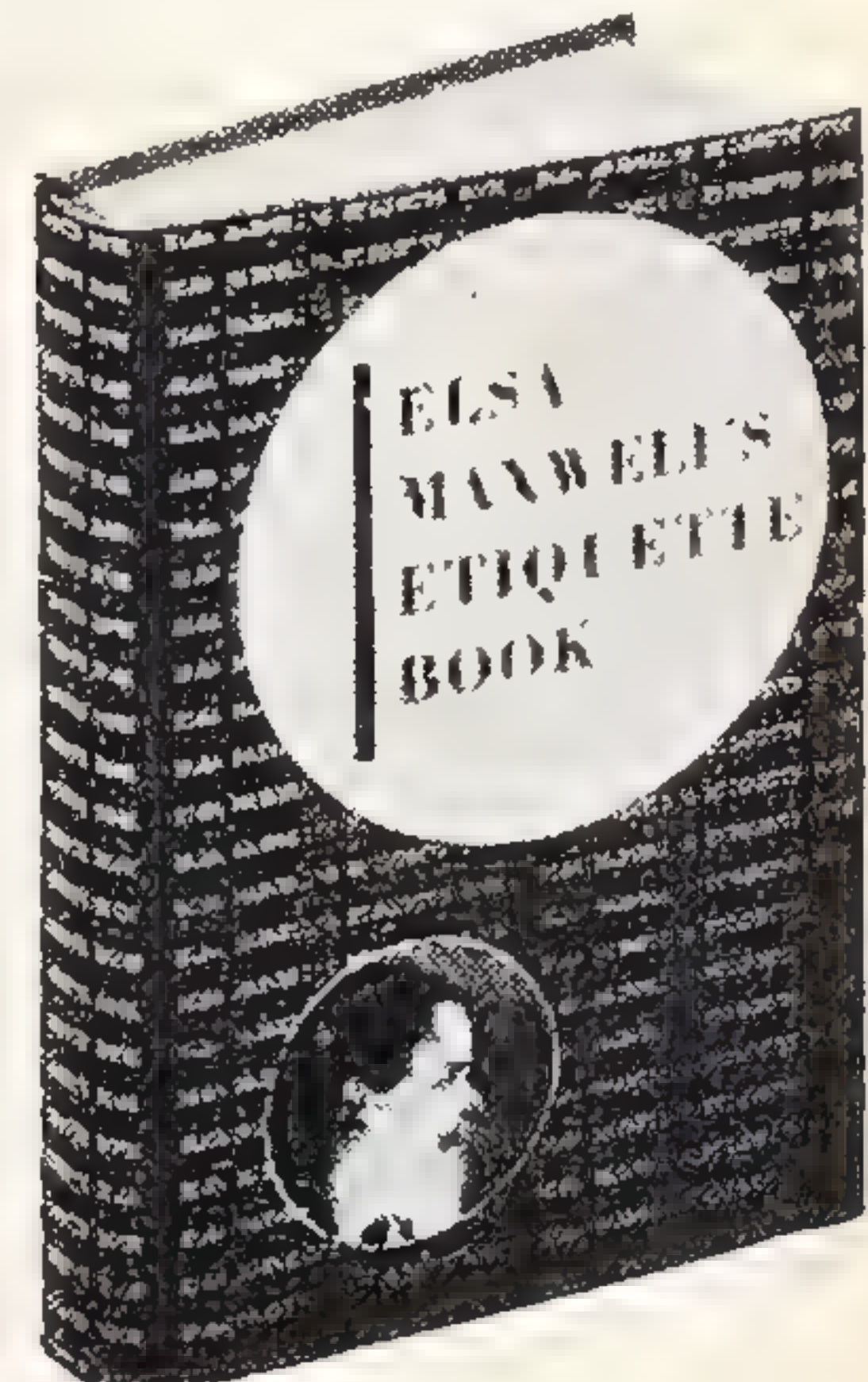
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ingham Palace?") Need he say more? In 1953 and 1954, Cary suddenly took a two-year hiatus from the movies and went around the world on a freighter with Betsy. His friends say the reason partly stemmed from what he felt was Hollywood's morbid preoccupation with the "ashcan" school of drama. According to one insider, "There were a diminishing number of screenplays that fitted Cary's own highly polished style, and he had no intention of changing it."

Recently, Cary made this comment on the changing movie scene: "Actually, I'd love to get back to those comedies I used to do. But where can I find one? Writers take themselves too seriously these days. Also, really polished comic dialogue is hard to write. It's much easier to create crude, everyday speech, and writers make a lot of money doing it."

But Cary's self-imposed "retirement" came to an end in 1954. "My old friend Alfred Hitchcock persuaded me to read the script of 'To Catch a Thief,'" he said. "He told me that if I would play it, he would throw in Grace Kelly for good measure. It was the kind of bright, literate script that appealed to me, and Grace was the well-bred, well-groomed type that I always enjoy playing opposite." If there was any doubt that Cary Grant's appeal had faded, this picture completely removed it.

And Cary's brief appearance on TV a year later, when he received the Oscar for Ingrid Bergman, not only enhanced his own reputation but gave the Awards a dignity which had been lacking up to that moment. As a guest said, "It was the beginning of the comeback of elegance."

Frank Vincent, once Cary's agent, also greatly admired his client's brand of debonair elegance. Shortly before he died, Frank said, "Even though Cary became an American citizen in 1942, he is essentially an Englishman. His home is his castle, the last refuge of his privacy. Marriage to him is a very private affair, and he simply refuses to give out progress reports on his welfare. He never has and as far as I can see, he never will."

The one "progress report," made known even to outsiders, concerns the relationship with his wife, Betsy. One of the Grants' close friends has said, "Betsy has been a stabilizing influence, helping Cary develop a calmer and more mature attitude towards life. She has certainly changed his feelings about women. Until recently Cary had very little regard for them. He was rarely able, for instance, to accept one as a friend." Cary is quite frank in discussing his relationships with women in the past, and of his ex-wives (Virginia Cherrill and Barbara Hutton), he now says, "I know why they divorced me. I was horrible, loathsome. They were absolutely right."

His first marriage to Virginia Cherrill in 1934 was a spectacular failure. A charming, witty girl who achieved brief glory as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "City Lights," she was as unable to cope with Cary's instability as he was to the whole idea of marriage. Cary, for one thing, was whooping it up with a vengeance at the time. For instance, after one particularly lively evening on the town, he called up several of his friends and the police and announced that he had poisoned himself. The police arrived with a stomach pump, and in spite of Cary's protestations that it was only a gag, they pumped him dry. His good humor, however, hadn't forsaken him. Getting to his feet, he said soberly, "Gentlemen, you've nearly convinced me never to take a drink again."

A month later the marriage was officially over.

Cary's second marriage, to Barbara Hutton in 1942, lasted longer—three years—but could hardly have been termed more successful. It got off to a bad start when snickering gossip writers cattily referred to the match as "Cash and Cary." His friends remember Cary at the time as being extremely moody. For days he would be incommunicado. Then, unexpectedly, he would turn up at a party and cheerfully thump away at a piano and sing bawdy songs in a rich Cockney accent. But it was apparent to everybody that he wasn't happy. No one knew this better than his wife. Barbara said after they were divorced, "Cary never took me out and when we were married I hardly saw him. At night he was always busy with his clippings or the radio." This odd relationship seemed to bother Cary as much as it did his wife. Barbara recalls that he would often comment bitterly, "I can't understand why someone like you would marry me."

All of this changed, his friends say, the day Cary met Betsy Drake.

Cary saw Betsy for the first time in London, where she was playing in the British version of "Deep Are the Roots." He was impressed by her talent and delighted by her appearance. Aboard ship, on his way home from Europe, he saw her once again strolling along the deck. He was more attracted than ever to this serious girl in her "sensible" flat-heeled shoes. While trying to figure how to manage an introduction, Cary ran across his old friend Merle Oberon, who was also aboard and who knew Betsy. She wangled a pair of seats for them at the captain's table.

When Betsy and Cary got home, he arranged to have her play the lead opposite him in his next picture and on Christmas Day, 1949, they were married in Arizona, with Howard Hughes as Cary's best man.

An old friend who had made the rounds with Cary in his carefree between-marriages days said of him recently, "Cary developed a new dimension after marrying Betsy. Up until that time I don't think he had ever harbored a serious thought in his life, and the only thing he read with much attention were scripts. Betsy opened up for Cary the whole new world of ideas."

Betsy is given to the same kind of impetuous enthusiasms as her husband, but with her it is nature and metaphysics and Buddhism. "One day I came home to find the house crawling with books on spiders," recalls Cary. "I glanced through one by a Frenchman named Jean Henri Fabre, and I became fascinated by the little fellows myself. Spent the rest of the day reading about them." Often Betsy would stagger in with armsful of books on all kinds of meaty subjects, and Cary became as avid a reader as she. "I discovered there was so much I wanted to learn," he says. "Reading is a refreshing release from the idiocies of life, idiocies I know only too well."

Hypnotism, for instance, is one of Cary's favorite topics of conversation these days. From his enthusiasm, one would gather it is almost a cureall for most of the world's ills. In his own case, he says, it has helped him give up smoking and drinking.

The Grants have an extensive library on the subject of hypnotism and often ex-

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## HOLIDAY PARTY TIPS!

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periment on each other. One evening, Cary suggested that Betsy use her hypnotic influence to help him give up smoking. "I went to sleep in a trance," he says, "and when I woke up, I felt perfectly splendid. But automatically, as usual, I reached over to the bed table for a cigarette. I lit it and was nauseated. I haven't smoked since or wanted to."

While making "An Affair to Remember," Cary developed a growth on his forehead. It became so obvious that the producer decided to halt production while Grant went to the hospital. A month or six weeks seemed to be the minimum time it would take Cary to recuperate. "I told him not to stop anything—to shoot around me if necessary—and that I would be back to work in a few days," explains Cary. "And with a local anesthetic and self-hypnosis as pain killers, the growth was removed in a forty-five minute operation!"

Within a few days the actor was back on the lot. Not only was there no growth; there wasn't even a scar to show for the operation.

And there is still nothing on Cary that indicates what goes on inside him. These days, as reluctant as ever to talk about himself, Cary is eager to discuss Buddhism, psychiatry, the Atom bomb or yoga. He sums up his feelings like this: "I know people who will go scurrying to their graves without having the slightest idea of what life is all about, without even trying to find out."

Many old friends who knew Cary when he was content to let others carry the world's burdens are sometimes dismayed at his solemn declarations about life and the world. But most are pleased and recognize this as a sign of emotional growth.

This change is most apparent in his relationship with Betsy. He is very close to his wife. Whenever he is away he always writes her lengthy, intimate letters every day.

The longest time the Grants have been apart is when Cary was in Spain. Finally, Betsy sailed to join him—on the ill-fated *Andrea Doria*. Cary knew nothing about the ship's sinking so he was understandably confused when he received a telegram from his wife reading: "ABOARD ILE DE FRANCE. ALL IS WELL. NOT A SCRATCH." "Later," he recalls, "from friends' messages I pieced together the news that the *Doria* had foundered, and that Betsy had transferred to the French ship."

Cary frantically called her on the ship's phone, and a friend who was standing beside him said, "Tears streamed down his cheeks when he finally heard Betsy's voice and learned she was safe and well." Betsy suggested that he relax and take his co-star, Sophia Loren, out to dinner. Cary said later, "Betsy is the first wife I've had who is also a friend."

But if he presents a solemn side on occasion it has certainly not dimmed his boyish good humor. In London recently to visit Betsy who was making a movie there, Cary told reporters, "I've given up smoking and drinking. Now I can devote all my energy to the only vice I have left—love."

But he might have two others—his compulsion for work (he starts work this month on "Kind Sir," in London with Ingrid Bergman, after finishing "Houseboat") and his obsession for keeping youthful and fit.

"I guess every man looks the way he wants to," Cary says, "and shapes himself like a sculptor. If you decide you are going to be handsome, youthful and fit for the rest of your life you will be. It's as simple as that."

THE END



# RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES

Continued from page 38

home and said, "We're moving. I just bought a house. A ten-room mansion!"

And then there were the other things you didn't want to remember: how the houses got bigger and bigger and how your marriage got lonelier and lonelier till somewhere along the line it wasn't a marriage at all.

Then one morning your husband left the house to go to the studio and didn't come home for dinner. He didn't come home the next night either—and when you called him the voice at the other end wasn't hurt or angry or bitter, it was much worse: it was completely devoid of feeling.

"I just wanted to find out if you are coming home to dinner," you said, trying to make the request sound casual, and the voice at your ear said "I don't know." Nights stretched into weeks then, and suddenly you knew that you and the children didn't matter to him any more.

So you had to escape—to escape completely from everything and everyone you knew. You had to find some new meaning in living, to pick up the pieces and try to fit them into some kind of life that would make sense to yourself and your children, and most of all, you had to find yourself. You had to, if you were Julie London.

What Julie London did then was to return to Hollywood from Paris that fall and file suit for divorce. The settlement was generous: eighteen thousand dollars a year alimony, a trust fund of \$100,000 for Julie and \$50,000 for each of the children.

That should have settled everything, but it didn't. Julie made a home for her two daughters in a big house on top of a hill, and started life over. But sometimes there seemed no place at all to get started. When day was over and dusk fell and other wives started to listen for the familiar sound of footsteps on the walk that meant their husbands were coming home to them, that was the time of day when Julie felt most lost and alone and lonely. She started searching for something to keep her busy, and found it: a career. And along the way, she found a new love too.

Julie London was born in Santa Rosa, California on September 26, 1926, and moved to San Bernardino with her family when she was two months old. Her parents were old-time vaudeville singers who had a radio program on a local station, and by the time she was three and a half Julie was performing professionally. She just wandered into the studio one day and started singing, and that was that! Her first paycheck, however, came from running an elevator in a department store. For when Julie was fifteen, she just went to the Personnel Department, boosted her age by a few years and landed the job. It marked the end of her high-school studies.

She was still running the elevator a few years later when one day a woman came over to Julie between stops and asked if she'd ever thought of being in pictures. Julie said "No," she hadn't. The woman was Sue Carol, Alan Ladd's wife, and she was a talent agent. She whirled Julie around to some of the studios and landed her a few bit parts in movies. "It was funny. In pictures I made fifty dollars a day; then in between, I'd go back to the store and work for nineteen dollars a week."

It was while she was working in the

department store, too, that she met Jack Webb. He was a salesman there. They met, and dated and started going together steadily. Then Jack was called into the service, and when he got out, he settled in San Francisco and became a radio announcer. When he landed a role on radio's "Pat Novak For Hire," Julie would listen to him in Los Angeles. One night she dropped him a note to tell him how good she thought he was in the show.

At the time, she was about to finish her biggest role, "The Red House" and made plans to celebrate with a girl friend, a weekend in San Francisco. She was packing for the trip when the telephone rang. It was Jack, thanking her for her note and asking when if ever she would be coming to San Francisco. When she announced that she and her girl friend would be there that week-end, he arranged to meet them at the airport. Three hours after the plane landed, Julie and Jack Webb were engaged to be married.

Julie was happy then. For the next few months, Jack and she commuted between Los Angeles and San Francisco. That spring, Jack quit his job with the network and moved to Los Angeles permanently. That July, they were married. To Julie, it meant the start of living. For there was someone who needed her, wanted her and wanted her love. She'd give it gladly. Talking about it now, she says, "I didn't care much about a career, but things were pretty rough financially when we were married. So I kept on working till we discovered we were going to have a baby. Jack tried to dream up an idea to make some money, and that's when he created and sold "Dragnet." By the time the baby was a few months old, the show was already on radio and doing so well that it was immediately on the 'top ten' popularity list. Then came television, and Jack's huge success. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1952, I gave birth to a second little girl, Lisa. Two years later, Jack and I were divorced.

"I don't care to talk about it too much," Julie smiled, and sat up straight. "In a way, when I discuss this part of my life, it sounds to me now as though all that happened to someone else with someone else."

However far away it all seems now, at the time the divorce left Julie pretty badly shaken. She'd never had much ego to start with, and had always been rather shy and introverted. But now she'd failed in the most important human relationship of all—marriage. The failure hit hard. Whatever security and confidence she'd managed to assemble in 26 years of living seemed to have been blown away with the winds of divorce. To fail in marriage seemed to fail as a human being. For she'd submerged her identity in the marriage, and when that went, she was nothing—just a shell of a person, with a long and lonely future in the offing. Then she met Bobby Troup, the well known composer-musician.

To Julie it was an accidental meeting in a small Hollywood restaurant where she and a friend were having dinner and Bobby Troup walked over to say "Hello" to her friend and was introduced. To Bobby, it wasn't quite so accidental. He tells it this way: "I was playing the Celebrity Room and one night she walked in. I was singing a song and she walked by the bandstand and I thought, 'That's one of the most strikingly beautiful girls I've ever seen.' Fortunately, I knew the girl she was with, and I thought, 'I can easily sit down at the table and get introduced.' So I did. And I was."

Afterward, at Julie's house, someone started to play the piano, and impulsively, Julie started to sing along with it.

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"She gassed me. She was that good," Bobby says now.

He asked her for a date and spent the entire evening telling her she ought to sing professionally. But to Julie, whose confidence was gone, singing in front of people she didn't know was unthinkable. To sing before an audience would be exposing her soul to the public, for all to see and hear. If they didn't like her singing, it would mean they didn't like her. She couldn't take that chance.

For a year and a half Bobby Troup pleaded and cajoled and pressured, trying to convince her that she really had talent. The words fell on closed ears. One night he brought two record executives to the house to hear her sing. Julie took one look at them, said "Hello," and then quietly disappeared into the bedroom. Why take the risk of exposing herself to defeat and shame? It was easier to hide while Bobby made excuses for her and the record executives said, "Well, if Miss London ever overcomes her mike fright, we'd like to listen to her."

Once Bobby did manage to get her to the studio for a recording date and she sang four tunes in front of the microphone. But she was so nervous and frightened that the sounds that came out weren't the real Julie at all. Her timing was off, her breathing was stilted, and the words were devoid of meaning. All she could see was the mike in front of her and the sound engineer taking the song onto the tracks. The company never released the records. Bobby was hugely disappointed, but to Julie it was a landmark. Her worst fears had been realized. They'd heard her, they didn't like her, and they didn't want her. But she was still living. And she could still sing, if she wanted to.

So Bobby tried another tack. If it was too difficult to sing before a mike with professional people passing judgment on her, why not sing in a night club, where people just wanted a little diversion, and to be entertained? Bobby was singing in a nightclub called the Encore then, and one evening they were having dinner across the street in a little place called Johnny Walsh's 881 Club when Julie looked up from her steak and said, "You know, if I ever worked in a club, this is the one I'd like to be in." Bobby whooped for joy and went to look up the manager, Johnny Walsh, who was a friend of his. Somehow he managed to talk Johnny into booking Julie without an audition.

For Julie, this was a big "first." To the members of the audience in the nightclub she was going to be introduced as Julie London—not Mrs. Julie Webb—and she was going to make the grade or fail because she was herself, a girl who liked to sing the blues.

Now Julie remembers, "The night I opened, I thought I'd drop dead before the end of my first number. But somehow I opened my mouth and the words came out. The customers liked it."

"Liked it? They loved it!" Bobby interjects. "Julie doesn't tell you that she was held over for several weeks and that the place was packed every night. The room had never done that kind of consistent standing-room business before."

But even success didn't seem to help very much. When, one evening as they were leaving Bobby said, "What further proof do you need to know that you're good?" she answered, "They're just curiosity seekers. They just want to see what Jack Webb's ex-wife could do." Bobby looked at her and said nothing. It would take a few more good experiences and a little more applause before she'd be able to accept herself for what she was, a beautiful girl with talent.

Several of Bobby's friends were about to start a new record company, Liberty Records, and casually Bobby suggested to them that Julie might be interested in making a record. They liked the idea. Together, Bobby and the record company executives worked out a plan. They'd get the studio ready, complete with engineers, sound men and technicians, but as far as Julie was concerned, to all intents and purposes this was to be nothing but a practice session. They were all to pretend that the record wasn't to be cut till some time next week.

They started at eight o'clock in the evening, with Julie "practicing" her songs. Along about two o'clock the next morning, when Julie had unlimbered and the words going into the mike were soft and real and heart-rending, Bobbie signaled the sound technician, and he dropped the needle into the groove. By five o'clock in the morning, they had the first pressing of an album by Julie London.

"Julie Is Her Name," a long-playing released by Liberty, started off with "Cry Me A River," a tune which had been written by a high-school friend of Julie's named Arthur Hamilton. When the disc jockeys got the record, a new hit and a new singer was born. "Cry Me A River" was also released as a single, and more than 800,000 copies of that first album have since been sold.

"The first time I heard it being played," Julie recalls now, "I was walking down Vine Street and was all wrapped up in my own thoughts when suddenly I heard my own voice coming out at me from a

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loud speaker intoning, "So cry me a river. Cry me a river. I cried a river over you."

Suddenly I wasn't just a woman whose marriage had gone to pieces. It was *me*. I don't know how to explain it, but for the first time I felt conscious of myself as a person, a woman with hopes and thoughts and feelings whom other people could like or dislike—but they'd be doing so because I was me, and not because I was once Mrs. Jack Webb.

Julie stayed there and listened. Then she went into the record shop and bought the record. She was wearing a tweed suit and a sweater and looked far different from the siren on the album cover, but the clerk recognized her. "Aren't you Julie London?" he asked. She smiled and said, "Yes."

"I felt as though somebody had given me something on a silver platter," she says now. "Maybe I can't explain it to you, but I felt, 'I'm glad I'm me. I'm glad I'm alive. I'm glad I'm here, this minute, right now. For the first time, I felt conscious of my own identity.'"

"The feeling was too good to lose, so I walked around the block a couple of times with the record under my arm, and then I stopped in for an ice cream soda. Then I got in the car and drove home."

She made other records then, "Lonely Girl" and "All about the Blues," and ap-

pearances on TV. She guested with Ed Sullivan, Perry Como and a number of other shows and did a number of dramatic roles on TV. Rosemary Clooney saw her and suggested her to José Ferrer for a small role in "The Great Man."

The evening before her audition, Bobby Troup stopped by to see her and found her in tears. "Honey, I can't do it," she blurted. "I feel so shaky and sick. I can't do that audition tomorrow." He put his arm around her shoulder. "They *want* you for this part," he said quietly. And they did, after they heard her read the next day.

The response of the movie critics, the public and the executives to "The Great Man" was heart-warming. They liked her. She was a hit!

More TV followed, and then M-G-M cast her to co-star with Robert Taylor and John Cassavetes in "Saddle the Wind." So pleased were they with her performance that they signed her up for two more pictures, and she went over to U-I for "How Lonely the Night," in which she co-stars with Richard Egan.

Even now, with movies, TV and records bidding for her services, Julie finds it hard to believe that she's a success. "I still have to prove myself," she says firmly, and you know that she means it. The doubts and self-distrust that have plagued her ever since Bobby Troup first heard her sing at a party at her home is still there, but the big difference is that now she can cope with them and conquer them.

"Sure I still have doubts about my ability," she says candidly. "But I must admit that I'm much better than I was a few years ago. For example, live TV petrifies me. A few years ago I was scared I wouldn't do it. I guess that's the big difference. The fear is still inside me, but at least now I try."

"The first day on my new picture was awful. It was like I'd never made a movie before. I had butterflies in my stomach and I didn't think I could go through with it. But then I remembered that I'd made two other pictures before, and that people had liked them—and it got easier."

"I don't think I'll ever get to the point where I'm completely satisfied with everything I do." She shrugs her shoulders and smiles. "But at least I'm going to try to get there." Julie London is a girl who has had to stretch and reach to find some measure of inner peace and security. She hasn't yet achieved the belief in herself and those around her that she seeks, but she's on her way.

Today, she lives in a large, comfortable house that's furnished in early American and provides the home for her two daughters, her collection of antique silver and two dachshunds who are affectionately named José and Rosemary (after guess whom?). Her first royalty check from "Cry Me A River" went for a mink coat, and the others went for beautiful clothes for herself and her two children. And when she gets home to her daughters Stacy and Lisa, she's too busy or tired to give much thought to the fact that she's raising her children alone.

She and Bobby Troup are still a two-some, but it's a twosome marked by quarrels and separations. Marriage? "I don't know," she says honestly. The scars of a marriage that failed have left their marks on Julie. She's frightened and defensive, but perhaps Bobby Troup, who helped her learn that self-expression and accomplishment are neither to be feared nor avoided can teach her that marriage can be a good thing, too.

For the girl who thought her life was over when she was 26 has discovered the joy of living. Today, at 31, Julie London is a woman reborn. THE END



# THEY NEED YOUR HELP

Continued from page 22

You can write to them care of Photo-play, if you want to, and we will forward your letters directly to the studios, where the stars will receive them.

## JOHN KERR

This time last year the Hollywood Wisenheimers thought John Kerr would make it as a major star, if only because the intellectual, sensitive type of chap seemed to be coming into vogue. But something went wrong.

John, son of stage actress June Walker, and brought up in the traditions of the theater, had a Harvard degree, a pretty wife, twin daughters and behind him a smash hit as the sensitive schoolboy of Broadway's "Tea and Sympathy" when he made his film debut in M-G-M's "The Cobweb" in 1955. In this he did what came to be known as a typical Kerr part, that of a high-strung, emotionally off-kilter young patient in a mental sanitarium. The critics liked him, but the mixed public reaction made his studio nervous and it rushed him into a romantic lead with Leslie Caron in "Gaby," a remake of "Waterloo Bridge." The film on release was compared unfavorably with the earlier effort starring Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor. John seemed miscast as a dashing young American soldier who romances a ballerina in World War II London.

Next he played his "Tea and Sympathy" stage role for the cameras. Again the critics went all-out for Johnny, who played the prep school "offhorse" superbly, but again the vast majority of the film public didn't know quite what to make of him. M-G-M executives decided Johnny was a talented boy who was fated for the "prestige" rather than the "boxoffice" echelons. His publicity, showcasing him as rather docile, publicity-shy and colorless didn't help the situation either.

John's next, and last, film for M-G-M, "The Vintage," was released in early '57 and caused no lines to form around the block. A rambling affair made in France, the picture had to do with two wanderers who get into love affairs in a village during the wine harvest. Also in the film were Mel Ferrer, Pier Angeli and Michele Morgan. Johnny, the critics opined, had gotten lost in the shuffle. The public seemed to agree.

**Verdict:** The consensus is that the undeniably talented Mr. Kerr had been the victim of ill-advised casting and generally careless exploitation. A bright note was injected with the news that he had won the role of Lieutenant Cable in "South Pacific," which 20th-Fox will release in 1958. The role is a good one and may start John's career on an upswing.

## PAUL NEWMAN

Another promising personality, Paul Newman, has some strong roles coming up in Warner's "Helen Morgan Story" and "The Left-Handed Gun" and also in M-G-M's "Until They Sail." These may salvage his badly stalemated career.

In the beginning, Paul, a stage and TV actor who broke into films in Warner's "The Silver Chalice," had one strike against him. This was his almost uncanny resemblance to Marlon Brando. There was also a strong similarity in the two men's acting styles and personality auras on-

screen. A close resemblance to a starring predecessor has always been the bane of Hollywood performers, and Newman's case was no different. A worried Warners, undecided what to do with him, lent him to M-G-M for two pictures. The first, "Somebody Up There Likes Me," which the late James Dean was to have done, was the biography of fighter Rocky Graziano. It won him widespread public interest and critical respect to boot.

The second, "The Rack," won him more critical kudos for his portrayal of a sensitive victim of Chinese prison camp brainwashing, but the public response was less than enthusiastic, possibly because of the controversial theme and subtleties of characterization. Then many months went by with no Newman appearances on-screen.

**Verdict:** Newman can succeed, with choice variety of roles in getting out from under the "Brando-type" tag, and as he is an accomplished actor he *should* find good roles coming his way. He seems to have ironed out certain personal crises, including a separation from his wife that left him upset for months, his rugged good looks and appealing personality are definite assets, he is still young (32) and with proper attention to his career on the part of studio executives, and some strong backing from his fans, Paul is certain to start climbing upward again.

## RICHARD EGAN

Richard Egan, a year ago this time, was one of the hottest actors in films. He went tobogganing for a very simple reason. He drew inferior scripts.

No one worked harder to prepare for an acting career than Egan. He got an M.A. in theater history and dramatic literature at Stanford, appeared in every college and little theatre play he could, found himself haunting Hollywood studios at a later age than the average actor because of the four precious years of his Twenties he had spent in the Service. In 1949, age twenty-eight, he finally got his first break in Joan Crawford's "The Damned Don't Cry," but there followed six discouraging years in a grab-bag of secondary film stints before stardom finally came two years ago.

Typical of his bad luck during the past year was his role in Elvis Presley's debut film, "Love Me Tender" for 20th. Though Rich had the stronger part, he was still expected to carry a film in which another personality was the focal point of fan interest. Today Egan is a fine, mellowed actor. A devout Catholic, he is respected in Hollywood. His straight-and-narrow private life may have robbed him of some color—and news space—but it would not of itself had put him on the toboggan. Weak roles in weak pix did that.

**Verdict:** Rich could become another Gable in the right parts. It's up to you. You can let a promising guy go down the drain, or you can send him on to fruitful decades of stardom. All he needs is *major* roles in *major* pictures.

## JOHN DEREK

John Derek's face was his fortune in 1949, the year he hit it big in movies. But it would seem to be his chief liability in 1957. At thirty, he still looks like a dark-eyed cherub. When he first shot to fame under the aegis of Humphrey Bogart in Columbia's "Knock On Any Door" (eight years go by swiftly) he was hailed among other things as "the New Valentino" and Columbia, which put him under contract, was enthusiastic.

For a while John basked in his newfound security. After some five years of

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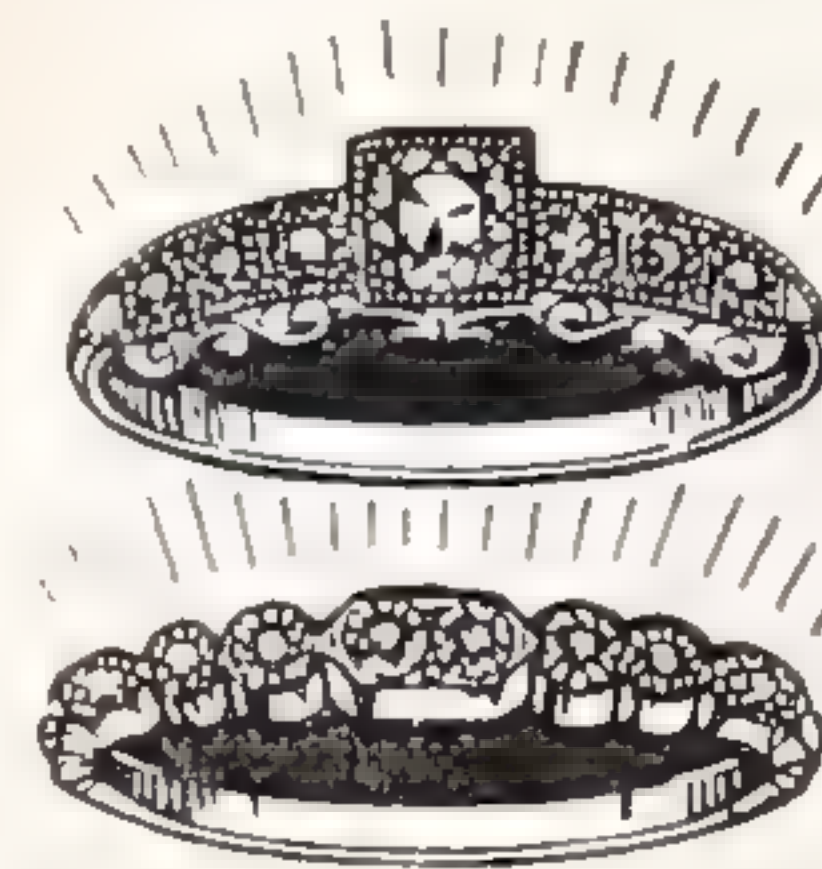


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struggle in small parts and a frustrating contractual involvement with 20th Century-Fox, John felt confident of the future. But a series of A parts in B movies and B parts in A movies followed, and by 1953 it was obvious to everyone, including John, that something was seriously wrong. Undaunted, he tried to win respect as an actor at other studios. In 1954 he banked on the small but meaty role of John Wilkes Booth in the Richard Burton starrer, "Prince of Players," to put him over. Though he turned in a competent acting job, it wasn't quite sharp enough to establish him as a leading performer.

**Verdict:** Today, John Derek is in a serious rut. At 30 he has not shaken off the "pretty boy" tab. He gets star billing in secondary features like UA's "Fury at Showdown," secondary spots in films like Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" and "Omar Khayyam." Today John Derek is unhappily proving a Hollywood rule: Good looks help on the climb to the top, but ability, personality and dramatic parts have to be of ace caliber or else the original asset becomes a great drawback. More than anything else, John wants to establish himself as a mature performer, worthy of serious consideration, good looks aside. To do this he must have intelligent help from producers and a morale boost from fans.

#### DEBRA PAGET

Debra Paget's career is the feminine equivalent of John Derek's—and there is more to it than the fact they both started in movies about the same time, and both have appeared recently in the same two movies, "Ten Commandments" and "Omar Khayyam." For like John, Debra has pretty, regular, symmetrical features, and these were her fortune, at least initially.

Child of a show business family (her mother was an actress) Debra was signed by 20th-Fox at fifteen, after a scout saw her in little theater roles. That was in 1948. And many ineffectual parts followed, in which Debra rang the bell for pulchritude but racked up no scores for her acting. Today, at twenty-four, she is floundering.

A year or so ago, Deb went on a "glamour" binge, sporting daring gowns, riding around in a pink, jewel-encrusted Cadillac. She took over Connie Bennett's twenty-six-room mansion, a flamboyant relic of the Twenties, which one wag said was decorated in "Early Hollywood." All this glamour gloss failed to get her good roles from the studio. Her Hollywood friends looked on disapprovingly, felt it was all phony. They begged her to be herself—shy, simple, sincere, hardworking, sensible.

Deb has never stopped believing that she will one day be a great glamour star—one of the immortals. Will her dream come true? It's a moot point. Once there was a girl of twenty-four—Deb's present age—who had only beauty and couldn't act for beans. Her name was Ava Gardner. Hollywood laughed at her aspirations. But as this girl made the turn into the Thirties, an expansive womanliness, an electric sex appeal, an indefinable glamour came over her and she confounded those who had branded her a pretty climber with no brains, depth or talent. Will Deb do a Gardner?

**Verdict:** Much depends on the roles she gets. Certainly an "Omar Khayyam" does nothing for her. While she plays in shallow costume epics, her career is slowly being snuffed out. She needs a part, no matter how small, in which she can prove she has star quality. Public demand (strong after "Love Me Tender," but waning now) just might help her get it.

#### JEAN SIMMONS

She came to Hollywood at twenty-one, a recognized star in England, her birthplace, where she had brought film audiences to their knees with her portrayals in such films as "Great Expectations" and "Hamlet." After two hesitant years in nondescript Hollywood parts, she hit her stride in M-G-M's "Young Bess" and followed it up with roles in such A pictures as "Desiree," "Guys and Dolls," "Hilda Crane" and the current "Until They Sail" for M-G-M.

What then, is wrong on the Simmons career front? Here are some possible reasons for Jean's failure to hit straight-A starring status. (Jean is known as an "A-minus" screen personality—the kind who almost, but not quite, makes all-out, permanent stardom.) For one thing, her marriage is all-important to her. She is sensitive to her husband's personal feelings and career ambitions, and in the European manner, her close friends suspect, she has deliberately inhibited her career ambitions to give Stewart Granger greater glory. Maybe for another thing, while her personality is piquant and charming, she is, on the whole, a trifle British, a trifle quiet and subdued for the larger American public, which idolizes such flamboyant ladies as Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe and Kim Novak.

Though as much the lady as her fellow countrywoman Deborah Kerr, she somehow lacks Deborah's mellow authority. She is admittedly beautiful, but she resembles too many other screen beauties, notably Vivien Leigh. Lack of shrewd, distinctive personal exploitation, moreover, has left her a nebulous figure in the mind of the moviegoing public. "Oh, yes, Jean Simmons—nice little girl. Wasn't she the one in 'Guys and Dolls'?" about expresses the public reaction to her on these shores.

**Verdict:** Jean is a good actress and this is very much in her favor. If her career continues the way it has been going, the future is reasonably predictable, though not as exciting as it might be. She will probably always have stardom of a sort, but to achieve a permanent place as an all-time great will take an extra spurt of hard work on her part and careful career guidance. Do you agree?

#### DANA WYNTER

Two years ago when lovely English actress Dana Wynter made her first strong impression on American audiences in 20th Century-Fox's "The View From Pompey's Head," there was considerable publicity buildup about a new star getting herself born. The next year, Dana, after only a few pictures, married Hollywood lawyer Greg Bautzer and announced that henceforth her career was to take a back seat to her marriage. She underlined this by refusing "Island in the Sun" because it would separate her from her new husband for three months.

Daughter of a London doctor who moved to Southern Rhodesia when she was a child, Dana saw the horrors of war in England, developed a maturity beyond her years. Ladylike, well-educated, deep-thinking, Dana seemed headed for success in American films when she married. There were ominous notes, though, even at the beginning. When, after TV and theater stints in England and on Broadway, she made her first movie, several commentators announced that she had the looks of so-and-so, the bearing of such-and-such, the personality of this one and the talent of that one. This "comparisons prove" gambit piques public interest but is generally not helpful to a career.

**Verdict:** Dana has a fascinating per-

sonality all her own, but it has yet to come to full flower on the screen. Though her marriage will undoubtedly always be first with her, she has a deep interest in acting and shows no signs of quitting the business entirely. Continued backing from fans who understand her situation and good pictures should keep her with us a long time.

#### SHEREE NORTH

One girl who is given a better than even chance of rising above her temporary career slump is Sheree North. For Sheree came up the hard way, weathering the toughest kind of night club work, plus a bevy of disappointments on Broadway and elsewhere, and hills and valleys are so much a part of her conditioning that at twenty-four she has a built-in mechanism for rolling with punches, careerwise and personally.

Married at fifteen, a mother at sixteen, divorced at seventeen, Sheree threw herself into a dancing career "to get milk for my baby on a regular basis." Years of unsung barnstorming brought her finally to national attention on Bing Crosby's first TV show in 1954, where her lithe, offbeat dancing style electrified viewers. A one-and-a-half-minute dance number in the Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," was so breathtakingly executed that her name went up in lights. Then she did the movie version, "Living It Up," with Martin and Lewis. Called to replace Marilyn Monroe in 20th Century-Fox's "How To Be Very Very Popular," Sheree was an instant success, went on to rewarding assignments in such 20th Century-Fox films as "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts."

**Verdict:** Conceded one of the best dancers in the entertainment world, Sheree has looks and personality to boot. It looked like clear sailing ahead, but weak pictures and strong competition from Marilyn Monroe on the home lot had gotten her into a rut by early 1957. She, and Hollywood, began to wonder if she had had it. Determined to extend her range, she took a dramatic assignment in "No Down Payment," and movie audiences were mightily impressed with her sincere acting job as Tony Randall's unhappy wife. Her rooters are hopeful that Sheree may have a whole new career as a dramatic actress now.

Her admirers believe that, while her present is clouded, her future may be rosy, and for some very important reasons: her quiet, workmanlike approach to her career, her trouper's spirit, the depth and balance her early sufferings, financial and emotional, have brought her, and the fact that, although she has never been a "pusher" she has a quiet, channeled intensity that will keep her in the running. What do you think?

#### VICTORIA SHAW

Victoria Shaw has been in movies for only two of her twenty-two years, not enough time to have met many career crises, yet one of major proportions is clouding her future now.

Vicki's auburn-haired, green-eyed beauty was evident even when she was a child, but the thought of a show-business career didn't occur to her until after she graduated from school, took a fling at the business world and discovered that typing and filing weren't her cup of tea; at which point she applied for a job at a modeling agency. Within three months she was known the length and breadth of her native Australia as "The Face" and found herself the highest-paid model in the country.



The events that followed she owes to Bob Hope, who was touring Australia. He asked her to appear in a show he was staging, and so impressed was he that afterwards he told her, "If you ever go to Hollywood, call my agent, Louis Shurr, and tell him I recommend you." Action was the only answer to a suggestion like that. In less than a month she was on her way to Hollywood and ten days after her arrival, with Louis Shurr's help, she won the second feminine lead in "The Eddy Duchin Story."

Paradoxically, all Vicki's troubles started *after* she landed a big-time movie contract. Her performance as *Chiquita* in the "Duchin Story" was more than just good for a starter, and her studio felt it could and should be choosy about picking just the right vehicle for her next picture. But fate threw a monkey-wrench into the works.

While her studio was busily turning down loanout offers, their star-in-the-making found out she was going to have

a baby. She and husband Roger Smith couldn't have been more delighted. They went back to Australia, partly to visit her family and partly to promote "The Eddy Duchin Story." By the time they returned to Hollywood, Vicki couldn't work. Months at home under doctor's orders followed and daughter Tracey was born in June of this year.

What to do is the question. Vicki says, "At this point I don't want to leave Tracey. I'm still on salary, but I have no idea when I'll get a call to report to work. When I'm not taking care of the baby, I'm studying with Roger. We do scenes from plays together. It's wonderful practice. Mostly, however, I'm playing mother and loving it!"

**Verdict:** Interest in a newcomer can fade fast under long absence from the screen. Pushing Vicki into any picture just to have her seen is certainly not the answer. But, while the right one is being found, her fans will have to be extra loyal. **THE END**

## HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST COMEBACK

*Continued from page 44*

In "Test Pilot," for instance, Clark Gable went on a whale of a bender from one end of the country to the other. Upon his return home, chastened and bloodshot, did he find Myrna waiting with a shotgun? Don't be silly. She was there with love and understanding and sympathy and—well, you get the idea.

In 1951, the "perfect wife" wed her fourth husband, State Department aide Howland Sargeant, whom she met while she was a delegate to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. There were two more films, and then last year she scotched retirement rumors by plaintively querying, "Why can't an actress join an organization like UNESCO without having the world say she has retired? I was only waiting for a smart, sophisticated comedy, and I found it in 'The Ambassador's Daughter.'" The public disagreed on the film's quality. And there matters stood—until Myrna's old films showed what a fine talent had been sitting around wasted. Since, especially for TV, Myrna has filmed a series tentatively titled "Her Majesty."

William Powell and Myrna Loy co-starred so frequently that periodic statements were issued to keep the public from confusing their movie and their private lives. Off-camera, Bill has been happily married for seventeen years to Diana Lewis, a starlet with whom he eloped on two weeks' acquaintance. Rarely seen in new films these past ten years, Bill has a ready explanation for Photoplay's readers.

"I realized I had to face old Father Time, so I did 'Life With Father.' That was a character role, and it turned out pretty well." (It won him the New York Critics' Prize.) "So I began to cast about for more mature roles. But movies don't come up with many parts for an actor of my age. I'm too far along to carry romantic roles. Besides, moviegoers don't want to see old goats like me as lovers. But I'll come back for good roles if I can find them."

Hollywood, there's your cue! Nationwide statistics on TV showings of the "Thin Man" films and "The Great Ziegfeld"

("more stars than there are in heaven") indicate that the Powell charm is of the ageless sort. And, as Lonesome George would say, "You can't hardly get that kind no more."

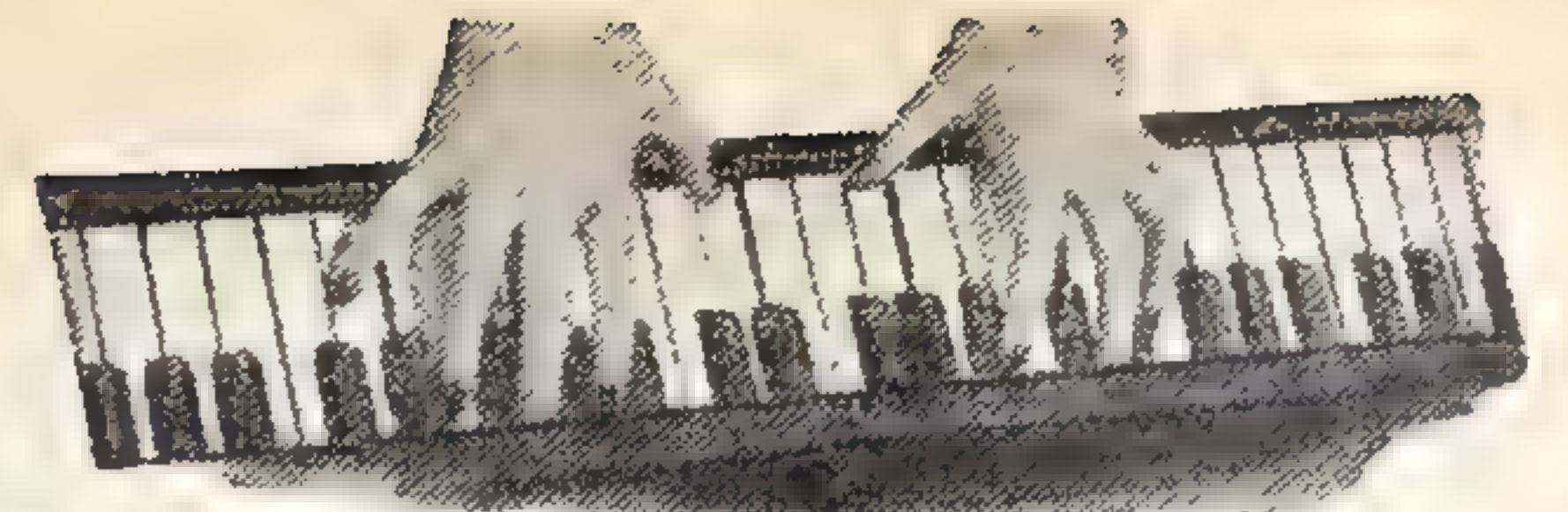
Bill's good friend Ronald Colman (Hollywood's "Three Musketeers" once were Powell, Colman and Richard Barthelmess) is another selective critter. Unless he can do something really good, he'd rather do nothing at all. Recently recovered from a lung ailment induced by pneumonia, Colman has the lead role in Warners' current all-star spectacle "The Story of Mankind." Unlike Clark Gable, who let out a blast last year when M-G-M began releasing its film library to TV, Colman feels the video revivals are a good thing.

"As long as a film has exhausted its theatre potential," the veteran star tells us, "I see no reason why it shouldn't be shown. Besides, it keeps one's name and work before the public." Have the showing of Colman's old films affected his relations with friends and neighbors in any way? "No—except for favorable comments now and then, and occasional comparisons with TV pictures of today." From the always-tactful Colman, there is no elaboration on that last point. And what does he now think about movie-making in the old days? "Well, it was more fun perhaps—and less tension. But then, of course, one was younger!"

A couple of femme favorites who have been selective to the vanishing point in recent years are Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne. Claudette, who has done three unremarkable films since 1951's dramatic "Three Came Home," was all set for her own TV series not too long ago; but her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, nixed the idea on health grounds—didn't like what he'd heard about the strain from Hollywood actresses working on TV. It was also about this time that Claudette let loose a blast at the skimpiness of gowns on home screens.

"I call them bathtub dresses," she said. "The girls look exactly as if they're sitting in a bathtub. A lot of times the camera cuts you off right here"—pointing to her chest—"so you don't see a thing but white shoulders. And a lot of those shoulders don't look good! I guess some girls don't care what they look like as long as they're showing some flesh!"

Claudette has always been candor itself, but this particular bit of oratory has its humorous side: Claudette got her own movie start in a bathtub! C. B. DeMille was looking for someone to play the Em-



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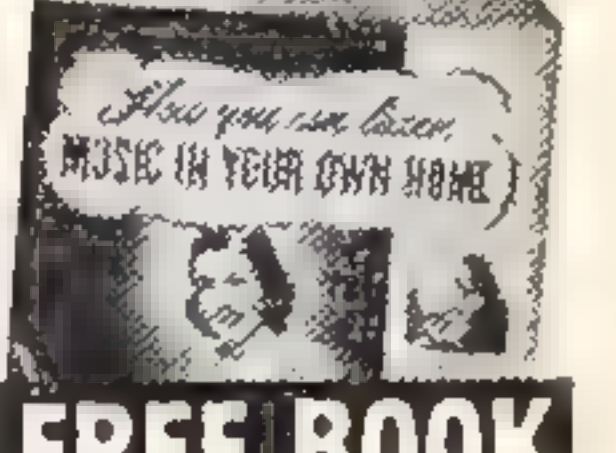
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press Poppaea in "The Sign of the Cross." The actress had to convey the idea that she reveled in taking milk baths. Claudette was tagged it. Later, she served DeMille as a memorable *Cleopatra*, and went on to win an Oscar for the historic free-for-all "It Happened One Night." That was the night the Santa Fe Railroad held up the Super Chief. Claudette was all set to board the train when the Academy telephoned her with the glad news she'd won an Oscar. They held up the train, while Claudette went to collect her prize.

Many another fine Colbert performance followed, and a lot more of them will be seen when Paramount and Universal, the last two holdouts, iron out their current TV feature-film deals. Meanwhile, Claudette has contented herself with occasional appearances in TV spectacles and other shows, summer-stock work and a stint replacing Margaret Sullavan in a Broadway play. Recently she exclaimed, "I've been out of movies so long that now, when I get into taxis, the drivers want to know why I left pictures. I never left. Will you please tell that to all the people!" Note that all top entertainers enjoy their work—and if honest, admit enjoying acclaim.

Irene Dunne has been seen even less often—and now has a splendid excuse for her show-biz inactivity. President Eisenhower recently appointed her one of five alternate American delegates to the United Nations. This is an honor that Irene has fully earned; but fans, after reviewing her wonderful work in "The Awful Truth," "Love Affair," "Penny Serenade" and "I Remember Mama," will surely clamor to get her back before the cameras. In Hollywood, when scandals break and divorce monopolizes the headlines, Irene is held up as a contrasting example of how to have both fame and a serene private life.

Next July 16th, Irene and her physician husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, will celebrate their thirtieth anniversary. She holds the record for the most Oscar nominations without a win (five). In establishing herself among filmdom's all-time favorites, she broke most of the rules. When Irene entered Hollywood, sex-pots ruled supreme and gaudy glamour was as plentiful as air.

"It's not for me," she told a friend. "That's one side of it. There's another. It's smart to be conservative—if you're born conservative. I was. I'll play that way, being myself." Later, her exceptional personal qualities were to gain her a Notre Dame medal given only to outstanding Roman Catholic laity and an award from the National Council of Christians and Jews. The title of "Hollywood's perfect lady" was repeated often enough to be embarrassing. "It's nice of people to call me a lady," she once remarked. "But I do hope they'll remember it's important to be a woman first."

A fellow conservative, Claude Rains is another who's made himself scarce. He's one of the few players able to hold their own before a camera with Bette Davis.

Though he played some sympathetic roles, Claude is best remembered for the parts he once referred to, with relish, as his "dirty dogs." (In "Anthony Adverse," "Adventures of Robin Hood," "Notorious," etc.) A hayseed at heart, London-born Claude struggled for success in the role of a private-life American farmer. He now lives on 300 acres in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, along with chickens, pigs and bushels of corn. About forty Rains films are now available for TV, and you can see him "live" shortly (as the villain, natch!) in the TV spectacular "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

The actor having probably the greatest TV revival (twice weekly in some communities) is the late Lionel Barrymore

(1878-1954), an astonishingly versatile person and, while he lived, a testament to the human spirit in the face of adversity. Until twenty years ago, Lionel had distinguished himself in several plays, acted in scores of movies (he started in 1912), written a number of screenplays, directed six films and won an Oscar. Then he acted in "Saratoga," which seems to have been bad news for its cast. Star Jean Harlow died before it was finished, and a hip injury that Lionel sustained on the set confined him to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

Far from ending his career, he spread out in new directions. Ahead of him lay the *Dr. Kildare* and *Dr. Gillespie* series, in which, as the crusty old autocrat of Blair General Hospital, he endeared himself to millions. On the side, he was

## ANSWERS TO "HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST COMEBACK" QUIZ on page 45

1. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night"
2. William Powell, Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"
3. Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie in "Thin Ice"
4. Fredric March, Joan Bennett in "Trade Winds"
5. Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"
6. Jerome Cowan, Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour in "The Hurricane"
7. Ralph Bellamy, Cary Grant, Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth"
8. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore in "Dr. Kildare's Crisis"
9. Sylvia Sydney, Gabriel Dell, Joel McCrea in "Dead End"

painter, novelist and composer of symphonic music. Lionel's death reduced the big three of the acting Royal Family to one. Sister Ethel, like Lionel an Oscar-winner, is now in semi-retirement and was recently on your theatre screens in "Johnny Trouble."

Mention of the Barrymores brings up the Bennetts, another family of theatrical renown. At the head of it stood Richard Bennett, a magnificent actor and a flamboyant personality. Asked once if daughter Constance inherited her temperament from him, Bennett shot back, "Now where the hell do you think she got it from?" He was intensely proud of all three daughters and their success. Barbara retired early from the game, and Connie went along her own spectacular way, at one time becoming the highest-salaried player in pictures. But it was the relatively subdued Joan who proved to have what it takes over the long haul. "You can never tell about Joan," her father remarked during her youth. "She has all

kinds of possibilities."

Those possibilities never really came to light until producer Walter Wanger cast her as a neurotic in "Private Worlds." He then prevailed upon her to let her blondined locks revert to their natural dark brown shade. This step improved her screen image and brought out a marked resemblance to another Wanger protégée, Hedy Lamarr. The idea was given an added fillip when Gene Markey, Joan's second husband, went on to become Hedy's second husband.

Anyway, in 1940 Joan eloped with her producer. They had two daughters, to add to Joan's two daughters by her previous marriages. In films like "Woman in the Window," "Scarlet Street" and "The Macomber Affair," Joan projected her popular personality plus plenty of pulchritude, and many of her hits are now in the TV treasury.

The rarity of Joan's screen work these days may be traced to the time, twenty years ago, when she subbed for a pregnant Margaret Sullavan in the road company of "Stage Door" and promised herself time out from films for footlights. In recent years, she's been quite successfully active in theater work all over the country.

The other lady that Wanger brought to stardom is Hedy Lamarr, often called "the most beautiful woman in the world." Oddly enough, it's for this reason that Hedy probably won't be watching her old films on TV in Houston, Texas, where she and her fifth husband, oil millionaire W. Howard Lee, make their home.

Hedy has always been of two minds about her famous face. A close friend once observed, "She clings to the idealization of her beauty—it's the one thing she has that is her own that she can be sure of." But Hedy frankly blamed her classic features for a lonely life and a dismal marital record.

Husband number one, munitions magnate Fritz Mandl, shut her up in a castle while he made futile attempts to buy up all prints of "Ecstasy"—that torrid bit of German celluloid wherein Hedy went swimming in nothing but water. The seventeen-year-old bride took her cloistered existence for almost five years, and then fled to America. After a dazzling debut in "Algiers" ("Come wiz me to ze Casbah," murmured Charles Boyer), Hedy's Hollywood future was assured, and she soon embarked on her second marital venture. This was with Gene Markey, who, Hedy testified at the divorce, spent exactly four nights in fourteen months at home with her. Husband number three was actor John Loder. For number four, bandleader Ted Stauffer, Hedy put all her possessions on the auction block and moved to Mexico. That idyl was over in seven months.

Now Hedy is at U-I making "The Female Animal." When all is said and done, after seeing her recently, the Lamarr beauty is still one of the fabulous sights of this generation.

Merle Oberon is another lovely who's had more than her share of private woes. Discoverer Korda claimed she had "the most beautiful face I ever saw," but when Merle came to America, producer Samuel Goldwyn told her to "go wash it" (i.e., take off the exotic makeup). She did, and scored in a string of hits. (Her personal favorite is "Wuthering Heights.") A very regular gal beneath her aristocratic film manner, Merle was probably happiest entertaining troops during World War II. But private happiness eluded her.

Korda was knighted three years after their 1939 nuptials, and Merle mixed in London society as his lady. Divorce ended that union in 1945. Then an allergy to sulfa drugs left her face scarred. (The



scars were later removed.) Merle and movie photographer Lucien Ballard married by proxy in a 1945 Mexican civil ceremony. The marriage was over in 1949. Some months later, Merle watched her Italian admirer, Count Cini, crash his private plane in flames before her horrified eyes. "My life is finished," she wept. "There is no point in going on."

She seemed to move aimlessly in international circles, doing occasional TV work and sitting pretty much on the sidelines, though she was often heard to say, "Things are calm, calm the way I've always wanted them." Last summer, she wed wealthy Mexican industrialist Bruno Pagliai, and present indications are that Merle's long battle for private happiness is finally won.

Another kind of battle, on a lighter level, was fought by Dorothy Lamour vs. her sarong. "I've worn a sarong in only six pictures," she once confided, "but the public thinks I live in one." Dottie's persistent efforts to part company with her Polynesian wrap-around were doomed to failure. During the war, servicemen stationed in the South Seas wrote in regularly to complain that "Nothing here looks like Dorothy Lamour."

Dottie later left the film tropics, quit stooging for Hope and Crosby and appeared in some well-dressed roles with indifferent success. The payoff, however, happened at the London Palladium a few years ago.

Dottie came onstage in two yards of silver lamé surrounded by 104 yards of billowy white tulle. As she went into her first number, a balcony voice inquired, "Where's your sarong?" Dottie went on singing, and the inquiry was repeated. She motioned the orchestra to stop, and replied, "I'll see what I can do." After a ninety-second dim-out, the lights came up and the tulle had vanished. The applause that followed must have rattled teacups around the country.

Dottie currently spends some time on her highly successful night-club act. More often, she's home with husband Bill Howard and their two boys, Johnny and Tommy. The kids may sit up to watch Mama's early jungle epics—but Dottie doesn't. She's had enough of that sarong!

Sonja Henie's films are also now available for TV. Shrewd businesswoman Sonja, once listed among filmdom's ten femme millionaires, still goes out every year with her ice show and plays to standing-room only. In private life, she is now married to a fellow Norwegian, shipping tycoon Niels Onstad.

She won her first Olympic championship in 1928, at the age of thirteen. ("Everybody is always wondering how old I am, and I keep telling them, 'Don't figure back.' They do, though.") A few scenes later, Sonja was in pictures. The formula for Henie films was always a handsome leading man (Don Ameche, Ty Power or John Payne), a minimum of story and dialogue and a maximum of ice—and it clicked every time. Among athletes turned film stars, no one has ever matched Sonja's fabulous success, though Esther Williams probably came closest. Between films, Sonja was smart enough to go out and be seen in person.

Why keep on skating? "It's good for my nerves," Sonja tells Photoplay. Will she ever make another film? "Well, I've never been under any illusions that I'm

an actress. But I know I could sell a show. If I could find a story that would use my skating show as background, as 'The Greatest Show on Earth' used the circus, then I'd do it fast. But until then, I'll skate along as I am. When I go out on the ice, I feel wonderful. I'm relaxed and I'm happy. And what else matters?"

The opposite of this picture of calm serenity was Sylvia Sidney with heart-shaped face and sad eyes. "I can't relax in Hollywood," she would say. "It's too closely tied up with work for me." So she'd usually hop a plane or a train for her native New York and stay there between pictures. As a result, she had no close friends in Hollywood, avoided parties ("with millions of people you don't know"), and few people got to know her at all. But some provocative facts made the rounds: She was fond of gardening and swimming, drank about fifteen cups of coffee per day, chain-smoked alarmingly and kept her hands almost constantly in motion. On set between takes, she could usually be found working off nervous energy by knitting.

Onscreen, she became a specialist in pathos. "Sylvia Sidney and Her Saga of Sadness" headlined one magazine piece, for nobody, but *nobody*, could throw a weep like Sylvia. "In the pictures I play," she chirped, "the girl who strays, pays—which provides me with some swell crying scenes."

Sylvia's boxoffice rating went to pieces, partly because of poor management. She and Charles Boyer were announced for "Wuthering Heights," but her boss decided it was "too depressing." And finally, she herself bowed out of the "Algiers" role that made Hedy Lamarr a star. What was left was effectively demolished by several poor pictures in the Forties. Sylvia never liked Hollywood, and came to have a pronounced preference for stage work.

In these reminiscences of stars who are shining anew on your TV screen, we've concentrated mainly on personalities no longer on the Hollywood screen scene. There are many others: Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who are proving that their wonderful appeal is timeless; the late, great Leslie Howard, with his peerless sensitivity; Greer Garson; Dick Powell, crooner or tough guy; the movies' most charming child, Shirley Temple; Frank Morgan; Robert Montgomery; Lew Ayres; Wallace Beery; Charles Boyer; Geraldine Fitzgerald, Robert Walker.

To all of them, we owe a debt of gratitude. They have brightened our lives immeasurably. They have entertained us, amused us, touched us, inspired us. And they were able to do this because of the never-ending magic of motion pictures, a magic that only the movie industry can fully instill. This is a magic that is tremendously costly—in terms, not only of the high-priced personalities it employs, but in story and production costs to give these great ones the proper vehicles. For this reason, until pay-as-you-go TV becomes a reality, it will be years before today's new films are seen on your television screen.

But, when that same magic can come back, to enchant us again and again, when it can preserve forever the best of youth and charm and talent, who can complain? THE END



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# TELL US, MR. LANCASTER

Continued from page 30

can appeal to all peoples. Not all the time, though.

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, as a producer, would you tell me this: When you choose a picture, do you choose one that is popular with the American public even though you personally feel that story is not too good?

MR. LANCASTER: Not always. Well, no, we would never choose a picture if we felt the story is not too good; that is, if it doesn't have the basic ingredients of what would represent drama and entertainment to people.

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, do you feel that movies such as "The Man with the Golden Arm" gives Europeans the wrong impression of America?

MR. LANCASTER: I don't think any picture gives European people a wrong impression of America if it is well made and made with honesty and integrity as to the subject matter.

STUDENT: Well, do you think such movies encourage juvenile delinquency here in the United States?

MR. LANCASTER: I think juvenile delinquency is not encouraged by movies, specifically. I think juvenile delinquency is encouraged by unfortunate economic conditions and conditions in homes where children don't have a proper upbringing because, very often, of those conditions.

STUDENT: Sir, we know now there are a lot of foreign actors and actresses over the United States. Do you think the American public seems to like these people much better than their own people, those they see all the time?

MR. LANCASTER: No. This brings up the question of what makes really a star performer. American people and, of course, European people and people all over the world, for that matter, like the performer who has that unique personality and quality which appeals to them personally. It has nothing to do with the fact that they are, shall we say, of foreign extraction, I don't think.

STUDENT: Do you feel foreign films are going to make any great inroads into the habits of the American movie-going public?

MR. LANCASTER: I think time has

proven at least that foreign films as such do appeal only to a limited group of Americans. Again, it goes back to the original question that was asked earlier. One of the reasons is that American people as such are more comfortable with a subject matter that pertains to things that they particularly understand. Foreign people talk with accents that are very hard to understand. Very often, they have a very grim and brutal kind of realism which a great many American people do not like to see, since they do not have any identification with the problems. These are some of the reasons foreign films are not especially successful in a broad sense in the American cinematic world.

STUDENT: I am interested in knowing why you think western films should be done necessarily with fun and action.

MR. LANCASTER: It isn't that they necessarily should; and a peculiar thing happens in movies. You see, there have been pictures like "High Noon," for instance, which have been highly successful. On the other hand, there have been pictures like the one I made with Gary Cooper called "Veracruz," which by critical standards does not measure up to a "High Noon," but which is a much more satisfying picture from the point of view of entertainment. There is also another problem: When you make a film of a special nature that will appeal to limited groups of people, you have to face the fact that these films are not in the broad sense of the word, *popular*. Therefore, when you do them, you must be careful that you do them for a certain price, because you have a limited income on such films, and the first cardinal rule of making pictures or writing a play or any form of entertainment is to make something that is financially successful. If they are not successful, you don't continue in business, and you have no opportunity to present the ideas that you think are unique or even artistic.

STUDENT: How does Hollywood face competition between TV and movies?

MR. LANCASTER: What Hollywood has attempted to do about it is this: Actually, it is my personal opinion that the advent of TV, as far as Hollywood is concerned, has been a very, very healthy thing. There was a time, about ten short years ago, when almost anything that came out of Hollywood could be assured of reasonable financial success. Naturally, this sort of lulled people into a sense of false security, and there

was not a great deal of attempt on the part of the studios to try to do anything worthwhile and different and challenging. Now that great inroads have been made in the whole financial structure of Hollywood, they have realized they have to do better things, things that are more exciting, more challenging so that people will leave their television receivers and come out to look at them.

STUDENT: Sir, I have read you do not attend many Hollywood social functions. Don't you like the type of people at these functions?

MR. LANCASTER: Oh, yes. It has nothing to do with the functions. It is just that I have a group of friends that I would prefer to be with. For example, my wife and I like to play bridge. I have never been particularly comfortable or at ease in large social functions, cocktail parties, and so forth.

STUDENT: Would you ever encourage your own children to go into acting if they wanted to?

MR. LANCASTER: I would certainly do it. I feel a child should have an opportunity to do anything he has an inclination toward.

STUDENT: Do yours watch you when you are performing in movies?

MR. LANCASTER: Yes, and they're among my toughest critics. They have traveled with me all over the world while I was making movies. They have lived in the Fiji Islands for four months and attended school there, they attended school in Mexico City, they have lived in France for the summer and they have lived in Italy for six months when I was there making a picture. But now they have reached the age where it is very difficult for them to go with me because they go to school. They have certain ties there, so I try to arrange my program so if I am shooting on location, it occurs in the summertime so I can take them with me.

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, you mentioned a few minutes ago about the entertainment of movies, and that is why people go to movies, to be entertained. But it seems to me a juvenile delinquency film or a film on corruption in life, the baseness in life, would be rather not too entertaining.

MR. LANCASTER: Let me make clear what I mean by entertaining. Every movie that is made has a point of view, whether it is a good one, a bad one, a useful one or what. By *entertainment*, I mean that regardless of what the subject matter may be, it should have an entertainment quality to it. That does not mean that the subject should not be treated with great seriousness, and great depth and great definition.

STUDENT: I was wondering if the type of film such as "On the Waterfront," where you can come out fighting mad and want to clean up the waterfront, has the purpose of reforming. Or "Baby Doll."

MR. LANCASTER: Well, about "Baby Doll," I would quarrel with you. But certainly on "On the Waterfront" I agree with you.

STUDENT: Most of your films are hard-bitten, often violent, dramas. Do you object to your children seeing them?

MR. LANCASTER: Here is what I try to do. I let my children see the films that I am in. Some of them—for instance, "Come Back Little Sheba," which I think is a worthwhile picture in addition to being an entertaining one—are difficult for their immature minds to understand completely. But rather than have them not see it, if they ask to see it, I let them, but I make sure to see it with them so I can try to answer all the questions they might raise. Therefore, I hope I can give them some sense of



Kathi Norris

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security about it, even those matters they might not particularly understand.

I would like to cite an example of just that. My little boy asked yesterday to see "Sweet Smell of Success," which is also a very hard-bitten picture and not what you would normally call children's fare. I said, "Well, Jimmie, that is fine; you can see the picture. But I don't think you will like it. Why do you want to see it?"

"Well," he said, "I'd like to see it, Daddy, because you're in it."

"That is fair enough," I said, "but I don't think you will understand it." And he answered, "I may not understand it, but that doesn't mean I won't like it."

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, what is the reaction of producers to censorship groups?

MR. LANCASTER: As you probably know, there is no official censorship problem in the movies in the United States or any official censorship at all. This is not so in England, where they do have an official government censorship, and can refuse you a license to show a picture. In short, they have a police force that can stop you from showing the picture. There is the Johnson office which has its headquarters here in Washington, and is a self-imposed censorship by the industry. It is known as the MPPA—Motion Picture Producers Association. Their attitude is this: They say to the producers, "In order to protect the morality of the nation as it might be affected by motion pictures, if you will let us see the scripts you are going to make, we will attempt, not to censor, mind you, what you are trying to say, but attempt to guide you in matters of how to handle these problems as best you can."

Now, of course, it always comes to the question of who are the people who are going to decide this, how knowledgeable are they, do they know better than the actual creators of the motion picture?

What has happened is that in recent years (and I think this a very healthy thing) the MPPA has been forced to recognize—perhaps not forced but has willingly recognized—the fact that enormous advances have been made in the general education of the American public and, therefore, the subjects which were considered taboo before are now permitted.

So what has happened is this: The old code has been enormously changed. The whole attitude of the so-called censor board has improved a great deal. We do now show pictures in which words like "abortion" and "prostitution" are mentioned, and in which we discuss divorce problems, and then, of course, there is the matter of narcotics, which was recently brought up in several pictures. The picture "Hatful of Rain" now has been approved by the board, where before the "Man with the Golden Arm" was not approved. It looks like things are looking up in the censorship problem.

STUDENT: I would like to know, would you agree with some critics who say that Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe have acting talents equal to their more obvious appeals?

MR. LANCASTER: Well, I don't know what the critics feel about it. That is their opinion. One of the things I would like to be made clear about movies—again it goes back to the business of being a star: The most unique thing a motion picture actor or actress can have is an outstanding or peculiar personality of some kind. And these girls certainly have some outstanding qualities that appeal to people visually, at least. Those are the elements most important in the making of a motion picture star. Not necessarily the acting ability as such. On the other hand, to be a good actor, to be an exciting per-

sonality on the screen, of course, is that much better.

STUDENT: Who is the most beautiful woman you have ever acted with?

MR. LANCASTER: They were all beautiful. I am just quoting my lines from "The Rainmaker." "They are all beautiful in a different way."

STUDENT: I want to know what your wife thinks about your performing in movies and having these torrid love scenes with Hollywood leading ladies.

MR. LANCASTER: The torrid love scene you have with a Hollywood leading lady is, from our point of view while we are in the process of making it, "work."

You have a job. You are creating an illusion for an audience to see, and the only assurance I think that my wife has is that she knows I love her, and that is about all I can say on that subject.

STUDENT: I am interested in knowing why you didn't change your name when you started acting. Most actors and actresses do.

MR. LANCASTER: As a matter of fact, I did want to change my name. They were going to give me the name of an economist, Stewart Chase. They decided this by numerology. Then a gentleman by the name of Mark Hellinger, who is now dead, and who produced the first picture I was in, "The Killers," said to me, "Is Burt Lancaster your real name?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "What's wrong with that?"

I said, "Nothing."

He said, "Let's use it."

I said, "O.K."

STUDENT: Sir, because of television, do you think that the pictures now coming out might break down some of the prices that these theatres have? In other words, producing prices and everything?

MR. LANCASTER: You think the prices are too high?

STUDENT: Well, yes.

MR. LANCASTER: I know this has been a subject of great discussion among distributors, because I have also been in that end of the business since my pictures are distributed and exhibited. The feeling is they try to keep the economic level of prices and pictures as low as possible since it is, first of all, a traditional thing and the people who generally support the pictures are not those who have a great deal of money, normally speaking.

I will gladly say this: The distribution groups would gladly put a picture up for a nickel tomorrow if the cost of production would permit them. There is no desire on their part to try to cheat the public. Sometimes pictures are so expensive they have to charge certain prices in order to get any kind of income from them.

"This has been one of the most provocative questioning sessions I've ever gone through. Our young people are really serious about motion pictures," said Burt as time ran out and the interview came to a close. "Anyone who says American teenagers are delinquents is all wet. I am grateful to the National Broadcasting Company's 'Youth Wants to Know,' and the National Education Association for bringing us together today." THE END

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# FOR LOVERS ONLY

Continued from page 36

of the test. It should prove interesting.

There's no doubt whatever that Natalie and Bob are really in love! Not only do they say so, but the test bears it out, overwhelmingly. They admire each other in every way. They're supremely happy when they're together. They have a wealth of common interests, and like each others' friends. They find no faults in each other. Their many friends and business acquaintances heartily approve.

Quarrels they've had—real blow-offs. Once, Nat stormed out of a night club after an argument with Bob, and walked for blocks until she found a cab to take her home. But she and Bob would be surprised at the experts' opinion about this. Take a look at the answer to Question 17.

Of course, they like each other's looks! Who wouldn't? However, more important, each likes the way the other talks, acts and thinks, and they share the same high ideals. Most of all, both are dead serious about becoming fine artists in their work. And although Bob is somewhat more the diplomat than Natalie, both have the same outspoken honesty. This quality has also made it easy for them to acquire that very important ingredient of real love—mutual trust.

But there are a few reservations. Question six, for instance. Although Natalie and Bob were acquainted, they haven't really known each other well for a year. It might be wise for them to wait until then, to be sure about their love. Too, the question on career interest (No. 16) is still a question mark in their relationship. Try as they might, and determined as they may be to overcome this hazard, Bob can't always trek across the country to see Natalie, as he did when she was working on "Marjorie Morningstar" in New York—and vice versa. And remember those staggering phone bills they piled up when he was in the Orient working on "Stop-over Tokyo"? Love at long distance is a tough proposition!

Another point: On questions thirteen and nineteen, only Natalie and Bob know the answers—and they aren't talking! Reason: Privacy. They don't want every detail dragged through the glare of publicity.

As to whether they're ready for marriage, here again the prospect looks good for Natalie and Bob. Both come from happy homes, are very close to their parents, who favor the marriage, though they would prefer that they wait a while to be sure. They're both in good health, and share the same interests. Both have a wonderfully zany sense of humor and complement each other perfectly in that respect, and they have much the same cultural tastes. Collecting records is a common hobby. On the trip to New York, they strolled through the outdoor art show in Greenwich Village, and were delighted to discover that they liked exactly the same paintings!

Is Natalie the kind of person Bob always wanted to marry, and does she feel that way about Bob? Well, as far as the qualities both have looked for in the opposite sex—intelligence, honesty, lack of affectation, a sense of humor—the answer would appear to be yes. But—neither has been thinking in terms of marriage before. Nat has always said she'd wait until she was twenty-four, Bob's said he wouldn't marry till thirty!

If this sounds too perfect—it is. There are a few weak points in the picture. Natalie, for instance, has not reached the age psychologists consider best for mating

—she's only nineteen. But that may be quibbling, since she's very mature for her years. Bob didn't finish two years' college or two years' work by age twenty. He wasn't loafing—but he was floundering, until he found his forte in acting. Their backgrounds differ—Natalie's folks have always been in the movie business, Bob's very social parents are foreign to it. Natalie, a hard-working girl, is not like Bob's mother; Bob, the handsome, dashing star, is not like her movie-technician father. In household matters, both have two left hands. Neither likes to cook. Natalie's mother is always tidying her room; a cleaning woman does the job for Bob.

Don't hold that last point against them, though, until you see how the experts feel. But in any case, with the means to hire help this should not develop into a real problem. The same applies to the question of money. Both Nat and Bob are inclined to be spendthrifts. They like nice things, particularly fine clothes. And both are as openhanded and generous as they come. This could put quite a strain on a family budget. But since both have older and wiser business heads holding their purse-strings, they would probably continue to do so if they married.

But there's nothing there that couldn't be overcome with much love—and that, they have, right now. Everything points to a happy marriage ahead.

And how did *you* score? Check the answers below and see!

## ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?

1. If you don't want to be alone sometimes, you may be more dependent than in love. One point for each no.

2. On the other hand, if there aren't many things you like to do together, your relationship won't have much basis. One point for each yes.

3. If you're feeling apologetic, you must be ashamed of him. Love should be built on pride. One point for each no.

4. If the people you are closest to, admire him, your relationship is less likely to be a fly-by-night affair. One point for each yes.

5. As in question 1, much suffering in separation probably means you can't get along by yourself more than it means you're in love. One point for each no.

6. If your feeling for your intended has been able to survive all the ups and downs that happen to people during the course of a year, you are more likely to be accepting him for himself rather than what you want him to be. One point for each yes.

7. You ought to be willing to make some sacrifices to make the person you love happy. One point for each yes.

8. If you find it hard to talk when you're together, you may be feeling more awe than love. One point for each yes.

9. Beauty is only skin deep but love can't live if you're repulsed by your beloved's appearance. One point for each yes.

10. A person's behavior should be the basis for your feeling about him. If good looks is the only thing he's got, you're a goner when silver threads appear among the gold. One point for each yes.

11. You wouldn't be human if you weren't tempted sometimes. One point for each yes.

12. Your beloved's friends are likely to be like him. If you don't like them, maybe you aren't really in love with him. One point for each yes.

13. As the saying goes "Marriage is a private affair." It may not mean home and children to everyone, but heaven help you if you don't agree. Two points for agreement of answers.

14. Most people are pretty touchy about their ideals, and the kind of ideals a person has are pretty good indicator of what he's like. If you don't like them, you may not really love him. One point for each yes.

15. A really honest person will admit that there are some things about their beloved that they don't like. Your ability to face this squarely is good evidence that you are mature enough to be in love. One point for each yes.

16. Any marriage will find it difficult to survive conflict of career interests. One point for each no.

17. Strong disagreements are bound to come up, between any two people. Your ability to admit them shows integrity and a realistic attitude. One point for each yes.

18. This is vital. Love cannot survive suspicion. One point for each yes.

19. There are bound to be moments of doubt. Better to face and examine them than deny them. One point for each no.

## SCORE:

18-20, Excellent; 15-17, Good; 13-15, Fair; Under 13, wipe the stars out of your eyes!

## ARE YOU READY FOR MARRIAGE?

1. If your mate is too different from the kind of person you've always wanted to marry, it's probably fascination, not love. Three points for each yes.

2. If your mate is like your parent of the opposite sex and this is what you want, it probably means you have a healthy respect for both your own and your mate's sex. Three points for each yes.

3. If your parents were happy, you probably had a happy childhood and you'll tend to be a healthy person and therefore a good bet as a marriage partner. Three points for yes.

4. The same applies if you haven't found it necessary to rebel against them. Three points for each yes.

5. If one is always cleaning up and the other always messing, nerves will get frayed. The important thing here is agreement. Give yourselves three points each if you're both Messie Bessies or both Spotless Susans, but nothing if you disagree.

6. Two independent people don't need each other, and two people who are unsure of themselves make a shaky marriage. Three points each for disagreement.

7. Deception is bad grounds for marriage. One point for each yes.

8. A sufficient degree of maturity is helpful toward bearing the strains of married life. One point for each yes.

9. Advancing your education or facing the rigors of the business world is good preparation for the reality of marriage. One point for each yes.

10. Shared interests bind a marriage tighter. One point for each yes.

11. Similarities in background also serve this function. One point for each yes.

12. The same applies here. One point for each yes.

13. A smooth-running household makes for a smooth marriage. One point for each yes.

14. A similar sense of humor is always a help. One point for each yes.

15. Similar tastes result in shared interests. One point for each yes.

16. In-law opposition is tough to fight. One point for each yes.

17. If you're not interested in your mate's career, you're only marrying part of the person. One point for each yes.

18. Balance will be easier if one of you watches the money in the bank and the other likes to spend it. Three points each for disagreement.

19. Hoping your mate will change after you're married is too much of a long-shot when you're hoping for a permanent marriage. Three points for each no.

## SCORE:

31-35, Excellent; 28-30, Good; 24-27, Fair; 23 or under, Better stay single or look for another mate!



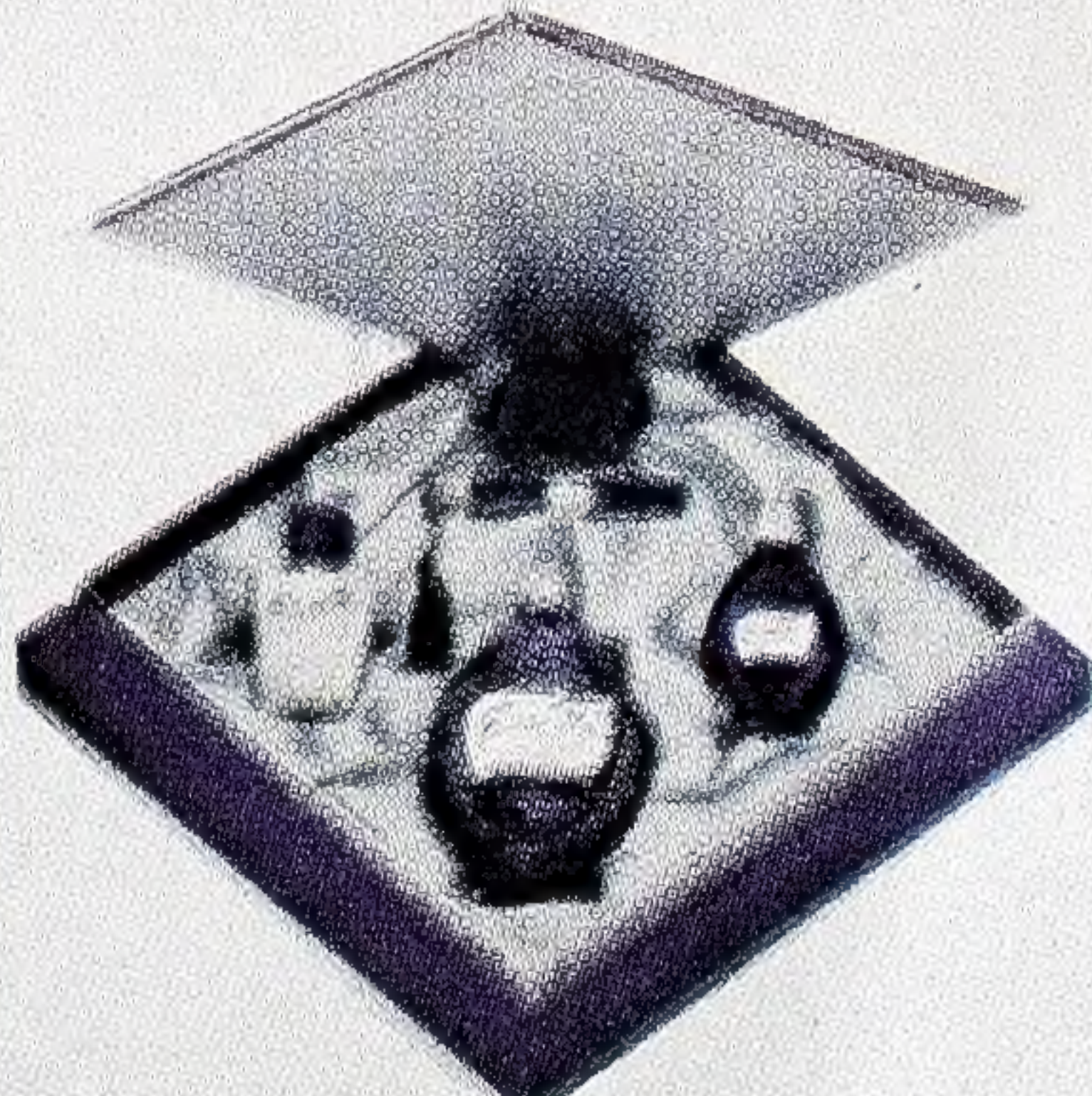


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